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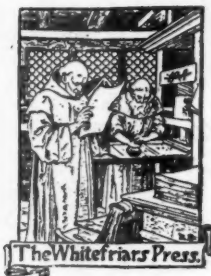
Vol. CXXXV.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1908.



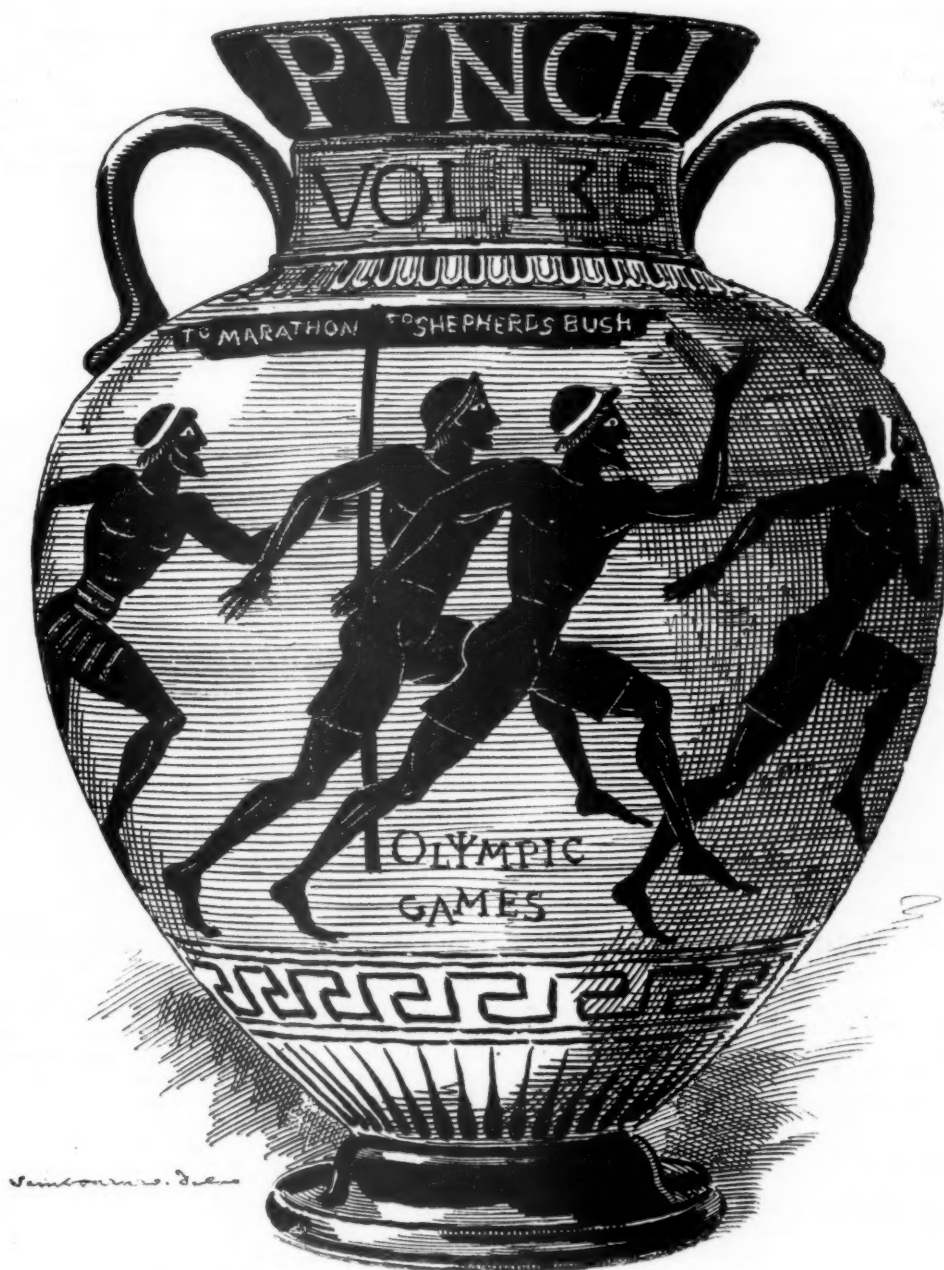
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Samuel W. Lee

A DRAWING-ROOM PROBLEM.

Miss X. is a good young lady, living in an agricultural district, who invites an adult Sunday School class to tea in the drawing-room. Y., one of the scholars, is a burly farm-servant, unaccustomed to social

functions, and especially inapt at the handling of tea-cups.

He is supplied with a diminutive cup and saucer and a bun that is too big to go into the saucer. Finding the tea too hot for his taste, he puts the bun in his mouth, holds the cup in his right hand and pours the tea

into the saucer which is in his left hand.

Having done all this satisfactorily, he raises the saucer in order to blow on the tea before drinking, but discovers, with confusion, that the bun is in the way.

What ought Y. to do?

THE PERFECT SCRIBE.

["No journalist ought to write anything of which he is ashamed."—*British Weekly*.]

AUTHOR of yon immortal wheeze,
Which so commoved me when I read it,
If with this law your life agrees
It does you (may I say so, please?)
The most enormous credit.

'Tis well that in the whirl and rush
Of things that hamper introspection
You have the gift of saying "Hush!"
In time to stop the ruby blush
From staining your complexion.

Your conscience keeps you timely wise:
You take its counsel like a sage's,
Rejecting naughty words and lies
Which must, if printed, compromise
Your Weekly's model pages.

So, having purged your matter free
From faults of spirit and of letter,
You say: "There are no spots on me;
This is as good as good can be,
Or even slightly better!"

Ah, would that we could follow you,
We other scribes, mere ha'penny print-hacks!
We are indeed a shameless crew,
Content to say what's far from true,
And farther still from syntax.

Some of us try a nobler strain,
Treading the track your feet have dented,
And yet we somehow don't attain
Your self-assurance, but remain
Divinely discontented.

Thus, had you written in my stead
These lines that I have here begotten,
Your heart, perhaps, would not have bled;
Mine does, because I've seldom read
Anything quite so rotten.

O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

MRS. BOBRINSKY.

I AM not sure that the title I have given to this story is the best I could have selected. There are others that would perhaps have suited it quite as well, if not better—but, after all, Mrs. BOBRINSKY began it, and her name shall, therefore, stand at the head of it. Originators have some right to be considered.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY is my housekeeper. She was born a PEGLER, of London, and became entitled to the BOBRINSKY by marrying a Polish exile, now deceased, who, according to her account, made the best cabinets that were ever sold in the Euston Road or anywhere else. He used, she has told me, "to rig up a bit of tarpaulin on some poles in the backyard, and sit there of a Sunday morning reading his paper, and say it reminded him of Poland." Once a year it was his custom to walk to the Russian Embassy in Chesham Place and relieve his patriotic feelings by spitting on the doorstep. This sacred rite having been accomplished he would return to his cabinet-making with a light heart.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY, in spite of her name, is British to the core. Her father was in "the joolery business,"

and most of her uncles "was cooks." I quote her family history as related by herself. She can sew anything and can cook most things. She is a mine of anecdotes and a most excellent housekeeper in a London flat. Her relations with the porter are respectful, but not cordial. She suspects the lift-boy of every possible dereliction of duty that a human lift-boy can commit. She considers him to be too saucy and frivolous in his talk for the responsible position he occupies. Some day, she believes, there will be an accident, and the world will realise too late the inefficiency of the lift-boy.

It was a June evening, and Mrs. BOBRINSKY was laying my table for dinner while I was sitting in an arm-chair. "There's only a couple of cutlets, some new potatoes, a dish of peas, and a gooseberry tart," she remarked. "And a very good dinner, too," said I. She then began to tell me the story of BOBRINSKY and the one-eyed black cat with three legs; but she broke off before she finished it and went out of the room. I heard her talking outside the room to someone whose voice was strange to me. I determined to follow her.

When I opened the door I noticed without the least surprise that the hall of my flat had disappeared and the Twopenny Tube had taken its place. The Tube stretched out interminably, but it was brilliantly lighted, and I could see along it for miles. Mrs. BOBRINSKY, now a mere speck, but easily recognisable by a green silk hood which I had never before seen her wear, was rushing down the Tube at an astonishing pace. She was ten miles away and still going strong. As no trains were running there was nothing for me to do but to pursue her on foot. No sooner had I started than a motor-bus came thundering round a corner upon me. I remembered that a Colonial Bishop had once told me that the only way to deal with such a 'bus was to kneel to it and say "Rottingdean" three times very quickly. I knelt, but for the life of me I couldn't say "Rottingdean."

Mr. ASQUITH, the Prime Minister, was in the 'bus. He had a long white beard and wore a Glengarry cap and a kilt. He was very like a Scotch piper I had seen in Parliament Street that afternoon, but he had left his pipes behind. He winked at me very deliberately, and, the 'bus having by this time passed completely over me, I found myself at Paddington Station, where, after a dispute with a cabman, who had been driving me for more than an hour, I entered a train at Platform No. 5. My wife was already in the carriage. She smiled at me and continued to feed our youngest daughter, aged four, on marmalade and Shetland shawls. I said, "You know that is not good for the child," and she said, "I had to buy Whiteley's new hippopotamus: he was so cheap." I realised that this explained everything.

At this moment a porter looked in and said the platforms had all been changed and our train had gone five minutes ago. I said to my wife, "I told you so," and got out at once. When I turned round I saw my wife and child three platforms away. She said, "St. Pancras" and vanished, and I recognised the Master of Trinity, who said he was sorry, but I must on no account walk on the grass. He added that it wasn't Olympic and laughed heartily. I knew it was the best joke in the world and laughed even more heartily—

"Your cutlets are on the table, Sir," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY.



A SHORT WAY TO DISSOLVE PARLIAMENT.

THE SHAH (with his gun trained on the Parliament buildings, reading from Omar Khayyám, local poet):—

“COULD WE WITH FATE CONSPIRE
TO GRASP THIS SORRY SCHEME OF THINGS ENTIRE,
WOULD NOT WE SHATTER IT TO BITS”—(BANG!)—“AND THEN
RE-MOULD IT NEARER TO THE HEART’S DESIRE!”



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MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

New Arrival. "I SAY, OLD MAN, STIFFISH NYMPHERY. WHAT?"

A MERE EPISODE.

(By a Person in a Pageant.)

OUR episode is the tenth and last, and (I may add unofficially) the most important. The period of it is 1750. In order to lead up to it properly it has been found necessary to start the first episode at 53 B.C. This gives the audience time to get hungry for us. "At last!" they say, when we come on; "this is the end, MARIA."

The Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.) says that they don't say that at all. They say, "Why, HENRY, it's 1750! I had no idea. How the time flies when you are enjoying yourself. We must stay to the end; a few minutes won't make any difference now, and it's only cold mutton."

I must explain that it is the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.)—and do remember the "N.B." because she is very particular about it—who in this episode condescends to dance a minuet with me: that stately old measure (if you don't trip over the sandhill opposite Block D.) which so delighted our forefathers.

It is a very sad thing, but though the whole Pageant, as I have explained, hinges upon us, yet our names and description do not appear upon the programme. We are put down briefly, and I think libellously, as "Revellers." However, we learnt that we were really people of some position—right in the Smart Set, by all accounts; so I decided to be Lord TUNBRIDGE WELLS, and my partner the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.). That is just like her—to be a whole county, when I am only a watering-place.

We are supposed to do the "reveling" as soon as we come in. As I lead my partner down the steps I say to her, "Our revel, I think," and she replies, "Shall we revel, or shall we sit it out?" After a little discussion we decide to revel, partly because there is nowhere to sit down, and partly because the prompter has his eye on us. Now, I don't know what your idea of revelling is, but mine would include at the very least a small ginger ale and a slice of seed-cake. I mean, I don't think that would be overdoing it at all. But

do you suppose we are allowed this—or indeed anything? Not likely. And yet it is just a little touch of that sort which gives verisimilitude to a whole Pageant.

Before we have really got through our revelling the band strikes up, and suddenly we are all in our places for the minuet. Now although you have paid your two guineas like a man, and are sitting in the very front row, you mustn't think we have taken all this trouble of learning the minuet simply to amuse you. Not at all. We are doing it for the sake of KING GEORGE THE SECOND, no less; a command performance. And so when we are all in a line, just ready to start, and I whisper to my partner, "I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I've forgotten the minuet. Let's do the Lancers instead," she whispers back, "Quick! GEORGE is looking at me. Is my patch on straight?" "No," I say. "Now, don't forget you have to smile all the time. Hallo, we're off."

I am not going to describe the dance to you, because it is too difficult. But I may say briefly that

there's a whole lot of things you do with your feet, and another whole lot with your hands; that you have to sway your body about in an easy and graceful manner; that you must keep one eye on the ground to see that you don't fall over the sandhills, and another eye on your partner to see that she is doing it all right, and the two of you a joint eye on everybody else to see that the affair is going symmetrically. And then—then comes the final instruction: "Don't look anxious. Smile, and seem to be enjoying yourself."

So far I have resisted the inclination to smile. The fact is that when I cast aside my usual habiliments and take upon me the personality of another, I like to do the thing thoroughly—to enter into the spirit of the part. Now I will put the case before you, and you shall say whether I am not right.

Here we have, as I conceive the situation, a sprig of the nobility, TUNBRIDGE WELLS. He is a modest young man, who spends most of his time at his lovely Kentish seat, flanked by fine old forest trees—preferring the quiet of the country to the noise and bustle of London. One day, however, he ventures up to town, and looking in at his customary coffee-house is hailed by an acquaintance. TUNBRIDGE WELLS, I may mention, is beautifully attired in a long blue coat, white satin waistcoat, fancy breeches, with quaint designs painted on them, silk stockings, and shoes which are too tight for him.

"What are you doing to-night?" says his friend. "Come down to Chelsea with me. There's a grand Venetian fête on, and old GEORGE will be there."

"Right," says TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

When they get to the Gardens his friend takes him aside.

"I say," he begins anxiously, "I hope you won't mind, but the fact is that I've promised you shall dance in a minuet to-night. Old GEORGE particularly wants to see one."

"But I simply couldn't," says TUNBRIDGE WELLS in alarm. "Can't you get somebody else?"

"Oh, but you must. I've got you a jolly partner—the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.). You know the minuet, of course?"

"Well, I've learnt it; but I've very nearly forgotten it again. And my shoes are beastly uncomfortable. Before the KING, too. It's a bit steep, you know."

"Well, then, you will. Good man."

"No, no," cries TUNBRIDGE

WELLS hastily, and leads his friend aside under the trees. "I say," he begins mysteriously, "don't say anything, but . . . well, it's rather awkward . . . I may as well tell you . . . these—er—these things are a bit tight. They look all right like this, you know, but when you bend down—well, I mean I have to be jolly careful."

"I was just thinking how pretty they were. A beautiful thing, that," he adds, pointing to a crescent moon in blue on TUNBRIDGE WELLS' left knee.

"Don't touch," says WELLS in alarm. "It comes off like anything. I lost a dragon-fly only yesterday. Well, you see how it is, old man. But for them I should have loved it. Only . . . I say, don't be a fool. . . . Your servant, DUCHESS. I was just saying . . . Yes, I am devoted to it. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. Let's see, it is the left foot, isn't it? (Confound that idiot!)"

Now then, do you wonder that the poor fellow looks anxious? or that I feel it my duty, as a good actor, to look anxious too?

I have promised not to describe the whole minuet to you, but I must mention one figure in it of which I am particularly fond. In this you rejoin your partner after a long absence, and you have once more her supporting hand to hold you up. For some hours previously you have been alone in the wild and undulating open, tripping over mole-hills and falling down ha-has; and it is very pleasant (especially when your shoes fit you too soon) to get back to her and pour all your troubles into her sympathetic ear. It's a figure in which you stand on one foot each for a considerable time, and paw the air with the others. You preserve your balance better if you converse easily and naturally.

"I nearly came a frightful purler just now. Did you see?"

"H'sh, not so loud. Have you found mother yet? She's here to-day."

"One of my patches fell off. I hope nobody heard it."

"You've got a different wig to-day. Why?"

"It's greyer. I had such a very anxious moment yesterday. You know that last bow at the end where you go down and stay under water for about five minutes? Well, I really thought—however, they didn't."

"I don't like you in this one. It doesn't suit you at all."

"So I thought at first. But if you gaze at it very earnestly for three

hours, and then look up at the ceiling, you—"

"Why, there is mother. Hold up."

"I fancy we have rather a good action in this figure. Do you think she's noticing it? I hope she knows that we *could* stand on one leg without moving the other one at all. I mean I don't want her to think—Hallo, here we are. Good-bye. See you again in the next figure but one." And the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.) trips off.

I put in the "N.B." because she is very particular about it; and I say "trips" because I know the ground.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, in order to make our forthcoming naval manoeuvres approach as nearly as possible to actual war conditions, the rival fleets are to be commanded by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and Sir PERCY SCOTT.

The Minister for War is, we understand, by no means neglecting the problem of the scarcity of horses for our cavalry. He has indeed, according to one report, found a remedy for it. The number of our mounted men is to be reduced.

The Liberals of Manchester are to make a presentation of silver plate to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, "Mr. CHURCHILL has promised to receive the souvenir in person." This is the humility of true greatness.

We hear that the eyesight of Nero, the Earl's Court lion, is still causing anxiety, and he may have to wear glasses.

Madame LEMOINE, the wife of the gentleman who duped Sir JULIUS WERNHER, is now suing for a divorce. We can understand that she does not care about waiting for her diamond wedding.

From Rome comes the news that there is trouble in the Chamber owing to the occupants of the Press Gallery having objected to one of the Deputies calling them "a pack of cowards." The idea that a body of men who listen without flinching to all the speeches made in a Parliament house can be lacking in pluck is of course absurd on the face of it.

"Another popular actress in the shape of Miss MAUDE MILLETT," said

The Express the other day, "has seceded to the Music Hall stage. She appeared at the Hippodrome, Crouch End, in a short costume comedy." We are sure that *The Express* did not mean what it said.

"It is ridiculous to suppose," said Mlle. VALERY, the latest Salome dancer, to an interviewer, "that the ideal dance can be accomplished in a hat." We should have thought that some of the most modern creations were almost large enough.

The preparations for the Olympic Games are now complete, and disappointment is expressed in some quarters that it has not been found possible to include among the events a "Licensing Act Stakes," being a six-miles walking race for toppers.

Reading that there was a sunken band-stand in the Elite Gardens, an enterprising American salvage firm has, it is said, written to the authorities offering to raise it for a consideration.

The case of the four Liberal gentlemen (bringing the total to twenty-seven) who have been made members of the doomed Upper House is, we hear, to be taken up by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial.

"Your eye tells you much, but your nose more," said an expert who was testing wines at the Franco-British Exhibition. Certainly it is the wine-sampler's nose that tells other people most.

Does advertising pay? Not always, apparently. Some of the recent advertisements of "The Historians' History" were entitled "The Daily Waste."

At the Old Bailey, last week, a juror objected to serve on the ground that it was against his conscience to try a woman. Seeing how many women try men, the objection seems to us peculiarly generous.

We live in a callous age. The cheapness of human life has often been the subject of comment, but the following item which appears in a prospectus of "The Metropolitan School of Shooting" surely constitutes a record:—

CASH TERMS.

PRACTICE AT EVERYTHING THE SCHOOL AFFORDS, INCLUDING ATTENDANTS, 5/- PER HOUR.



REGRETTABLE SET-BACK TO THE "ENTENTE."

French Visitor at Exhibition (reciting verbatim from his phrase-book). "SIR, OR MADAM, AS THE CASE MAY BE." . . .

"When am I going to get my pension?" shouted an Oxford wit when Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was taking his honorary degree. Alas, my poor young friend, lunatics are specifically excluded from the benefit of the Bill.

"Young Man, requires situation in-door; can drive, ride, plain gardener."—*Irish Times*.

If a situation should arise in the butler's pantry, where the need of a good horseman was severely felt, Mr. Punch will be sure to communicate with the above young man.

"Miss Maud Allan was again at luncheon at the Prime Minister's house the other day, and the special guest invited to meet her was Mr. Winston Churchill."—*The Leeds Mercury*. Doubtless they would tell each other what they thought of Manchester.

We understand that in consequence of the advent of a rival baby, the Prince of ASTURIAS has decided to join his regiment at once.

"Tarrant, b. Tarrant 37." *Evening News*. That must be a very annoying thing to happen when you are well set.

OUR GREATEST NOVELIST IN DARKEST AFRICA.

MISS VICTORIA BOSS'S TOUR.

It is pleasant to think that the enterprise shown by Mrs. ELINOR GLYN in sampling the seamy side of Californian life, as recently chronicled in *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, is not an isolated instance of feminine intrepidity. Our correspondent at Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, sends us an interesting letter describing the even more thrilling adventures of Miss VICTORIA BOSS, carefully-edited extracts from which we now venture to place before our readers:—

"Miss VICTORIA BOSS, the notorious English novelist, whose romances have recently been boycotted in the foc's'les of all the whalers of Dundee and Peterhead, was at first looked on askance on her arrival in Dahomey; but gradually the exclusive Amazonian coterie unbent, and before her departure she was entertained to an anthropophagi *déjeuner* by the Generalissimo and Staff of the Territorial Army."

"Miss BOSS, who is travelling through West and Central Africa in search of local colour for her next story, 'The Man-Eaters,' is charmed with her experiences at Abomey and Whydah, where she visited the sacred snakes in the Temple of Bilimbing. During her stay in the Temple she was actually bitten by one of these formidable monsters; but, as might have been expected, the audacious reptile did not long survive the indiscretion."

"Interviewed by a representative of the Abomey *Bugle*, Miss BOSS expressed herself in laudatory terms of the morals and manners of Dahomey. 'Your methods of dealing with the question of the survival of the unfittest,' she said with a charming smile, 'seem to me admirably logical and efficacious, and I only wish that the Prime Minister of England had an opportunity of witnessing your wardances, or introducing them at one of his garden-parties.' Miss BOSS subsequently took part in a grand gorilla hunt, in which two fine specimens of the anthropoid ape fell to her rifle, and when last heard of was wading dauntlessly through the Great Agrimé Swamp, in the company of her publisher, Mr. STINGAREE GULCHER and the Headman of the Bodili tribe, on her way to the Kong mountains in search of further tropical experiences to incorporate in her new novel."

LOW LIVING AND LOW THINKING.

[We learn from the most recently published volume of the *Eversley Tennyson* that the poet once made a strenuous effort to be a vegetarian. At the end of six weeks, however, his sense of fatuity drove him back to a mutton chop, after which he saw visions.]

SAID I, "Let the lambkin no longer
Be led to the slaughter for me;
Let the ox, honest beast,
Still continue to feast
With the grass growing up to his knee.

No more shall they jelly the conger
To gratify palate of mine;
The chick shan't be taken
And served up with bacon
To make me a dish when I dine.

Refined shall be my food,
And simply chaste my fare;
Upon some humble cereal
My soul shall grow ethereal:
Gross thoughts shall ne'er intrude

To raise my startled hair
If I but crunch a nut for lunch
And dine upon a pear."

With hope all expectant I started
My test of the simple régime.

The first thing to take
Was a cauliflower steak,
And then I sat waiting to dream.
When several hours had departed
And nothing came into my brain
I dined somewhat sparsely
On cutlets of parsley,
And then I sat waiting again.

Week slowly followed week—
How slowly none can know!
Once o'er a leg of lentil
My soul grew sentimental;
And once a loin of leek

Inspired my genius so
That with its aid I nearly made
A little tiny mot.

Alas! these poor flickering flashes
Grew fewer and further between,
And they came not because
Of the diet that was,
But because of the meat that had been.

Rice sirloins and carrotty hashes—
I found it was these I must thank
For kindly revealing
The empty-full feeling

And turning my mind to a blank.
"A ruddy chop," I cried,

"A steak with richness wet,

This is the raw material
That makes a man ethereal!

My vegetarian pride

I'm eager to forget—

Who will may rail, but I shall trail

My clouds of glory yet."

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

(An exercise in Westminster Gazette.)

The Pan-Anglican Congress.

LONDON, the place chosen as the scene of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress, is the capital of England and one of the principal cities of the world. It is very old, traces of Roman occupation being still visible, and every year it increases in size and attracts more and more visitors. This year the number of Americans in London is said to be phenomenal. London has had many celebrants, but none more eloquent than the American poet, who wrote:—

City of industry and wealth and grime,
How wonderful thou art, and how sublime!

No two better adjectives than these have ever been applied to London. It is truly wonderful and sublime.

The New Prince.

The birth of another Prince to the Queen of SPAIN is by no means the only instance of a Royal mother having two sons in succession. In fact this feat was accomplished by no less a personage than the Queen of SPAIN's grandmother, the late QUEEN VICTORIA. *Apropos* of the new Prince, it is interesting to note that the letters of his many names, when added together, come to a total only five fewer than the number of ships in the great Armada sent out to conquer England by PHILIP.

The Lush Month.

In July, says the poet of the cuckoo, he gets ready to fly. This is no doubt true. The whole poem may come to the reader as a pleasing novelty:—

In April
Come he will.
In May
He sings all day.
In June
He changes his tune.
In July
He gets ready to fly.
In August
Go he must.

To these were appended, says the late Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF, the following amusing lines at a breakfast party at which DARWIN and ODO RUSSELL were vying with each other in couplets. DARWIN added:—

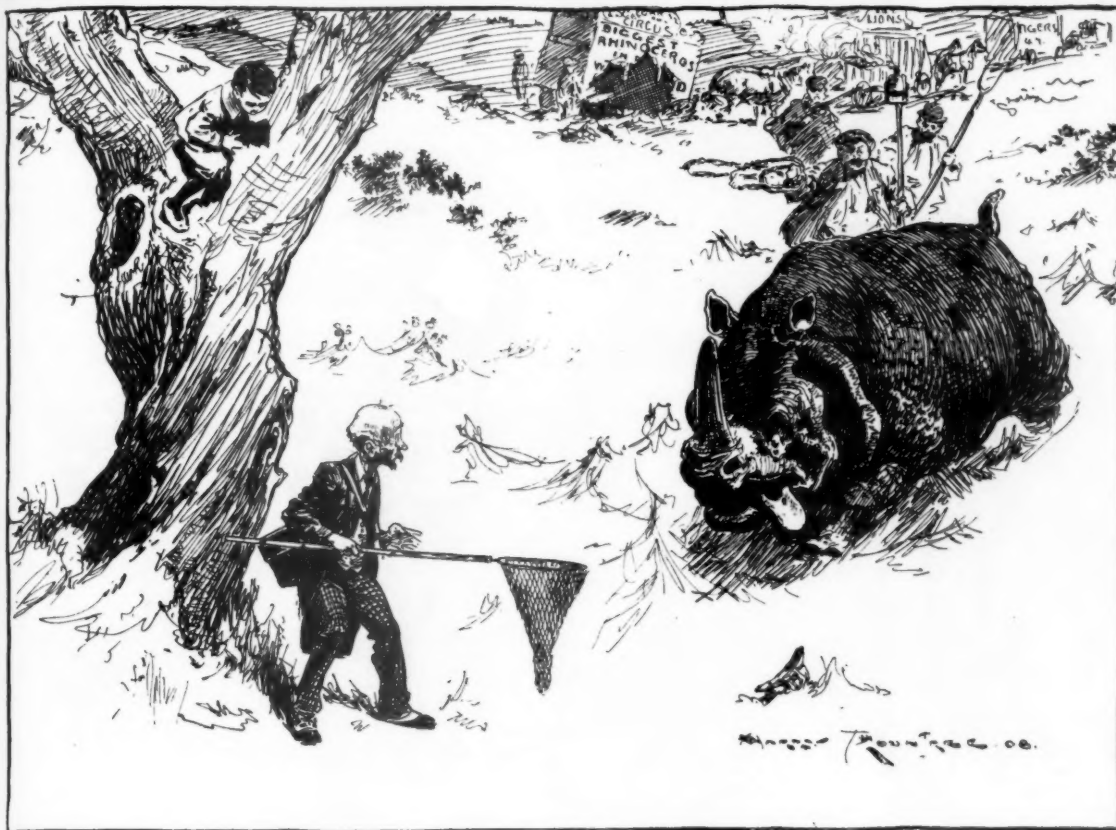
In September
He's gone, remember.

While ODO RUSSELL capped this with:—

In October
If you hear him you're not sober.

The British Medical Statuary.

The discussion over the propriety or impropriety of the statues in the



"CATCH HIM, DADDY! CATCH HIM!"

Strand takes one back to the eighteenth century and the controversy which raged around the proposal of the then Lord Mayor to replace the time-honoured effigies of Gog and Magog by undraped figures of himself and the Lady Mayoress. The coffee-houses were alive with opinions on the subject, and it is needless to say that the sheriffs did not conceal their views. BOSWELL records a saying of Dr. JOHNSON on the subject. "Why not?" he growled. "Let the dogs do what they like." In the end the Lord Mayor lost, and Gog and Magog continued to represent the City.

HOW NOT TO DRESS ON £2,000 A YEAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Forgive your old friend "The Major" whose conversations on clothes you must have met next but one to the advertisement pages in the weekly papers for intruding, but really it is too bad. Silk hat and knickerbockers, indeed!

I need not remind you that it was

I who first announced to an astonished world that trousers must be pressed down the middle, the only operation I ever heard of that can be performed by a man asleep in his bed. The more sleep, in fact, the better for the trousers. But perhaps you keep a trouser-press.

From the many little chats we have had about summer suitings, the ups and downs of collars and the extraordinary merit of Messrs. PUSH-SALE'S back studs (the distinction between me and the advertisement pages has not always been strictly preserved) you will have gathered that I have a delicate, artistic temperament. *Silk-hat* and knickerbockers! (Breeches, no doubt, he would call them, but that would be a mere quibble.) Conceive my feelings, to whom, though long experience of barristers' clerks has made the Bowler-hat-and-Tails seem familiar and almost picturesque, the Frock-coat-and-Straw-hat is still painful. What are those things to *Silk-hat-and-Knickerbockers*?

Tired and worn by exacting experiments upon the polishing of

pumps, I had on that fatal afternoon had the misfortune to meet in the Strand two sets of Frock-coat-and-Straws, one of them smoking a pipe, and such a pipe, too! Quite unmanned, I did what you would have done; I fled to Bond Street for rest and recuperation. It was there, of all places, that I saw it. Oh, the pain and the shame! *Silk-hat and knickerbockers*, indeed! In London, note: in Birmingham it might have amused me. In Bond Street, mark you: in the Fulham Road I might have endured it with only a passing spasm. *Silk hat and knickerbockers*! Hateful; inconceivably vile; monstrous. And the fellow was a Bishop too.

Your desperate MAJOR.

Objection has been raised to the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition on Sundays, because it is a place of amusement for which an entrance fee is charged. The difficulty has now been met by the suggestion that the public should be admitted free, and charged a shilling to go out.



Umpire. "WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT, SIR?"

Portly Captain. "THE SKELETON ENEMY, SIR."

NEW FRUITS FOR OLD.

[Mr. BOYLE in the *Cornhill* expatiates on the delights of a number of unfamiliar fruits, including the tarippe, the cherimoya, the langsat, the rambi, the guango, the mandaroit, and the bododo.]

Oh, I am aweary of all the ancient fruits—
The apple, the pear, yea, even the velvet peach,
And when I behold them, any or all or each,
My heart sinks down to the bottom of both my boots.

The strawberry once I loved, but strawberries pall;
I love the nectarine still, but the only time
When the taste of the nectarine touches a height
sublime
Is when you pluck it fresh from a sun-kissed wall.

Time was when the orange attracted my callow lips,
And the lemon blended with soda merited praise,
But the glamour of both has waned in my latter days,
For they break my heart with their everlasting pips.

No, the ancient fruits no more my allegiance claim,
And I long for something that is not obsolete,
"With a flavour of Will-o'-the-wisp," yet not too
sweet,
And above all owning a weird, exotic name.

Such qualities, I am sure, must be enshrined
In the heart of the delicate, elegant tarippe.
I can fancy its juices adown my gullet slip
Like a river of liquid gold quadruply refined.

And the name of the cherimoya my soul arrides,
Recalling the whisper of muted Æolian strings,
Or the melodies sung at the courts of elfin kings,
Or the lapping at dusk of dim Lethæan tides.

Why should the langsat afar in a tropic land
Waste all its sweetness on savages forlorn,
While I with palate unsated in London mourn?—
This, this is a thing no fellow can understand!

Could I but feast, in a humble catamaran,
On the rambi, what measures divine would flow from
my pen!
What deeds would I do, unknown to mortal ken,
Inspired by the guango or even the jintawan!

O why, Sir ALFRED JONES, are you grown so keen
On shipping bananas alone to the Severn shore,
When the throats of men like me are thirsting sore
For the sweets of the mandaroit and the mangosteen?

Oh, bring us the cool bododo, for which I pant,
Give us the luing, and, ringed with an aureole,
Your name shall blaze on Pomona's golden scroll
As her truest and most devoted hierophant.

Terrible Riverside Calamity.

"And in another half-hour the sparkling river was full
of well-fed men and slightly languid ladies, moving with
deliberation but persistence towards Boulter's."—*Daily
Telegraph.*



LIVING ON REPUTATION.

BRITANNIA (*among the Pageants*). "QUITE RIGHT OF THEM TO SHOW PRIDE IN MY PAST; BUT WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT NOBODY SEEMS TO TAKE ANY INTEREST IN MY FUTURE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 22. — Indefinable something of difference about Mr. WEIR since last he heckled the hapless Scotch Secretary. A deeper note in his reverberating voice as, in reluctant submission to hidden hydraulic power, it is brought up from his boots. More threatening glare in his eye as over his pince-nez he regards the guilty Minister. Sterner tone in his reminder that two years ago the very same answer was made to identical question. "If," he added *ex profundis*, "the right hon. gentleman does not do something shortly he will go down to posterity unhonoured and unsung."

Member for SARK says the subtle change is due to Royal influence. At the Windsor Garden Party on Saturday, Mr. WEIR, watching the Independent Labour Members stalking the King, determined that Ross and Cromarty should not be out of the game. After patient endurance he succeeded in being honoured by recognition. SARK says that on approaching the Presence he instinctively dropped into his habitual Parliamentary formula and began, "Is your Majesty a-Weir—?"

That probably a flight of fancy. Certainly Mr. WEIR had speech with his Sovereign and feels it rather a come-down to be now putting his customary half-dozen questions to, a mere Secretary of State.

Business done.—HERBERT GLADSTONE moved second reading of Eight Hours (Miners) Bill. Eleven o'clock rule suspended with view to finishing debate to-night. At eleven o'clock at least a dozen speeches undelivered. Debate accordingly adjourned to unnamed date.

Tuesday.—When F. W. LAMBTON lets himself go he is the Eclipse of debate. For powerful denunciation of an iniquitous Ministry he has no compeer. Consider his protest against their arbitrary use of closure to hustle on the Old Age Pensions Bill.

"The Government," he said in an impassioned flight of eloquence that brought tears to eyes of Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, "throws at the

House, as bones are thrown to a dog, crude Bills which Ministers have not thought out. Hon. Members are sent like so many dogs to the

forging their thunderbolts and—er—and—indulging in other pleasant pastimes."

As this glittering cascade of almost Oriental imagery fell from LAMBTON's lips HENRY CRAIK 'sat hard by in gloomy silence. Had had his little triumph. But what was it compared with this avalanche of trope? In debate on Old Age Pensions Bill he clinched the matter by describing the contributory principle as "the sheet anchor holding the balance."

In contrast with LAMBTON's metaphors this has disadvantage of being submarine in locality. A sheet anchor holding a balance is one of the secrets of mechanics which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear. LAMBTON's pageant moves on the surface under the dome of heaven. You see ASQUITH throwing to clemmed Members crude Bills he has not thought out. You watch the pack turn at crack of whip, gallop across Lobbies, and so to their kennels upstairs. Almost you hear the crunching of the ill-cooked measures they gorge themselves withal. The unplumb'd, salt estranging sea hides working of CRAIK's simpler device.

But there it is, grandly impressive, reckless of storms above or groundswell below—a sheet anchor holding a balance.

Business done. Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill.

Wednesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, JOHN DAVID REES, not in personal appearance reminiscent of the *Fat Boy*, is your man. Submitted to HOME SECRETARY question involving blood-curdling suggestions of escaped lunatics wandering through counties and boroughs, committing horrible murders of unoffending constituents. It appears that, under Lunacy Act, if re-capture be evaded for fourteen days the fugitive may thereafter snap his fingers at his pursuer. All he has to do is to secrete himself for a fortnight. In the name of the mothers and children of England REES called upon HOME SECRETARY to state whether this dangerous condition of things should continue?

With that hide-bound officialism inherited by Home Secretaries HERBERT GLADSTONE pooh-poohed



THE INDIGNANT MAMMOTH; OR, PRIMEVAL SCOTLAND.

Mr. G-I-l-u-y W-r (in a blood-curdling, reverberating, paleolithic undertone).

"NO ANSWER-R!!—AS USUAL, MR. SPEAKER-R-R!!"

kennels upstairs to gorge themselves on hasty, ill-cooked measures whilst Ministers sit in Olympian grandeur



"THE SHEET-ANCHOR HOLDING THE BALANCE."

(Sir HENRY CRAIK.)



ON THE SPOT AT QUESTION TIME.
(Major S-ly does very nicely as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.)

the suggestion that the law should be amended.

"Sir," said Mr. REES, more in sorrow than in anger, "does the right hon. gentleman think that nothing is required? I have at this moment in my hand a discharge."

As he held out the document in full view of what should have been a sympathetic House, a roar of laughter burst forth. Where did he get the discharge? Was it duly certified? and where had he been secreting himself for the last fortnight? These and other ribald questions went round.

REES returned document to breast coat pocket, and resumed seat, admitting to himself that nothing is to be done with a flippant assembly like this.

Business done.—More Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill.

Friday.—Wonderful how quickly SEELY has put on the Ministerial manner as if it were a garment. Also how well it fits him. Only the other day was a free lance below the gangway, wanting to know all kinds of inconvenient things from Ministers. Now the poacher is turned game-keeper, with proverbial consequence.

Easy enough to read from manuscript answer to question of which

notice has been given. It is the supplementary enquiries permitted by leniency of the SPEAKER that give the Minister pause. No one has yet taken a rise out of the new Under Secretary for the Colonies. On controversial questions connected with DINIZULU or labour in the Rand Mines the ball is tossed from side to side. Ministerialists and Members of Opposition fiercely talk at each other across the body of Under Secretary. All the while he feels that the Transvaal and Natal are listening at the door. A maladroit expression, an unjustifiable denial, an untimely admission, would have the effect of dropping fat on the flame. SEELY stands the cross-fire with unflinching coolness and comes out unhurt.

Business done.—Tobacco Growing (Scotland) Bill passed third reading.

THE COASTGUARD.

FROM the white-washed wall that enclosed the garden in front of his trim cottage you could have thrown a stone far into the sea two hundred feet below. He was standing at the corner of the enclosure, a big telescope tucked under his arm, a mast with the White Ensign flying at the gaff rising just behind him. I glowed with exercise and patriotism as I scrambled up the steep path towards him—a solitary figure keeping watch and ward over miles and miles of Britannia's realm.

"You've got the command of the sea here, anyhow," I remarked, thinking my little play upon words rather happy, considering the heat of the day. He nodded gravely.

"You wouldn't believe what the wind's like on this cliff," he said; "took up all them broccolis by the roots last week, it did."

I glanced round the devastated garden, not quite sure which was the plant in question; but my nautical fervour refused to be brought to earth. My eyes fell upon a small shed that must needs, I thought, contain the signals that will be let off on the approach of the enemy.

"Blue lights?" I ventured, pointing to it, pleased with my acuteness.

"Blue rocks," he corrected. "The missus likes 'em in a pie, but they make a sad mess of the garden, they do."

I began to conceive a dislike to the garden. The awkward pause that followed was interrupted by a second coastguard running out of the cottage to us, with anxiety and even alarm written large upon his bronzed face.

"Let's have that glass, BILL," he said, hastily taking the telescope.

"Is it possible," I pondered, "that the invading squadrons are already upon the horizon?" But no. The second coastguard, steadying the telescope by the mast under the shadow of the White Ensign, was searching, not the sea, but the countryside. My heart gave a jump. "Surely, surely," I gasped, "they cannot yet have landed. Where is the Home Fl—"

"Haven't seen naught of my ducks this morning, BILL, have yer?" muttered the anxious one, the glass still screwed to his eye.

It was evident that in order to get at the expert opinion of BILL and his mate upon naval policy I must first ingratiate myself by pretending to take an interest in their curiously rural pursuits. I determined to seize the earliest opening that offered.

"Here's the gunboat, HENERY!" suddenly snapped the first coastguard, springing to the handle of the semaphore that stood at the corner of the wall.

HENERY swiftly swung the telescope round to bear upon a craft just gliding into view from behind the headland and close in-shore.

"New type of scout," I observed, by way of showing how up-to-date my naval intelligence was.

They gave a grunt that might have meant assent or the reverse. They were already talking to the gunboat with their weird machine.

Now was my opportunity to show how much I delighted in ducks.

"Have they seen anything of them?" I asked, with anxiety.

BILL fixed me with an eye in which there was a good deal of pity.

"If," he said, slowly wagging his head towards the path up which I had come, "you would kindly rejine your—your attendant—HENERY and me is rather busy."

That's the way with these professionals. The more enthusiastic the amateur is, the more severely they snub him.

Society News.

The Duke of NORFOLK's infant son is progressing rapidly, though he is having the usual trouble with his teeth. We derive our information from *The Daily Mail*, which gives us the following paragraph:—

"NORFOLK.—Crop very fine. An exceptional yield is promised. A little cutting has begun, and prospects are excellent."

"Required, a Post as Companion."

Leamington Daily Circular.

Much better have a good walking-stick.



A SAD CASE.

Squire. "HAVEN'T HAD A JOB SINCE EASTER, HAVEN'T YOU? WHAT ARE YOU?"
 Tramp. "I'M AN 'OT CROSS BUN MAKER!"

ANOTHER HUMAN EPISODE.

[A pretty little story appeared lately in *The Evening News* of how Mr. JOHN BURNS was seen in a tramway car playing with the toes of a curly-haired baby which was sitting on its mother's knee (or it might have been its aunt's). "How delightful," whispered a lady to a companion, "to see a Cabinet Minister playing with a baby." "A Cabinet Minister!" replied the other. "What do you mean?" "I mean," the first lady said, with a slight inclination of the head, "that that is the Right Hon. John Burns—the people's John—John of Battersea."]

A TOUCHING little incident is reported to have occurred in Whitehall yesterday. A boyish-looking figure was seen hurrying across the roadway, making for the Board of Trade Office, when his progress was barred by a pigeon which was complacently feeding in the gutter. Instead of brushing the bird aside impatiently or even trampling on it (as many men in his place would have done, for he was evidently in a hurry), this courteous knight waited till the bird

had passed, and then—but not till then—resumed his way with a cheery nod and a smile to the feathered obstructionist. "How sweet," said a smart-looking woman to her companion, "to see a Cabinet Minister so punctiliously polite to a pigeon." "A Cabinet Minister?" replied the friend. "What do you mean?" "I mean," said the first lady, "that that is the President of the Board of Trade—WINSTON CHURCHILL—our WINNIE—the Member for Dundee."

[It turned out afterwards to be a War Office messenger, but we give the story for what it is worth.]

EXPLOSIONS THAT TELL.

A FRENCH scientist claims to have invented an explosive which, instead of going off with a bang, speaks any word and in any language that is required of it. By this invention every firework may tell its story, and

every Chinese cracker crack its little joke.

An enterprising vendor of novelties is putting on the market, at a shilling a dozen, what he has named "Bombs to relieve the feelings." If a straphanger steps on your toe, or if you just miss your train, or if your article is declined, or if your bootlace breaks, all you have to do is to drop one of these little bombs on the floor and it says the word for you, saving you all further trouble.

The Post Office also is kindly supplying the lady clerks at the counters with "Civility" bombs. Rush of business has hitherto prevented these fair servants of the public from doing themselves justice, but it will be the easiest thing in the world to throw a "Thank you" bomb at a customer.

THE ATTRACTION OF LAST WEEK:
 The Frankau-Caldwell Exhibition.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

HAPPENINGS OF THE SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Though Ascot is ancient history now, I *must* tell you what a success I was there in my *most* distracting get-up of the week—white Directoire, not *too* Directoire, you know, my dear, but just Directoire enough! It was distinctly funny to notice the people who had made a timid, half-hearted attempt to be Directoire, and had stopped short in a sort of panic. *One*, at *least*, however, had let valour be a good bit the better part of discretion:—POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, was so Directoire on Cup Day that she quite took off attention from the gee-gees.

MÉLANIE DE CHATEAUVIEUX and her Comte are over on a visit. They're both as *frightfully* chic as ever, and we three are great pals. The *entente* stops there, however, for JOSIAH can't stand the Comte (he says he's "a grinning ape") and Aunt GOLDIE hates MÉLANIE, and never speaks of her except as "that French-woman." *Et pourquoi?* Because MÉLANIE didn't *try* to hide her surprise on first realising that Aunt G. was Mrs. NORTON VAVASOUR, and also because she flirts outrageously with NORTY, and they chatter Parisian *argot*, while poor Aunt GOLDIE is quite out of it, her French being of the good old sort that does very well so long as it isn't used, but goes all to pieces as soon as she comes to grips with a native. It's a great deal too bad of NORTY. For once I'm inclined to side with Aunt GOLDIE. As I told him yesterday, he'll bring down her transformation with sorrow to the grave!

MÉLANIE prides herself on her English and her knowledge of London, but I *must* tell you of a most *absurd* mistake she made, if you'll promise not

to be shocked, you dear humdrum old darling. We were strolling about together at Ascot and I was telling her who different people were, when Lady EXSHIRE passed. I told MÉLANIE that, ages ago, before she married Lord EXSHIRE, she was a famous Gaiety girl, and added: "*Comprenez-vous ce que veut dire Gaiety girl?*"

Belton's drawing-rooms at calling time. They all talk about the weather. Then we see that Lady Belton and Siddy de Vaux love each other. While all the others are talking about a bad attack of indy some-one's had, Siddy asks her to run away with him. She says she will. Then she remembers she's only half through a course of beauty-treatment

with Madame Blagueuse, and so she can't. Then they all talk about the weather again; and the curtain falls on the First Act. The Second Act is still in Lady Belton's drawing-rooms, and it's still calling time. They all talk about the weather again. A Mrs. Damer has come in, and we see that she loves and is loved by another of the callers, Ronny ffarrington. While the others are all discussing the best sort of drinks for a hot day, Ronny asks Mrs. Damer to run away with him. She says she will. Then she remembers that her little doggie isn't well enough to travel, and as, of course, she can't leave the little thingy-thing behind, that elopement's off too. Then everyone talks about the weather again, and the curtain falls finally.

We all think FRANKY will go far as a playwright. Lord and Lady KNIGHTSBRIDGE gave a big tea afterwards, and were simply *loaded* with congrats about their success with "*How-*

brilliant son's de-do?"

Oh, my dear! What do you think! Such a burst-up at BOSH and WEE-WEE's! BOSH, you know, though outwardly lively, is *really* a very *serious* character. He thinks about quite a number of things, and is *immensely* strict about church-going. I don't mean that he ever goes to church *himself*, but he makes WEE-WEE go; he says women *need* it. Lately, however, she's been excusing herself on one plea or



Golfer (to long-suffering and wearied caddy). "How many's that, SANDY?"

Caddy. "YE'RE PLAYIN' YERE NINTH. YE TAPPIT IT AFF THE TEE IN YUN, MISSED IT ALTAEGEATHER IN TWA, WENT INTAE THE SANDBANK IN THREE, YE DIDNA GET OOT IN FOUR, BUT YE GOT OOT IN FIVE, YE GAED INTAE THE WHINS IN SAX, YE DIDNA GET OOT IN SEVEN, BUT YE GOT OOT IN ACHT, AND NOO YERE PLAYIN' YERE NINTH."

"Si je comprends!" said MÉLANIE. "Mais, je crois bien, ma chère! Chez nous autres Français la phrase parville est * * * " No, really it was such an absurd mistake and so rough on the poor EXSHIRE woman, that I must leave you to find out for yourself what MÉLANIE said.

People turned up in force at the Matinée Theatre yesterday for FRANKY FITZ-JAMES's first play, "*How-de-do?*" It proved a big success, *immensely* real and true to life. The curtain rises on Lady



Vicar. "I'M GLAD TO SEE, MRS. TIPPLES, THAT YOUR HUSBAND IS KEEPING STEADY. HE SEEMS QUITE TO HAVE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF.
Mrs. T. "THAT 'E 'AVE, SIR. 'E'S TOOK A BITTER OATH NEVER TO TOUCH A DROP O' DRINK AGAIN--NOT IN THIS WORLD!"

another, till at last all the excuses were worn to rags—and then the truth came out. She's a Fire-Worshipper! She was won over by that Persian Imaum, FIRDUSHI, who was over here in the spring, was made so much of by everyone, and gave little sermon-lectures at people's houses. Converts are cropping up every day. DICKIE SANDYS is another, and Lord and Lady RAMSGATE are in fits about it. She was taken to hear the Imaum by her granny, PORSY, Lady R., who's been a Fire-Worshipper for ages, it appears. Now, old girl, though you're inclined to disapprove of your BLANCHE in general, you must own up that in *this* instance I've proved myself superior to WEE-WEE and DICKIE and the rest. Though the Imaum was *decidedly* rather a darling and I went to *all* his sermon-lectures, he didn't make a 'vert of me or sway me in the least little bit. I consider that the Fire-Worshippers are almost *quite* wrong—especially in always getting up to see the sun rise!

I hit on such a lovely cool idea for my last afternoon party. It was a

sweltering day, and I had the conservatory opening from the white drawing-room turned into a Polar scene, with icebergs and all that sort of thing, and I ordered a Polar bear from the Stores to make it complete. The man brought him, put him among the bergs, and gave him something to keep him quiet. When people came they were quite enchanted with such a *nicky* idea for a hot afternoon, though, of course, there are always *some* who are too *jealous* and *envious* to praise you for anything. MELANIE and her Comte were particularly charmed. If people felt uncomfy with the heat, all they had to do was to look at the bear and the bergs and they were cool again. Presently, however (whether the man hadn't given him enough stuff, or whether the bergs weren't cold enough for him, or the noise of our chatter bothered him, I can't say), the bear began to get lively and to move about and look through at us with the dearest, angriest little eyes. He looked *particularly* hard at Aunt GOLDIE, and she screamed and rushed

to another part of the room, and then everyone began to get so jumpy, and MELANIE'S "*Tiens!*" got so loud and shrill, that I had to send for the man, who gave him some more stuff, and he settled down among the bergs again and was a good, sedate bear and part of the picture.

This, my dear, if you want to know, is a ribbon summer, and it's correct to be very lively. Ribbons and liveliness always go together, and lace and languor. Which is cause and which effect, whether it's the ribbons that produce liveliness or the liveliness that expresses itself in ribbons, I'm not here to tell you, as they say in the House.

Darling Pompom has been feeling a wee bit used up and run down lately, so I've sent him to do a cure at a Doggie's Home of Rest a little way in the country—not too far for his loving mother to motor down and see him often. Already the fresh air, early hours and simple life are giving the sweet mite the bloom of his puppyhood again.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"TRAIN up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Those, I believe, were the words of Solomon the Wise, who was once a boy himself, and is reputed to have had several children of his own. In *The Pedestal* (CHAPMAN & HALL), Mr. DESMOND COKE gives us the converse of the proposition. Neglect your child for the pleasures of Society while he is in the nursery, and selfishly spoil him in his early boyhood, and when at last you bring yourself to send him to school he is bound to come to grief. Sir BERNARD FOTHERGILL succeeded the late baronet at the early age of seven, and his decline and fall dated from the moment when his father's sudden death in the hunting-field made him his repentant mother's idol. At school he made friends with a rather hopeless sort of cousin, and, to help him out of a difficulty connected with the house cash-box, consented to go into the dressing-room and "borrow" some money from "the big fellows' bags." Of course he was caught in the act, and of course he nobly declined to give away "the other fellow," and of course his heroic reserve was regarded by his foolish mother as the stubbornness of guilt, till his comparative innocence was triumphantly established. Mr. COKE knows a good deal about boys, though I don't think that in this respect *The Pedestal* comes up to *The Bending of a Twig*. But to those of you who are mothers (as the College Don said when he preached one of his old village-sermons to an audience of undergraduates) I commend it as a solemn and salutary warning. The Parents' National Education Union ought certainly to put it on their list of useful publications.

The strife ensuing when passion twists
The steeled nerve-tissues of scientists—
ARTHUR APPLIN depicts complete
In his novel *The Butcher of Bruton Street*.

The book (GRANT RICHARDS) is made to present
Three clear types of medical gent;
Two are pleasant enough to meet;
The third is the Butcher of Bruton Street.

There's old *Pill Brown*, who's a bland G.P.;
There's *Janson*, who can't stand surgery;
And he who is loved of the great *élite*,
Haigg, the Butcher of Bruton Street.

Each is lured by the selfsame maid;
Each pursues in his way his trade—

Janson, reformer; *Brown*, discreet;
And knife-'em-all *Haigg* of Bruton Street.

Mingling human traits with the set
Demands of medical etiquette,
Partly a treatise, partly a treat
Is the tale of *The Butcher of Bruton Street*.

In *One City and Many Men* (SMITH, ELDER) are set forth in pleasant, chatty form memories of olden times by one who has discovered the secret of perennial youth. Sir ALGERNON WEST's recollections go back to the early days of Queen VICTORIA's reign. After serving under Sir CHARLES WOOD when that forgotten statesman was at the India Office, he was Private Secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE throughout his most momentous Premiership. Succeeding to the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, he had the opportunity of studying Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at close quarters, and gives some interesting particulars of his brief tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Much has been written about

Mr. GLADSTONE. His former secretary and friend adds precious material to common knowledge. One of the most charming chapters in a book of unfailing interest is descriptive of a walk through deserted London, which Sir ALGERNON's memory and fancy people with a crowd of interesting wraiths.

I have long held the conviction that, owing to no fault of its own, the most disorderly word in the English language is "only." More frequently than any other it is misplaced.

The impression is confirmed by a sentence in a book otherwise blameless in the matter of style. "I was," Sir ALGERNON writes, "only born on the day of the Reform Bill passing." Why this petulant complaint? Did he expect to be also christened and married? However, the reader will rejoice that he was at least born, since he has lived to give the world this delightful book.

The graceful and allusive writer on the open air is always with us; but we do not know of any English hand now executing this pleasant task better than Mr. BEACH THOMAS, author of *From a Hertfordshire Cottage* (ALSTON RIVERS). His knowledge of natural history and his memory of what other men have said of natural history—both poets and scientific writers—are about equal, and they see-saw very agreeably through the book. Mr. THOMAS, I think, makes a mistake in withholding the names of his poets as often as he does, especially as he seems to have explored the less known lyrics more than most. I like to find again Sir EDWARD GREY's remark that to hear the first song in early spring of any bird is "better than a personal success." Not bad for a Cabinet Minister.



THE EGOIST IN THE GARDEN.

"CONFOUND YOU, SIR! JUST LOOK AT MY CUCUMBER FRAME!"

CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE is still very angry indeed because the KING did not send him an invitation which he would not have accepted; yet some of the other Labour Members not only pocketed their pride and went to the Garden Party, but treated His MAJESTY as their equal.

It is, we hear, not unlikely that, if Parliament should render it possible for Scotch cigars to be produced, power will be given to magistrates to sentence little boys to one of them under the Children's Bill.

The fact that on the 27th ult. thirty-four ladies and gentlemen started to swim from Richmond to Blackfriars draws attention once more to the grave scandal of our river being without steamboats.

Now that it has been decided that the garden to the west of the Law Courts is to be built on, the L.C.C. is patting itself on the back for its foresight in securing a large open space for the public in another part of the Strand.

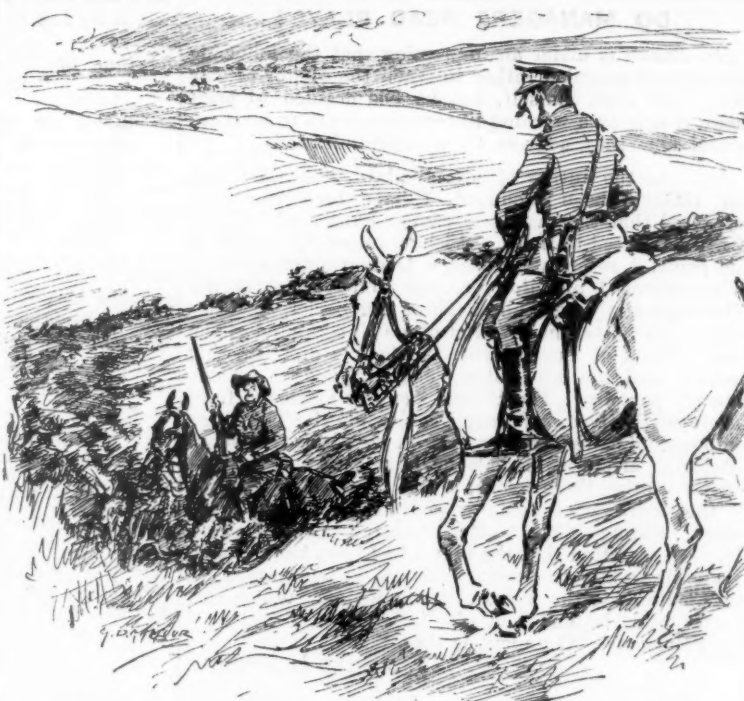
A sentence of six months' imprisonment has been passed at Hereford on a farmer who was found to have stolen nearly 3,000 books. The volumes were all of an elevating character, and the defence was that the prisoner was insane.

We are beaten nowadays in so many fields by our foreign rivals that it is some satisfaction to know that the oldest Englishwoman, who died the other day, was a native of this country.

Says *The Bingville Bugle* (U.S.A.):—"Miss AMELIA TUCKER, the acknowledged belle and reigning queen of Bingville, has announced a croquet party for next Saturday afternoon. The *élite* of Bingville will be present. Crullers and cookies and tea will be served. Miss AMELIA will pour." Suggested motto for Miss TUCKER:—"It never reigns but it pours."

Among the crop of rumours concerning the medical statuary in Agar Street there is one to the effect that the nude figures are to be removed across the Strand to the more appropriate Adam Street.

Mr. STEYN and Mr. REITZ, the two ex-Presidents of the late Orange Free



DEFECTIVE ARMING IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY.

Officer of Yeomanry (to Trooper who has taken up position from which he cannot see at all). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

Trooper. "PLEASE, ZUR, I BE A ZENTURY."

Officer. "AND WHAT GOOD DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU ARE?"

Trooper. "MAIN LITTLE, WI' FOWER ROUNDS O' BLANK AND NA SWORD!"

State, have been granted pensions of £1,000 and £500 a year respectively. "Peace hath her victories," etc.

A United States Consular Report cautions American visitors to Europe against the purchase of sham curios. This reminds us that we ourselves were offered an object the other day which the dealer described as an "old antique." Here we evidently have a trade term, and tourists would undoubtedly be well advised to insist on a guarantee that the article they buy is an old antique, and not merely a new-laid one.

Our bright little contemporary, *The Daily News*, informs us in its inimitable way that "Sir ANGUS HOLDEN is a son of the famous octogenarian, Sir ISAAC HOLDEN, the inventor and rival of Lord MASHAM." It is hard indeed when the man whom one has invented becomes one's rival.

Reticent language on the part of

a newspaper is sufficiently rare nowadays to be notable. "The performance of *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden was remarkable," said *The Daily Telegraph*, "for Miss LALLA MIRANDA's excellent impersonation of *Zerlina*." The expression "remarkable" is really scarcely adequate. When a character from *Don Giovanni* coolly appears in *Rigoletto* we think that the cricketer term "Sensational play" would be justifiable.

A happy suggestion comes from an open-air school near Dresden, where an unfortunate scholar sat down on a wasps' nest. It is now probable that, in similar institutions, the cane as a corrective may soon be superseded.

LUNACY IN ENGLAND.

CRITICISM OF THE

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

This heading we cull from *The Pall Mall Gazette*. We think that our contemporary is unduly hard on a body of men who, anyhow, are doing their best.

DO MANAGERS READ PLAYS?

Mr. Punch is under an impression that the following letters were intended rather to reach the Editor of *The Daily Mail* than himself, but he has decided to print them, if only as a warning to correspondents to be more careful how they address their communications.

SIR,—As the author of several plays, none of which has hitherto been produced, I have for some time suspected that the managers cannot have read a single MS. I submitted to them. Wishing to satisfy myself on this point, I recently exposed a leading actor-manager (whose name I mercifully refrain from giving) to the following test. I sent him a Three Act Society Comedy entitled *All Sorts*, the first Act of which consisted of the Second Book of Euclid, with the figures and lettering omitted, and the text cut up and assigned to various *dramatis personæ*. The Second Act was extracted from the *Anglo-Portuguese Phrase Book*, while the Third was composed of several pages from last year's Academy Catalogue, arranged in dialogue form.

After waiting three weeks, it was returned to me with all the courtesy of postal registration and a printed notice stating that, after careful consideration, Mr. — regretted that the play I had been kind enough to submit to him was not calculated, in his opinion, to prove suitable to the tastes of his audiences. Which was exactly what he had said of all the plays I had sent him previously. Comment is superfluous!

JUSTUS ET TENAX.

SIR,—I know that Managers do not read plays—at all events, not *my* plays—and I am in a position to prove that this is so. A short time ago, stung to indignation by the specious—I will not say hypocritical—excuses with which a certain Manager (to whom I had the advantage of a letter of introduction from one of the greatest living authorities on Metric Craniology) had rejected several dramatic works on which I had expended both time and thought, I hit upon a plan to expose such insincerity as it deserved. I prepared three Acts in the regulation brown-paper covers, each of which bore the title "Sold!" but contained nothing but blank sheets. These I forwarded to his private address, with a note begging him to read the piece as soon as possible and let me know exactly what he thought. Within three weeks I received an answer which I cannot resist quoting in full. Here it is:—

"Dear Mr. PULLEGG,—I have at last found leisure to look at 'Sold,' and hasten to offer you my sincere congratulations on a work which strikes me as an immense advance on anything of yours which I have yet had the pleasure of seeing. While it possesses all the qualities that distinguished your earlier efforts, it is richer, it seems to me, in incident and character, and more telling in dialogue. I like, too, the manner in which you have contrived to preserve your secret right up to the *dénouement*. The only consideration which prevents me from accepting it for immediate production is that, unfortunately, it is too much in the nature of a 'problem play' to be quite suitable to my theatre. I therefore return it with many thanks for submitting a piece in which, believe me, I see nothing but promise.

Yours very sincerely,

GRANVILLE STUART HARRIMAN."

Perhaps it is a little too bad to pillory him like this—but he has brought it on himself, and will, I trust, have

sufficient sense of humour to smile at the neatness with which he has been entrapped.

WYLIE PULLEGG.

(Author of "*Refused a Hearing*," "*How Long?*" "*While you Wait*," etc., etc.)

SIR,—I see that there is a correspondence in your columns on the question whether Managers are lax or otherwise in reading plays that are submitted to them, so possibly your readers may be interested by a recent experience of my own. As I was doing up a Five-Act Drama, with a view to posting it to a certain brilliant and popular comedy actress, it suddenly occurred to me that I could easily detect whether she had read it all through or not by inserting a dead cockroach (which I procured without difficulty from the kitchen) between the last and penultimate pages. After some months had passed in absolute silence, I thought it advisable to write to the lady once more. At last I received a reply, in which she stated as her reasons for finding the play unsuitable, that the principal character in it was lacking in vitality and too unsympathetic to be popular on the stage. She also objected to the death scene in the last Act as being both "dry and flat." As a matter of fact none of the characters died in any of the Acts, while it is significant that the body of the cockroach was in precisely the same place and position as when I dispatched my MS. I am afraid, Sir, that these facts admit of but one inference!

INDIGNANT PLAYWRIGHT.

F. A.

Answer to Correspondent.

"BRITISH HOSPITALITY."—This appeal for funds for the entertainment of foreign competitors in the Olympic Games is, as you say, a little sudden and hasty, seeing that the authorities must have guessed, several years ago, that somebody was sure to want to come and compete. Still, if I were you, I should invite them to use your half-crown at once, and not put it out at compound interest against the next reception of the kind, sixty years hence. For by that time Mr. HALDANE may have collected all the Territorials he has advertised for, and the Government should have greater leisure for dealing with the more peaceful forms of invasion.

In *The Daily Mail* Signor BONCI instructs aspiring singers as follows:—

"Take a deep breath, extending the diaphragm to its fullest extent; next exhale slowly, pressing from the bottom of the lungs, drawing the diaphragm inwards to commence with and upwards to finish."

A common fault, he complains sadly, is that many beginners will press out the bottom of the lungs *against* the diaphragm. What can you do with people like that? They don't deserve to have a diaphragm at all.

"A deafening shout greeted the spectacle of Mr. Balfour, wearing a hat much too small for him."—*Daily News*, p. 8, col. 4.

"Mr. Balfour borrowed the hat of Mr. Alex Cross. It was too big for him."—*Daily News*, p. 8, col. 1.

A careful editor would have hedged in a leader.

Describing the preparations outside the Town Hall for the Royal visit to Leeds, *The Yorkshire Post* says:—

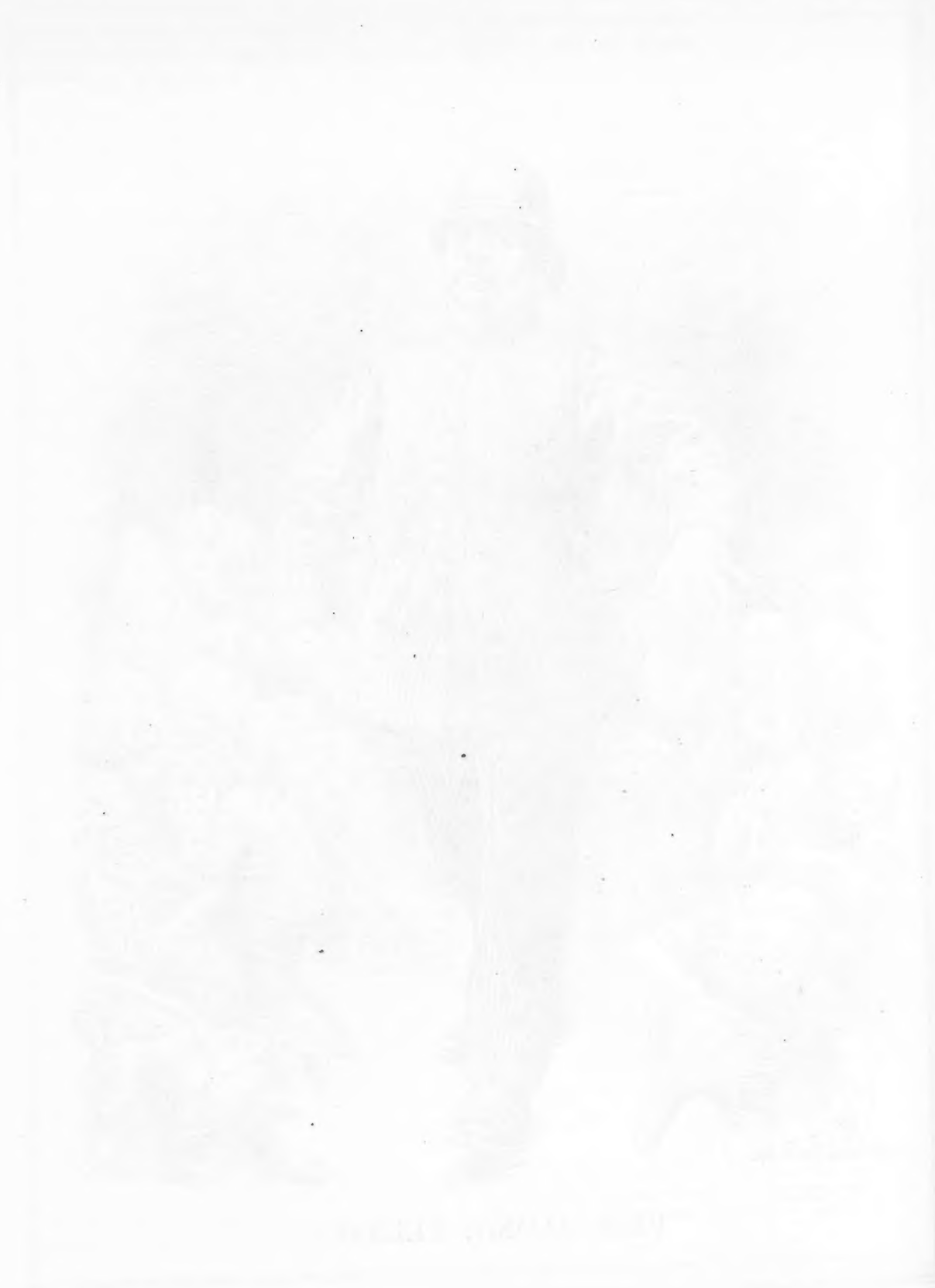
"The lions on either side will have a setting of Scotch furs."

This must be the result of the agitation against the unclothed Strand statues.



“PASS ALONG, PLEASE!”

[The Police, after being examined on certain charges before a Royal Commission, have “left the Court without a stain upon their character.”]



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THE TENANTS' BALL.

Groom (apologetically, to daughter of the house). "I'M SORRY I'M DANCIN' SO BAD, MISS; BUT THIS 'ERE FLOOR'S THAT SLIPPY, AN' I AREN'T GOT NO NAILS IN MY BOOTS."

THE PROPOSED NEW RULES OF GOLF.

THE Secretary of the Royal and Ancient and Modern Golf Club has very courteously submitted to us a few amendments to the New Rules of Golf. These amendments remove all possibility of ambiguity or misconception. The first deals with the two octavo volumes containing Rule 27 relating to "casual water."

"If a ball lie or be lost in casual water through the green (whether the ball lie in the casual water or not), or if the water lie or be lost in the green through a casual ball, or if the player's stance interferes with the casual water, then the player may either drop the casual water within two club lengths of the margin of the ball, keeping the green where the margin crossed the ball in a line between himself and the nearest available bunker, or he may drop the bunker either in the hole or any place mentioned above within two casual water lengths from the margin of the ball nearest the casual water where the bunker lay, except as otherwise provided for in these rules. But if, when the player

has dropped the casual water (for dropping casual water see under section xix., sub-section xi.), it lie so as to interfere with the margin of the player, or if the bunker when dropped roll into the ball, or if the stance when dropped interferes with the player's casual bunker, then the player may re-drop the hole two ball-lengths from the casual water and play the bunker from where it lies.

But if it be found impossible to play the casual water from where it has been dropped, then the player shall with respect to

Section xix. Drop the casual water further from the hole than the margin at which the hole entered the spot.

Sections xx. and xxi. Drop either himself or the hole as near the ball as the stance will admit, but no nearer the casual water.

The penalty for breach of this rule shall be disqualification.

Another amendment (to Rule 50) provides an alternative method of dropping a ball.

"A ball shall be dropped in either one of the following two ways:—

(i.) It shall be dropped; or

(ii.) It shall be dropped."

An amendment to Rule 107 ("Playing a moving ball") runs as follows:—

"A player shall not play while his ball is moving (for 'moving ball' see definition 10, k) except in the case of a moving ball (Rule 106), a teed ball (Rule 175), a ball in water (Rule 583, section vi. b), or a ball in casual water in a hazard (Rule 1004). If the ball begin to move immediately it has been played (see Vol. ix., Rule 35, section xi.) he shall incur no penalty for causing it to move, but he shall not be exempt from any penalty he may have incurred under Rule 56 B or Rule 1058 (section iv., footnote), or any other rule."

Finally we have an amendment to Rule 2001 ("Disputes"):

"A dispute shall be settled by an umpire or referee except in the case of

(i.) Player's ball from the tee striking opponent.

(ii.) Player driving into the couple behind.

For the purpose of this rule a niblick shall not be regarded as an Umpire or Referee."

AN OUTSIDER'S HENLEY.

"WHAT does it mean," I asked, "when it says that the coxswain's weight in the programme is the actual weight carried, inclusive of dead weight (if any)?"

"I don't know," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"Oh, but I thought you knew everything."

"Everything except that."

I sighed and returned to my programme.

"There's going to be a race in half an hour," I said. "At least I hope so."

"There was one half an hour ago," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Don't be greedy." She yawned gently and put her sunshade up.

"If I had known," I went on, looking round the enclosure, "that everybody would have been wearing a blue coat and a pink tie, I would have worn them myself. When in Rome—"

"You're all right," said Miss MIDDLETON. "I say, there's a man with an evening paper. Do go and ask him how many HUTCHINGS has made."

"My good girl, this is a regatta. We are surrounded by rowing blues and ninth men; in fact, I suppose that I am the only man here who has never been to Mortlake. And you want me to go up to a perfect stranger, and ask him— Why, it's absurd. Now if it were a question of sliding seats—"

"I should think they'd be glad to get away from shop for a little."

"I don't think they are," I said reflectively. "No, I don't think so. I may be wrong, but I fancy that if on the third day of Henley you went up to a man who was wearing a Cambridge blazer, an Old Etonian tie, Leander socks, and Hall trousers, and talked to him about ice-hockey, I fancy that he would not respond too readily. . . . Or else he would respond too readily."

Miss MIDDLETON got up undecidedly. "If you're frightened, I'll ask him myself," she said.

She walked away a few steps, and then came back and sat down again.

"Bother, I'm frightened too," she said. "It's the heat."

I looked round to see that nobody was listening. Then I leant across to her.

"To tell the truth," I whispered, "I've fairly lost my nerve. There are too many aquatic celebrities about. In a little while I shall begin to regret that I have wasted so

much time playing cricket when I might have been learning to row."

"Oh! hush," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"No, it hasn't quite got to that yet, but very nearly. We must be careful."

"We ought never to have come."

"I think you're right. But now we are here let us be reasonable. From a rowing point of view we are infants compared with all these people, but we may know more about other things."

"Of course we do. Oh for just one moment with a Lacrosse blue."

"How we would clasp him by the hand, and talk to him of bases," I sighed.

"Or even a reserve at chess."

"That we might prattle together about revokes."

"Perhaps it would be better if we went out on to the tow-path for a bit."

"I expect they'd be even more nautical there."

"They couldn't be," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Let's try."

The tow-path was crowded and hot and noisy. Everybody looked hot, but the hottest of them all was a man who was selling extremely small and fragile-looking chairs for one-and-sixpence. "As patronised by Royalty," he told us. Well, they could only have been patronised once each.

"He is a nice man," I said to Miss MIDDLETON, "and I like his face. Moreover he is the first person we have spoken to who never got his blue. Shall we have a chair?"

"Of course we must. . . . Oh, look, here's another man who wasn't a blue. I wonder what made him think of selling penny rows of beads. Do you have to have them when you row?"

"It is a question of taste. Some do and some don't. I think we must have some beads. . . . Only a penny? Thank you."

We pushed along towards the bridge.

"This is much jollier, isn't it?" said Miss MIDDLETON. "I feel we really are doing it in style now. One of those yellow ducks, and I shan't be afraid of anybody."

"A duck is certainly more in our line. . . . We want a yellow duck, please. One - and - sixpence? Oh, that's absurd."

"You can get a real duck for one-and-sixpence," put in Miss MIDDLETON. "One to eat, I mean."

"You can get a chair for one-and-sixpence," I told the man severely,

"or eighteen rows of blue beads. Of course if you *won't* take less—"

"Think of a chair," pleaded Miss MIDDLETON. "How much more comfortable than a yellow duck."

"Think of eighteen rows of blue beads. A whole costume at the Palace."

"It isn't as if we really wanted a yellow duck," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"We could get on quite well without one. In fact we have, so far."

"It isn't as if we really had one-and-sixpence left," I said, suddenly examining my pockets. "Speaking for myself we have only one and threepence and two stamps."

"I've got a shilling."

"In that case," I said to the man, "perhaps we might pay your ruinous and extortionate charge, if you're quite sure he'll waggle his head just as well away from home. Sometimes, you know, with strangers—"

"Why, there's a paper boy," cried Miss MIDDLETON.

"Wait a bit. If we get a paper and a yellow duck, that will leave us with eightpence and two stamps. Now, is there anything we can get with eightpence and two stamps?"

"We could get eight postcards of the course and send off four of them."

"Then we shouldn't have a penny for a pencil, and we couldn't send them off if we hadn't a pencil."

"Well, then, six postcards and another row of beads, and a pencil—"

"That will only leave us with one postcard each. You know we never ought to have bought that chair. Would you," I said to the man, "like to purchase a small chair? As patronised by Royalty. You may have it for one and five pence. Or we would exchange it for a duck, and send you one of the postcards when we get back to London."

"We would, faithfully," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"Or I have another idea. We might—"

"Bang!" "What's that?" cried Miss MIDDLETON.

"I wonder," I said. "I'll ask the paper boy."

I came back to her with a paper. "Kent, 290 for 2," I said. "Isn't it splendid?"

"Oh, the dears! Did he tell you what the bang was for?"

"Oh—only another race beginning."

"Oh, is that all?" said Miss MIDDLETON. A. A. M.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Dearest, it would grieve you
Quite a lot
If I were to leave you,
Would it not?

Yet before to-morrow
I must quit,
Though you should through sorrow
Have a fit.

Dear, don't think me merely
Off my head,
This is what I nearly
Went and said.

There was some to spare, too,
On my chest;
Do you think you'd care to
Hear the rest?

Youth will soon forsake us,
(Please forgive!)
Age will overtake us
If we live.

Think of that dark season,
Oh, my heart,
And you'll see the reason
Why we part.

Or, if comprehension's
Rather slow,
Think of Old Age Pensions,
And you'll know.

Now such fears are ended,
(Thank the Powers!)
Soon will quite a splendid
Bliss be ours,

With your crown a week on
Top of mine—
Bliss we dared not seek on
3s. 9d.

AURORA BOREALIANA.

MANY gentlemen who dined sumptuously last Wednesday evening and on their homeward way remarked certain celestial phenomena, were greatly relieved on Thursday morning to read in their newspapers of the Aurora Borealis.

The Aurora Borealis is not frequently seen in this country. As its name implies, it hails from a foreign land. There is only one way of spelling it, but a certain amount of latitude is permitted in the matter of pronunciation.

Like many of our leading actresses, to be seen at its best it should be observed in its home life, which is lived modestly and far from the madding crowd up among the polar bears and the eternal ice and the eternal polar expeditions.

The visit of the Aurora Borealis last week was partly due to compassion for a people sick to death of



Herbert. "HALF-TICKET TO MUGFORD, PLEASE."

Booking Clerk. "WHY, I REMEMBER A MONTH AGO YOU SAID YOU'D BE TWELVE IN A WEEK'S TIME."

Herbert. "O—ER—ER—THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MY TWIN BROTHER. WE'RE EXACTLY ALIKE."

To lawyers and Stock Exchange men needing smart office boy, Herbert's address (he leaves school this term) will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Woman's Suffrage antics, though its chief object, of course, was to enable Londoners to read *The Evening News* at midnight without the aid of artificial light.

The Anti-Suffrage movement is growing rapidly. A plan of campaign will shortly be completed, and will include some novel forms of demonstration. The more active supporters of the movement are

arranging to attend the meetings of the Suffragists, and to take their babies with them for the purpose of interruption.

The official declaration that members of the Woman's Suffrage Society are never guilty of unladylike conduct has given general satisfaction, indicating as it does that the actual members are much fewer in number than was generally supposed.

DISCURSIONS.

TALK IN A TAXI: A DIALOGUE IN FITS.

SCENE—A Street. He and she are discovered looking for a Taxi-Cab.

He. It's no good waving your parasol when you see they're engaged. You're only—

She. Well, you might do something by way of a change. We shall never get one if we both stand like a block of marble. Here's another.

[A taxi-cab approaches rapidly. She waves her parasol with vigour. In the cab is a fat man wearing a Panama. He blows a kiss in response to the parasol as he is whirled past.]

She. Well, I—!!

He (furious). There you are. That's what comes of it. Perhaps you'll believe me another time.

She. You never told me there was a fat man in the cab, and you never even hinted he was going to— (She pauses).

He. Going to blow you a kiss? No, I didn't; but we'll let the hideous past bury its hideous ones. Of course, he thought from the way you went on that you were recognising him.

She (in a loud tone of tragic solemnity, aside). I must dissemble. (To him) CHARLES, I adjure you by the memory of the happy days we have spent together, by our home and our children, do not let one light act on my part— (She turns away. Sobs choke her utterance.)

He. Oh, you may wave at all the fat men in London if you like. (Another taxi-cab approaches swiftly. He darts forward.) Hi! Hi!

[The cab passes. From within it a resplendent lady in green silk withers him with a look as she flashes by.]

She. I'm afraid it isn't one of your lucky days, dear. But, do tell me, who was that sweet thing in green with the mauve complexion?

He (ignoring the taunt). We shall have to chuck it. Let's take a four-wheeler.

She. Never. A hansom I wouldn't mind.

He. And a hansom I won't have. I'm not a coward really, but I draw the line at hansom.

[A third taxi-cab suddenly drops from the sky or rises from the bowels of the earth. They both rush at it. It is empty. They engage it, give an address, and enter it.]

He. Got it at last.

She. Yes, my brave husband got it all by his own self. Oh, what an enviable woman I— (In alarm) What is he doing?

[The driver having extended a warning arm, the taxi grunts violently and begins to back. A motor-bus comes to a standstill within an inch of a collision. An exchange of amenities follows between the taxi-driver and the busman. Finally the taxi is turned, grunts again and proceeds.]

He. A pretty near thing that.

She. He's going much too fast. Why, we're half-way up Bond Street already. Oh, oh! Tell me when it's over. (She covers her face with her hands as the taxi skims round a furniture van, dodges a victoria and avoids a Yorkshire terrier by a hair's-breadth.) Are we safe?

He. Don't know. I can't bear to look.

She. Well then I must. (She uncovers her face.) Stop! Stop! He's done it this time. No, we're through. Oh! Let me out.

He. It's no good. We're in for it, and we've got

to go through with it. Oh, dash it, this is beyond a joke. (The taxi swings round a corner. He is precipitated against her. There is a slight crash.) There goes your parasol. I'm awfully sorry. Couldn't help it. He's bound to bag that old woman. No, by Jove, missed her!

She. CHARLES, if I die first, which I shall certainly do in another minute, promise me— (The taxi stops with some suddenness. His hat falls off.) Oh, never mind your hat at such an awful moment. Let's get out quick and run away. (The gears groan again and the taxi goes on.) Thank Heaven, the street's clear for a bit. (A hansom emerges from a side street, but stops just in time.) That was terrible. My mind's giving way..

He. Mine's gone. There are two buses, a brougham and a van ahead of us. If he'll only pick the van, we might— No, we've escaped again. (Wildly.) Where are we? Why don't we get there? Where are we going? (Suddenly they arrive at their destination. They get out hurriedly, pay the man, and enter a shop. Having made their purchases they emerge.)

She (hesitatingly). Shall we take a four-wheeler?

He (with determination). No, not even that. We'll walk. (They do.)

BOMBS FOR WOMEN!

"Is this Russia, or England?" a delightful lady-martyr indignantly inquired last Tuesday on being arrested for merely putting some "good big stones" through Mr. ASQUITH's front-door panes and tripping up a constable—after which she uttered the portentous threat, "it will be bombs next time!"

It is reassuring to learn that, even should the action of the Government unfortunately necessitate a resort to such extreme measures, little or no inconvenience will be occasioned thereby to the general public. The bombs will be hurled with the same perfect good-humour and absence of all personal animus that have characterised all previous demonstrations. They will be so constructed as not to injure any genuine sympathiser with the Cause in the very least, while they will not hurt anybody really seriously, as they will contain nothing but a little picric acid and a few safety pins. There is a suggestion for including *asafetida* in cases where the bomb is intended for delivery within the private residence of a Cabinet Minister; but even this the softer-hearted Suffragists are in favour of tempering with a drop or two of attar-of-roses. In every detail there will be the note of daintiness and good-taste which is so essentially feminine. For instance, the bombs will be manufactured in four Art shades—fawn, pastel-blue, mouse-grey, and old rose, with purple, white, and green ribbon attachment for slinging. A special line of "Dorothy" bomb-bags, in assorted colours and three sizes, to contain three, five, or seven bombs as required, will shortly be put on the market, and should find a ready sale. Of course, if such moderate and dignified measures as these fail to convince the Nation of the justice of the Women's Cause there is no saying what they may not have to do. But, for the present at all events, they are determined to observe the greatest self-restraint, and even such opponents as Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD will be blown up as humanely and inoffensively as possible.

"Peacock and Hen for sale, unrelated, perfect plumage, 1906 chicks."

The Countryside.

Then it's quite time they were related.



EXHIBITION NOTES.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

"OH, ONLY THE SPIRAL RAILWAY, AND THE FLIP-FLAP, AND THE SPIDER'S WEB, AND THE CANADIAN TOBOGGAN, AND—OH—I FORGET THE REST. BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO 'EM ALL AGAIN, AS SOON AS WE FEEL IT WOULD BE SAFE."

TERPSICHOorean TITTLE-TATTLE.

MISS CALLIRRHOE POBBLE, who is to give a series of Maeso-Gothic war dances at the Palladium Music Hall next week, is the daughter of a Patagonian wool-broker who amassed a fortune in the early sixties and lost it a few years later. Miss POBBLE had the misfortune, while dancing before the DALAI LAMA last year, to be afflicted with frost-bite, in consequence of which she lost all her toes. This disaster, fortunately, has had no effect on her saltatory efficiency, which, in the opinion of several Cabinet Ministers, is of the highest order. During her stay in London, Miss POBBLE will be the guest of the Governors of the Bank of England, and has already been invited to lunch by three Bishops, one ex-Premier, two Deans, and seventeen Archdeacons.

Mlle. ALMA PARASANG, the renowned Dalmatian ballerina, who opens at the Pan-Anglican Theatre next week, is no stranger to London, though several years have elapsed since her

last appearance. As the pioneer of the neo-Corybantic school she met with instant recognition, and her art has been profoundly admired by experts of such widely divergent views as Professor HARNACK, the late Admiral JAURÉGUIBERRY, and General KUROPATKIN. During her stay in London Mlle. PARASANG will accept no invitations to lunches or garden parties except from members of the Privy Council.

MISS DORABELLA TITUS, the famous Colorado clog-dancer, has kindly undertaken to read a paper at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association on "How I Exterminated the Beetle in my Native State." It will be remembered that Miss TITUS created a sensation in Constantinople in the year 1903 by appearing at a luncheon party at Yildiz Kiosk in the full uniform of a Hippocampus Major. Miss TITUS, who is a fascinating Albino in private life, is at present staying with Lord and Lady BOOTERTOWN in Cavendish Square.

THE SIGNORINA TERESITA GORDIGIANI has arrived in London to fulfil

a short Terpsichorean engagement on the Terrace of the House of Commons. Apartments have been reserved in the Clock Tower for the illustrious *danseuse*, who has kindly consented to read a paper at the Church Congress on "What I think of MAUD ALLAN."

"The most valuable bowler is the man who gets his wickets at frequent intervals, because he minimises the time during which the batsman at the other end is scoring runs."

The Morning Post.

This is the kind of truth which Father VAUGHAN may confidently be expected to discover before next season.

"When they were married Mr. Sellars received only 7s. per week and his food, but they managed to bring up a family of seven children with credit."—*Daily News.*

Anybody could do it with sufficient credit.

"Dr. Darwin just lived long enough to receive the admiring tributes of the whale community."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Very slow these Cetaceans to fall into line with the others.



"'TIS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS."

Paterfamilias (who has failed to score in the Half-Term "Fathers' Match"). "THESE THINGS WILL HAPPEN, LITTLE GIRL, NO MATTER HOW WE TRY."

More or less Dutiful Daughter. "WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL SAY THE SAME WHEN YOU GET A VERY BAD REPORT ABOUT ME AT THE END OF THE TERM."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[Being the substance of a Society lady's advice to readers of *The Daily Mirror*.]

LADIES, would you lovely be?
Hear, oh, hear my recipe;
Shine resplendent with its aid—
Beauty is not born, but made.

Would you have a skin of silk
Whiter than the morning milk,
Cucumber and lemon too—
These must yield their juice for you.

When upon your couch you lie,
Place a slice on either eye;
Place on cheek and brow and chin
Slices exquisitely thin.

Through the night-time, close at
hand
Let your watchful handmaid stand,
Ever prompt to change the pieces
As their healing coolness ceases.

Nor should bathing be forgot;
But, instead of "cold" and "hot,"

On your taps the words be placed,
"Lemon," "Cucumber" and
"Waste."

All this thought and all this care
Mean incessant mental wear,
Endless planning, few delights,
Strenuous days and strenuous nights.

So, in order that the brain
May not yield beneath the strain,
Once in every week a day
Must in resting pass away.

Rest your limbs and eyes awhile,
Rest, oh, rest the wrinkling smile;
Frowns and crowsfeet come from
thought;

Rest your mind and think of naught.

Hard the life, severe your part;
Yet let this make glad your heart—
If for others thus we slave
Wept and honoured is our grave.

Distressing Family Occurrence.

"A little girl fell and broke her uncle on
Wednesday night."—*Retford News*.

The Manchester Daily Dispatch on
the Licensing Bill Demonstration:—

"It was officially estimated that the crowd
numbered 100,000... 'The inner man' made
a demand on the refreshment rooms for
1,000,000 bottles of mineral waters."

Enthusiasm for the Temperance
Cause is all very well, but ten bottles
apiece is overdoing it.

"No medicine is of any avail in this com-
plaint. As it is contagious you should not put
another bird into the same cage until it has
been thoroughly disinfected by baking or
boiling."—*Bazaar, Exchange & Mart*.

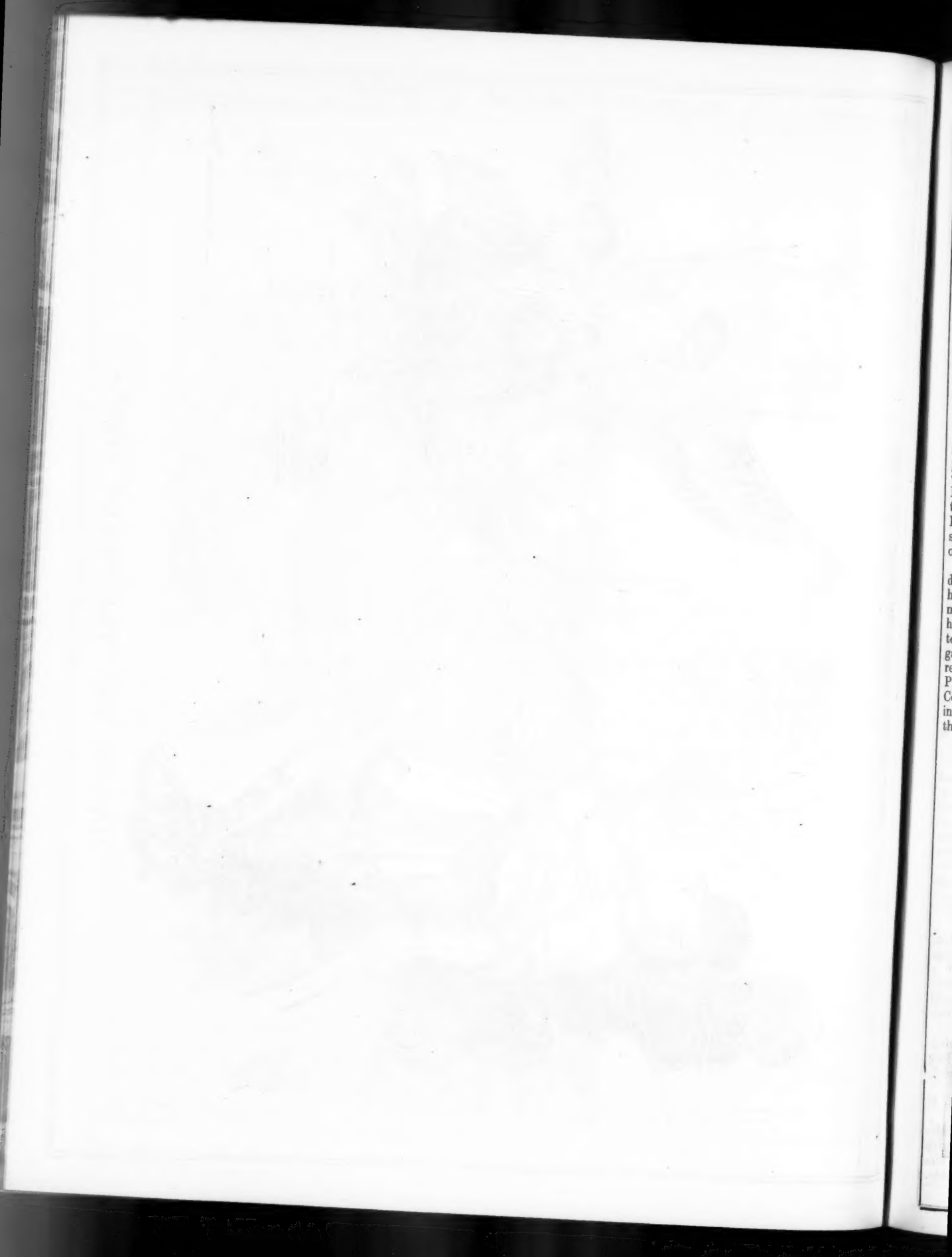
DEAR Mr. Punch,—After prolonged
trial I have found this treatment to
be absolutely useless. I have baked
three and boiled eight, and they died
more quickly than if they had actu-
ally caught the disease.—INDIGNANT.

"Artist Charged with Manchester."—*Dundee
Evening Telegraph*.

So they've brought it home to some-
body at last.



ULYSSES AND THE STEAM SIRENS.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 29.—Ireland has a fresh grievance. Every prospect of University Bill passing, and so happily closing controversy that has for half a century hampered higher education. But the strawberries served at tea on the Terrace are small in portion whilst the price is high. To-day Whip of the Nationalist Party, "rising in his place," as the papers say (as if it were his habit to rise in somebody else's), solemnly put Chairman of Kitchen Committee to the question. "What," he asked, "was the market price of strawberries per pound in London last week? what was the price per pound paid by the Kitchen Committee? and what was the price per pound charged by the Kitchen Committee for the same strawberries when doled out at tea on the Terrace?"

With trembling hand JACOBY produced from coat-tail pocket the small hand-glass that serves him for monocle. In solitude of his chamber had prepared written answer to terrible charges involved in interrogation cited. He might have taken refuge in refusal to give particulars. PAT O'BRIEN isn't an Income Tax Commissioner authorised to inquire into trading profits. Why should the Chairman of the Kitchen Com-



Sir Alfred Jacoby (to Mr. P. O'Brien). "Strawberries, my little man? I can let you have strawberries at 8d. per portion (enough for four of your size), including cream and sugar!"



"PATIENCE, URBANITY AND IMPARTIALITY."

(The Rt. Hon. Alfred Emmott, Chairman of Committees.)

mittee be called upon to give up the secrets of that remote chamber?

Scorning anything that might have appearance of evasion or flight, JACOBY had drafted a document making full disclosure of innocent commercial transaction.

Extraordinary incident threatened to prevent its being read. This one of the hottest days of a quite decent summer. Through the open windows a shaft of sunshine fell upon the slim figure of the Kitchen Chairman. It struck full on the hand-glass placed over the manuscript with intent to make its lettering

clear. As JACOBY cleared his throat and looked round at the expectant throng that was eager to see how he would emerge from this difficulty, a curl of light smoke uprose. The sun, playing through the convex glass of the Chairman's eye-opener, was burning the paper. With great presence of mind JACOBY shifted his position; the danger passed before more than one-half of the onlookers perceived it.

"The charge for a portion of strawberries served on the Terrace large enough for two" (JACOBY really meant the portion of strawberries, not the Terrace), "including cream and sugar, is 1s. Or," he added, throwing back his head and regarding the House with proud air of conscious innocence, "sixpence per head. The market price," he continued, "varies according to size and quality. The Kitchen Committee purchase the best selected fruit, as large in the lowest strata as they are on the top. They pay 8d. a pound."

This straightforward and satisfactory. But the Chairman, an old campaigner, kept the best news to the last. "From to-day," he said, or



STORM BREWING.

(The Witches:—Lord R-b-rt C-e-l, Mr. St-w-rt B-w-l-s, and Mr. A-st-a Ch-m-b-r-l-n.)

almost chanted, "the charge of one shilling per portion will be reduced to eightpence."

A wild cheer went up in crowded House. The Chairman of the Kitchen Committee carefully replaced the round hand-glass in his coat-tail pocket, resumed his seat and mopped his brow. The House, its anxieties relieved, its spirits raised in proportion to the lowering of the price per plate of strawberries, forthwith turned its attention to Old Age Pensions Bill.

Business done.—With assistance of Closure, third clause of Bill carried in Committee.

Tuesday.—Curious to note how evil communications corrupt good manners. Outside, a jeering multitude roars with delight as individuals among organised mob of women clamouring for the suffrage dash themselves against the wall of police and are haled off to prison, suddenly serene with the consciousness that their names will be "in the papers." Inside, hour follows hour of dull debate in Committee on Old Age Pen-

sions Bill. At half-past ten Members noted with chaste pleasure the signal for the Closure and so home to bed through the cool air of the summer night.

Suddenly tumult arose; echo of that dying away in the streets. According to rules, when the guillotine is in operation, only amendments put down by the Government after due notice may be dealt with. One submitted just now required verbal alteration. Was it in order to deal with it? SON STEWART BOWLES on his legs said "No." SON AUSTEN, seated with his hat on, agreed. Lord BOB, not inclined to be overlooked in obscurity of back seat, wildly waved his arms and shouted, "Point of Order!" CHAIRMAN insisted that notice had been duly given. Amid the uproar EMMOTT kept his head, and division went forward.

Then someone discovered that door to Opposition Lobby had been locked earlier than that through which trooped the Ministerial horde. And this a so-called free country! SON AUSTEN, having tasted blood (with

his hat on), asked for more. PRINCE ARTHUR suggested that a fresh division should be taken. Shouts arose for "Mr. SPEAKER! Mr. SPEAKER!" In the uproar a shrill but irrelevant cry of "Votes for Women!" came unrebuked through Ladies' Grill.

On division it turned out that Opposition were 31 strong all told. 378 voted for the amendment. Announcement of numbers suggested there would be a rush for cabs. Dash for door accordingly made; tumult subsided as rapidly as it burst forth.

Business done.—Getting on with Old Age Pensions Bill.

Thursday.—Present Government fortunate in a majority which, still faithful, carries all before it. Also happy in volunteered assistance of hon. Members opposite. Difficulty ahead in connection with Licensing Bill lies in allotment of time for discussion of its several stages and its many clauses. Cabinet understood to be considering matter preliminary to placing scheme on paper, as was done in case of Old Age Pensions Bill.

Whilst they meditate ROBERT CECIL acts. Members turning over fresh leaves of Orders of the Day come upon detailed proposals for closing by compartments standing in name of noble lord.

"And what do you think of my plan?" he asked, gazing with parental pride on the entry.

"It is perhaps a little lavish in allotment of time," I said. "Fifty days for Committee is a large order. Did it ever occur to you that your action might have fatal consequences upon prospects of the Bill passing this Session? In due course Ministers will give notice of their intention to put in practice a scheme of Closure. According to strict interpretation of the Standing Order, your resolution appearing on the paper stops the way. It is, in brief, what is called a blocking motion."

"Dear me," murmured Lord BOB, looking genuinely distressed, "you don't mean to say so? What a weary world it is in which an honest desire to help a Government should turn out to be what in blank verse is called a stab in the back."

His poignant emotion touching. Yet he has been in House long enough to know the result of his well-meant interference.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Members on both sides vie with each other in congratulating DEPUTY SPEAKER on honour done him by bestowal of Privy Councillorship.



Jim (regarding damage done to church by fire). "GOOD JOB IT WASN'T A FACTORY, BILL."
 Bill. "YOU'RE RIGHT, MATE. ONLY ONE MAN PUT OUT OF WORK, AND HE DRAWS HIS MONEY!"

Of all the distinctions at disposal of the SOVEREIGN, this the most enviable. It sufficed PEEL to the end of his life. GLADSTONE, thrice declining an earldom, was content to follow the example set by his great master. It was only under pressure of old age and the influence of fading faculties that the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI descended to the style of Earl BEACONSFIELD.

The Chair of Committees is the most trying post in the House of Commons. Armed with less authority than the SPEAKER, unsustained by the state of canopied chair, the dignity of wig and gown, its occupant has a more difficult part to play. Mr. EMMOTT, coming fresh to the position, a comparatively young Member, has conducted himself with a patience, urbanity and impartiality that have won respect and esteem in both political camps.

Business done.—Private members' finished for session. Henceforward Government have all the time of the House.

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

MR. ROOSEVELT is to signalise his retirement from office, and consequent liberty to travel, by a great hunting tour in Africa with his eldest son, in search of big game. He is to describe his triumphs in a series of articles in *Collier's Weekly*, for which he will receive the sum of £20,000.

Obviously these articles will not be in the least like those which are printed below, but Mr Punch has to fill his pages somehow. Doing that is his big game.

The African Jungle,

April 1, 1909.

We are now right in the thick of the strenuous life, after a very tedious time on board ship, where there is little or nothing to kill. We organised a few rat hunts, it is true, and though some thousands fell to my six-shooter, it is not very exciting sport, nor for big game very good practice; and we had some fun with

a shoal of porpoises that followed the ship, and of which I succeeded in bagging four. NICHOLAS also got an albatross, the wings of which he is sending home for ALICE's new matinée hat; but altogether life was tame.

Now, however, that we are once more on land, and in the exhilarating vicinity of wild beasts, our hearts again begin to beat and our veins to throb.

The photographers are getting their cameras in order, and the reporters sharpening their pencils, and we begin to-morrow in earnest.

Our rifles are, perhaps, worth describing at this point. My own are old and trusted friends, with a few larger and more powerful new weapons for local contingencies. I have, for example, a large bore rifle for elephants, rhinos, and hippos. For the swifter or more elusive game, such as the giraffe or okapi, I have a smaller bored and longer-ranged rifle. For lions a special brand has been built for me. The other

animals we are after, such as hartebeeste and deer, I can manage with my ordinary ordnance. NICHOLAS is also well fixed up with a variety of rifles, and so is my eldest son. The other children have weapons according to their ability—good enough to make a decent hole in God's creatures, any way, if not absolutely deadly.

Camp Cortelyou,

April 2.

We have had a busy and useful day. I selected with great care an open space, where the cameras would have a good view of all of us and where there were easily-climbed trees for the reporters and descriptive writers. The natives were then ordered to drive all the animals they could find past this clearing, so that we might practise upon them and get our eyes in.

We were kept pretty strenuous. I got a mixed bag of hartebeeste, antelope, and other small deer, and the others did fairly well too. I now feel I could hit an elephant.

Camp Pierpont,

April 5.

We have had a rare day. Early in the morning the scouts got on the track of a family of giraffes, and we were quickly hot foot after them. I led, then came my sons, and then NICHOLAS. Much to our disappointment we had to leave the camp-followers behind, as it was not safe to be so many, one journalist and one photographer alone accompanying us.

We had a tiring march of some miles without food, for we feared to lose the quarry if we stopped. At last I glimpsed the gently waving head of the father above the long grass, half a mile off. The wind had changed, and they had given up all thought of danger.

We crept forward on our stomachs for another seven hundred yards; and it was no joke, I can tell you. Talk about the strenuous life! But it was no joke for the giraffes, either, for we got the lot. I picked off the mother, NICHOLAS took the father, and the foal fell to my eldest son. I never saw a boy so happy! Indeed, we all were, for it is not an easy thing to shoot a giraffe; and very soon, I am told, there will be none left.

Camp Washington,

April 10.

NICHOLAS, who has a pretty turn

for rhyme, has written a new version of "Hearts of Oak," with these flattering lines in it:—

It's TEDDY, boys, TEDDY!
He'll fire and he'll slaughter again and
again!

So he will.

Independence Camp,

April 20.

An inhuman brute of a lioness with cubs dared to make for one of our party this morning, but we soon settled her. I never saw a body so peppered. It is a great pity, as I wanted to have the skin dressed as a hearthrug for TAFT.

Camp Lafayette,

May 5.

No trace of an okapi yet, but I

okapi at last. Now it matters no longer whether they are extinct or not.

Homeward Bound,

June 4.

Africa has been splendid, and we reckon there can be very little big game left, at any rate in the parts where we have been. Next year we shall move on to India, and try to clear it of tigers.

INSURRECTION IN STOKE NEWINGTON.

PROMPT ACTION OF NOVELISTS.

A GREAT public meeting of British novelists was held in Hyde Park last Saturday to protest against the action of the local authorities and inhabitants of the North London suburb of Stoke Newington. From statistics which have recently been published, it appears that in the public libraries of that district only 16·3 per cent. of the books on the shelves consist of fiction, and that last year there was a decrease of 2·498 per cent. in the number of volumes of this character issued.

Special trains brought a large number of provincial novelists from the kailyard and other manufacturing fictional districts, and the demonstrators marched in five processions, headed respectively by Mrs. L. T. MEADE, Mr. W. LE QUEUX, Mr. ANDREW LORING, the Baroness ORCZY and Mr. GUY THORNE, from various outlying points to their rendezvous at the eastern end of the Serpentine. A special feature of the demonstration was the lavish use of banners emblazoned with the names of the most famous modern novelists, including THACKERAY, RANGER GULL, GEORGE ELIOT, ANNIE SWAN, WALTER SCOTT and SILAS K. HOCKING.

Before proceeding with the formal business of the meeting, "Rita," who presided, read a number of communications from sympathisers.

MADAME CLARA BUTT wrote "Next to ballads, novels form the most humanising influence at the command of modern civilisation. Please inform your great meeting that I am no relation whatever of the Newington Butts."

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN wired the following terrible threat: "Have at once decided to lay the scene of my next novel in North London."



"HELLO! WHAT'S PUT THE ELEPHANT IN SUCH A VILE TEMPER?"
"WHY, HE'S MAD BECAUSE I WOULDN'T PLAY AT LEAP-FROG WITH HIM!"

have hope. I have never failed hitherto to kill anything I set my heart on, and if there is an okapi left I will get him. The one fear that keeps me awake nights is that the breed will be extinct before I can reach it—is already extinct! What a tragedy! Suppose that that one which the naturalist fellow photographed was the last, and it has died since? A terrible thought. I will get a lion or two to calm my mind.

Lions are all very well, but we feel the want of bears. It is a great defect in Africa that it has no bears.

The jungle is also bad for our photographers, who have often missed me completely as I made the winning shot, owing to scrub and trees.

Later. Triumph! I have got an

The Grand Duke MICHAEL wrote: "My heart and soul are with my afflicted fellow-novelists. To quote the title of my last romance, I bid them 'Never Say Die.'"

"Rita" began by observing that the position of the novelist at the present moment was exceedingly precarious, threatened as they were by the competition of motors, denunciatory preachers and dancers. If the bad example of Stoke Newington were to spread, there would be nothing but old age pensions between them and destitution. She suggested that a deputation of novelists should wait on Mr. ASQUITH without delay to insist on having the proportion of novels in free libraries fixed at a minimum of 50 per cent.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX said that he thought the time had gone by for deputations. Force was the only remedy, and he was glad to be able to inform the meeting that the President of the Republic of San Marino had generously offered to place his entire standing army at the disposal of the novelists of Great Britain, if and when they decided to invade Stoke Newington. Amid loud cheers Mr. LE QUEUX added that he was prepared to take command of the army, which he had known from its youth up. It was one of the most picturesque and compact forces in existence.

The Earl of IDDESLEIGH said that he thought that, with a Government so notoriously amenable to agitation, they could attain their ends without resort to open violence.

Mr. ASQUITH had said that he had an open and elastic mind. He (Lord IDDESLEIGH) had calculated that the total population of Stoke Newington was considerably less than the numbers of the novelists of Great Britain. It would be perfectly absurd if they were not able to combine to defat this outbreak of local obscurantism. (Dissent.)

Mr. HALL CAINE, addressing the meeting from the summit of the Albert Memorial through a megaphone, was understood to observe that the reduction in the number of novels read mattered little if the unfit were eliminated and the public concentrated their attention on works of real genius.

Mr. HEINEMANN, the famous publisher, said that he endorsed *in toto* the remarks which had fallen from the previous speaker.

Mr. W. E. MACGREGOR, who wore a Highland costume, said that the time for action had come, and striking up a brisk march on the



Hedger. "Tha's a good 'un."

Artist (flattered). "Like it?"

Hedger. "Yes, fust-rate. PEERWEST YER GETTIN' SUNSTROOK TIME YER SET MESSIN' WIT YER PAINTS!"

pipes led off in the direction of North London, followed by the bulk of the demonstrators.

Later. Order reigns in Stoke Newington. All the public libraries have been taken at the point of the stylograph, and a Provisional Government has been established with Mr. JOHN LONG as President, the Baroness ORCZY as Ministering Angel of War, and Mr. LE QUEUX as President of the Board of Local Colour.

The report of the Poyal Commission on the Metropolitan Police declares in explicit terms that the Force is entitled to the confidence of all classes of the community. In spite of this reassurance professional criminals are still showing a regrettable amount of shyness and reticence in the presence of constables.

"A travelling showman was charged with having in his possession after March 15th, a certain wild bird, to wit, an owl."—*Western Morning News*.

"An owl, tu-whoo," would, of course, have been just as bad.

From a Suffragist's letter in *The Daily News*:—

"We turn a deaf ear to any other red herring that may be drawn across our path."

A deaf nose is more what is wanted.

"'L'Etang,' a lake scene with two pageants in the foreground, was secured at 2,600 guineas."—*The Times*.

Mr. Punch's cartoon with three pageants in the background was to be had for 3d.

"THE TIMES OF TO-MORROW will contain

TROUT IN THE HIGHLANDS."

But what are we poor Southerners going to do for fish-wrappers?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is an irresistible fascination in *Rose Macleod* (CONSTABLE), by ALICE BROWN, perhaps the most delightful of living American novelists. One of its characters is enough by itself to make the book's reputation. It is that of an adorable old lady (with a grown-up granddaughter) who writes a book of Recollections, treating, with allusive intimacy, of the departed leaders of various movements in her day, and giving passages from their letters and private talk. It creates a vast sensation and she is overwhelmed with requests for further details. To none of these can she reply, because all her "recollections" had been simply faked out of her dear old head, just for joy. Very attractive, too, is *Billy Stark*, her ancient lover, who is for marrying her with one foot in the grave.

By a most unfortunate coincidence (since plagiarism is out of the question) there is in this book a type—the pitilessly immaculate and self-righteous *Electra*—which is almost identical with the *Imogen* of ANNE SEDGWICK's recent novel *Valerie Upton*; and, by the further malice of chance, both entertain an exalted infatuation for a philanthropic impostor. For the rest the characters—and notably the impostor, a superb creation—are astonishingly fresh.

The story's main motive, the love of a woman for the spiritual beauty that shines through a maimed body, is handled with infinite delicacy of feeling and fancy. Indeed I have seldom read a romance in which the author's insight into unseen things is more admirably combined with knowledge of the visible and real. An earlier work, *King's End*, had already shown ALICE BROWN to be possessed of very unusual gifts. But her present book marks a great advance both in ambition and achievement, and she is now assured of the wide popularity which she has long ago deserved.

The Flemings, by JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH (SMITH, ELDER), contains a warning to young, struggling artists to be careful whom they marry. *Mary Fleming* was a monopolist, and although she thought that no sacrifice was too great to make for her husband, her jealousy of him was abnormal. The opening scenes of the book, in which the battle of Art versus Income was fought, are most ably written, and it is a pity that this contest was ended by *Roger Fleming* inheriting £20,000 a year. For as soon as he became rich and gave up all thoughts of painting, he ceased to be interesting. As a country squire *Roger* occupied himself mainly in wanting to be a father, while *Mary* disliked the idea of becoming a mother for fear that children might prevent her from monopolising her husband's love. When a refreshingly frank doctor told

her that she was "a sexless woman" she was silent, and presently "the conversation drifted into commonplace channels." "If," muttered the doctor, "those two people are an enigma to a clever man like me, I wonder what they are to one another!" Unfortunately they developed into a kind of riddle which was not worth wondering about or solving.

The authors know the inside of the artistic world, and have described its little cliques and quaintnesses with humour and salience. But *The Flemings* would have been a better book if the question of matrimony had been handled with less insistence.

Sir EVELYN WOOD tells once more the deathless story of *The Revolt in Hindustan* (METHUEN). Here it has the advantage of being recorded by one who, at the time a young soldier, rode through the campaign with the

17th Lancers and won the Victoria Cross. The civilian may complain that the narrative is here and there somewhat overloaded with detail. For the military student this will add to its value. Sir EVELYN is studiously uncritical of the powers that were, of their policy and their action. But of the inability of some in high command to read the signs of the times he gives a notable incident. At the punishment parade that preceded the outbreak of mutiny at Meerut, during the many hours while the process of rivetting iron fetters on the ankles of the malcontents went on, 400 British soldiers, mainly recruits, had only blank cartridge to their carbines, though they stood between two Bengal battalions carrying ball ammunition. Similar banalities were counteracted by the generalship of OURAM, NICHOLSON, HAVELOCK, the LAWRENCES and other heroes, supported by the splendid discipline of the rank and file.



OUR DOGS SUFFER VERY MUCH FROM THE HOT PAVEMENTS DURING THE SUMMER, AND THE ABOVE SUGGESTION, WE HOPE, WILL BE ADOPTED BY THE HUMANE.

The plot of *A Case for Compromise* (ALSTON RIVERS) reads to me like a combination of two Hard Cases from *Vanity Fair*. Hard Case No. 1:—Mr. and Mrs. A. are happily married. Enter a rascal, B., who points out that Mrs. A. was and still is his wife. What ought they to do? In Mr. HENRY STACE's book Mrs. A. temporarily solves the problem by declining to live with either of her husbands. She disappears into the void of London, and puts in rather a bad time, till she becomes the owner of a smart hat-shop off Bond Street. Here she is eventually discovered by A. and B. While she is firmly refusing to share the proceeds of the hat-shop with either of them, it turns out that a friend of hers, Mrs. C., was herself the long-lost original wife of B. Now what are they all to do? This is Hard Case No. 2. Mr. STACE's solution is a compromise. "Contrary to all the rules of good melodrama," said Mrs. C., the wag of the party; "I can only call it farce." If you feel curious about the compromise you should read the book, which is good of its kind. I'm not going to give it away.



A STRONG CLAIM.

Passenger (on stranded steamer, as life-boat approaches). "Hi! SAVE ME FIRST. I'M A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO YOUR FUND!"

A QUEUXRIOS AFFAIR.

An Interview with a Famous Author on the SAGAN-GOULD Marriage.

It was not until Thursday that I found the Knight Commander, and as I came upon him in the smoking-room of one of our most palatial hotels quite by surprise he had not had time to change from the mufti in which I found him into the uniform in which he looks so well. However, his breast glittered with the many foreign decorations for which he is famous, and his moustache was in beautiful condition.

"I fear you were ill last Tuesday," I said.

A shadow passed over his face. "No, I wasn't," he said shortly.

"Not able to get to London in time, perhaps?" I suggested.

"I have been here ten days," he said, staring gloomily at the carpet.

"Then why, oh why—"

"It is a painful subject," he said, interrupting me; "yet I am glad to have this opportunity of explaining to the world that it was not my fault. I can't think what has come over the London papers—you are the first journalist to look me up on this unhappy business. And unfortunately I have already spent

the fifty guineas which I fully expected to receive from the Press for 800 words or so about the ceremony. However, that cannot be helped now. As I say, it was not my fault. I came specially to London in good time, the officials at Henrietta Street knew I was here and ready for work, and the Prince himself was not unacquainted with my presence and my readiness to be of service. But they managed without me. Whether they managed well, I leave it for others to say"—and he shrugged his shoulders in quite an Italian way. "I could have done a good deal for them in one way or another. I could have covered their escape by myself posing for the Press photographers; I could have got the thing written up well in many of the leading London and Continental papers; and I could have driven with them back to the hotel to lunch afterwards—I could have done all sorts of things. However, my services were not required, and there's an end of it. Thank you very much for calling. Put it on a front page, will you? Good morning!"

"Steps are being taken for the erection of a salmon ladder."—*Glasgow Herald*.

This is, of course, the obvious way.

NAVY NOTES.

PETTY officers seldom rise to the rank of Admiral, but the opposite process is not unknown.

Resignation, in naval affairs, is at once a temperament and an act. It becomes the Admiralty in its contemplation of the troubles of life; and it may be expected at any moment as an act of grace on the part of one or more of our Admirals.

"A way we have in the Navy" (or hope to have).—The ARTHUR LEE-way.

"Perhaps it is only rowing men who know the irresistible impulse with which one interrupts a lady's sentence to get on one's legs, with a lump in the throat, as one catches the first glimpse of the flashing sculls. A roar goes up from the bank. College is cheering college, and old boys are shouting 'Christ Church!' and 'Clare!'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

Most unfortunate that the writer should have selected Christ Church as one of his colleges, seeing that no Christ Church "old boy" ever called his boat anything but "House." But the "flashing sculls" should have warned the editor that something was wrong with his correspondent.

THE GERMAN WAITER ONCE MORE.

[The type may be studied at any of the annual dinners that are held every evening in the season.]

He serves the beano night by night,
An alien out of Teuton lands,
With cotton gloves of virgin white
Veiling his vast prehensile hands;
He sees our manhood at its best,
Waits on it where it sits and gorges
Straining its virile lower chest
At annual summer orgies.

The hungry pageants cross his pitch—
Regiment, college, school and corps—
Leaving him careless which is which
And what on earth we do it for;
Sombre of air, detached of soul,
He hears our speeches, long or terse 'uns,
Content to pouch his paltry dole
Without respect of persons.

We come to fill the yearly void,
Meet a few men of our own time—
Absolute strangers, who enjoyed
No knowledge of us in our prime;
But ever there 's a voice that rings
Familiar with the old attraction:—
"That 's all, sir; hope that everything 's
Been to your satisfaction?"

This hint (with variants) he has blown
Into how many a famous ear,
Breathed it to men of taste and tone,
Bishop and actor, bard and peer;
Few mortals in the common ruck
Have met so much of light and leading,
And fewer still have had the luck
To watch the lions feeding.

Their names, however, move him not,
As in and out he deftly trips,
Save as a guarantee of what
They 're good for in the way of tips;
Blind, for the rest, to rank or claim,
Incurious how their gifts are rated,
He serves them with the single aim
Which I have indicated.

And yet at times he studies men,
And takes a note of what is said;
Such are the high occasions when
The patriotic feast is spread;
When veterans praise our Briton breed—
"A pretty toughish nut to crack, Sir;
Our little army goes a d—d
Long way, Sir, there and back, Sir."

'Tis then he dives behind a screen
Where he may chuckle, low and long,
Thinking of camps where he has seen
A nation armed, three million strong;
And slaps his waistcoat, like a man,
Where once the belt confined his tunic,
And drinks to HALDANE'S Army Plan
Deep in a mug of Munich.

O. S.

In what the *Sheffield Evening Mail* calls "Reports from Weather Resorts," we read under "Buxton": "Light win: E. N.-E." We regret that we do not know the brand.

DISCURSIONS.

A NEW JURISDICTION.

THE Court for the Consideration of Hitherto Unpunishable Offences was busily occupied on Thursday last, and the proceedings were of great public interest. The first case on the list was that of an Infinitive, who complained of having been violently assaulted and split by JOHN JAMES CROPTHORNE, described on the charge-sheet as a poet. The complainant appeared in the witness-box in a heavily-bandaged condition, and gave his evidence under the stress of great emotion. It appeared that the prisoner, a man of no attainments, had decided to write a poem entitled, "A Song of Sunrise," and had hired the complainant to help him in the first line.

The poem had been duly composed, printed and published in a sixpenny magazine, and had been signed by the prisoner with his full name. The first line appeared in the following form:—

To with the lark and with the sun arise.

The complainant, in answer to the magistrate, admitted that he had been split before, but added that he had never been split so badly. Ordinary splittings by the insertion of one dividing word he could stand, but the prisoner's offence went far beyond that. A seven-word split gave rise to intolerable sufferings. At this point the complainant fainted, but revived after a strong dose of LINDLEY MURRAY had been administered by the magistrate's clerk.

Mr. HARRISON, a critic, deposed to finding the complainant in a state of collapse outside the office of Messrs. RUMBLE & BLICK, the well-known publishers. He had him conveyed to his home in an ambulance, and bound him up there. Great violence must have been used by the prisoner. Such offences were a grave danger to the community, for many might be led away by the example. In cross-examination by the prisoner, who was not defended by counsel, Mr. HARRISON admitted that he had taken part in the agitation for the establishment of the new Court. He bore the prisoner no grudge. He had never heard of him before.

The prisoner made a long and rambling statement in his defence, but called no witnesses. He urged that he had been educated in a public school and a university, and was now doing his best to keep a roof over the heads of his wife and family. He admitted that it was not necessary for him to write poetry. Even if he had committed an offence he pleaded that it was merely a technical one. He had had no intention of injuring the complainant. Quite the reverse. He asked the magistrate to deal with him lightly. In addition to his wife and children, he had an aged mother dependent on his exertions.

The magistrate asked if anything was known against the prisoner. Police-constable BLUNT said he had on many occasions misused a relative by putting him in the wrong case. Only a month ago he had caused the following sentence to be printed and issued to the public: "THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whom we believe has never before dealt with a problem of such complexity." He had also attacked several quotations and had brutally ill-treated them, but none of



MORE "CONFISCATION."

PUBLIC-SPIRITED BREWER. "PITY YOU'RE NOT TAKING UP THIS DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL, MR. ASQUITH. SPLENDID THING FOR THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH."

PRIME MINISTER. "AH! BUT THINK OF ALL THE POOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS WHO'VE INVESTED THEIR SAVINGS IN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS COMPANIES!"



MORE 'CONTRADICTIONS'

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863. THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863. THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.



Lady of uncertain age. "Ah, MAJOR, WE'RE NONE OF US AS YOUNG AS WE WERE."

Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated). "MY DEAR LADY, I'M SURE YOU DON'T LOOK IT!"

them had been willing to prosecute. Quotations were naturally of a retiring nature.

The magistrate, in passing sentence, said it was a very bad case. Poetry was very dangerous stuff, and must always be carefully handled, especially when the person employing it had had no previous experience of its use. This kind of thing had gone on too long, but the Legislature had decided that Infinitives were not to be split with impunity any more. It was sad to see a man in the prisoner's position. He might have supported his family by manual labour, for which his physical strength evidently fitted him. Instead of that, he had chosen to be a poet. Having made his bed he must lie on it. He (the magistrate) was bound to see that the law was obeyed. Infinitives must be protected in their lawful avocations. If such crimes as the prisoner's went unpunished, we could none of us know whose turn it might be next. He took a very serious view of the prisoner's offence, and felt he should not be discharging his duty properly unless he passed upon him the heaviest sentence permitted by the law. The prisoner must undergo ten years' solitary confinement with a dictionary and a selection of novels written by ladies, to be followed by five years of rigorous confinement in a printing office. The gratitude of the public was due to Police-constable BLUNT for the way in which he had prepared the case.

A SILENT SUFFERER.

"If telephone users would cast the idea of a machine out of their minds, and use the same courteous and common-sense practices in talking by telephone as they observe when talking to a fellow-being face to face, they would appreciably raise the standard of the telephone service."—*National Telephone Journal*.]

COMPANION of my troubles and my toil,

Who share my study—yea, my very desk—
Who, sleepless, burn with me the midnight oil,

Recumbent, unassertive, and grotesque,
It may be that, when Pegasus has bucked,

And half unseated my confiding Muse,

I have employed you as a helpless duct

To air, with frank brutality, my views.

But hold me not unkind, though I have been
Ungracious, treating you as a machine.

Had I, in clasping your black, slender waist,

Recalled how oft you've whispered to me, dear,
Avowals passionate but sweet and chaste,

My words had all been meet for you to hear.

Had I been mindful that it naught availed

To oburgate your tender diaphragm

Because, at times, your best endeavours failed

To take my meaning, I had not said: "Tut! Tut!
how tiresome!"

But how remember, while you are, to me,

"Gerrard, eight, double-seven, double-three"?

"In the pig section Mr. W. B. Wallace was the only Northerner who had the pluck to face the English host in large whites."

Glasgow Herald.

Something quiet in tweeds would have been more seemly.

"Three Taximeter cabs in fine condition and good running order; these cabs will not pass Scotland Yard."—*The Motor*.

Very awkward if one's car refused, just as one swept into the Embankment.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

CHIEFLY MATRIMONIAL.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—HILDEGARDE is Lady WIDELANDS, and I flatter myself that, thanks in a great measure to your BLANCHE, it was quite the wedding of the season. St. Agatha's was simply crammed; people were killing each other to get in; and the street outside was a block. At your own wedding you're handicapped by being the *bride*, and can't see to every little detail; but a *sister's* wedding you can put through without a hitch. The *leitmotif* of the affair was *pastoral*, with the bridesmaids *en bergère*, and pastoral music played. I wanted to hand over the church to SOAMES and SOAMES beforehand, have a lot of the pews removed, and a regular pastoral scene set. The authorities made some objection, however (how *narrow-minded* people are!), so I had to do things on a smaller scale.

I chose the maids *strictly* for their beauty. Where, of two sisters, one was *pretty* and the other *clever* (we don't use a harsher word in these days), I took the pretty one ruthlessly, and left the other. I believe I've given offence in some quarters, but I can't help that. One ought to have the courage of one's *ideas* as well as of one's *opinions*. The shepherdesses were correct in every detail, with field flowers and genuine crooks, and, as a realistic touch, I thought of making each of them carry one of those dear little pigmy sheep that have been the fashion lately; but they persuaded me out of this. I wanted, too, to have ushers for the maids in the American style, and dress them as shepherds, with smock-frocks, Pan-pipes, and ribbons in their hats; but, if you'll *believe* me, DAPHNE, I positively *could* not get them to dress so! Aren't people *sickeningly* self-conscious nowadays? You can't get them, *especially* the men, to sink their individuality for a time and merge themselves in a picture. Dear Professor DIMSDALE, in one of those lovely lecture-chats on mental philosophy, told us of a great French philosopher who discovered the Ego. Myself, I think it's a pity he didn't leave it where it was! I'm sure it's made people *aburdly* priggish and *odiously* dis-obliging.

HILDEGARDE went through it without turning a hair. There's no scope for originality in a *bride*; she's *bound* to be conventional. But I made one small innovation that, I

think, will catch on at summer weddings. Instead of flowers or a Prayer-Book, she carried a white satin fan, with orange-blossom painted round the edge, and all that *matters* of the Marriage Service (the part where the responses come in, you know), printed in silver.

Afterwards we had a *fête champêtre* in the garden here. SOAMES and SOAMES had turned the place into a very good imitation of those sweet old Flemish pictures by WATTEAU or WOUVERMANS, where there are always boors revelling; only there were no boors, and we didn't revel.

And now, my dear, let me say how perfectly shocked and miserable I am at the news of your being engaged to a country parson. I'm so vexed that I positively won't say another word about it! You, who might have done so well! Why didn't I bring you here by *force*, and give you a season in London? You oughtn't to have come to *this* for ten years yet. No girl has any business to *think* of the lesser clergy till she's past thirty. Where's the use of telling me that you're happy and suit each other? Such last-century nonsense! We're living in the twentieth century now, and those things don't count. 'Tis *quite* a tragedy! Of course, I know that, just as every private soldier in somebody's army was said to have a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, so perhaps every curate may be said to have a bishop's apron in his sermon-case, but I'm afraid the odds are all against it in this instance. And some day, when I go down there to open a bazaar or lay a stone, I shall find my poor DAPHNE wearing a middle-aged bonnet and mantle, and with a family of children, and her face "seamed with the horrid cares" of something or other, as MILTON says. Do, my dear child, take the advice of a *true* friend (which is not *too* common a thing among us women); break it off *at once*, and come and stay with me, and I'll do the best I can for you.

If I were asked what has been the *special* obsession this summer in London, I think I should say Descriptive Dancing, Musical Expression, or Choreographic Narrative—for it's called by all these names. A good many of us have been bitten by it, and have taken lessons. One can get hold of it quite quickly, for there are no difficult steps to learn, and one doesn't have to practise much. And then, my dear, the dress! It can be compared to *nothing*! We gave a performance the other day at

the Matinée Theatre in aid of a Seaside Home for Irresponsible Impetuous Idiots. I danced a Prelude and Fugue of BACH's, dressed in gold fringe, against a black background. Then BERYL CLARGES did TSCHAIKOWSKY's "1812," dressed in two little flags (French and Russian), her background being a painted cloth showing wintry scenes and soldiers marching. It was my turn again after that, and I danced the "Moonlight Sonata." I wore iridescent sequins, and was backed by a starry sky. It was immense! But the *pièce de résistance* was a duet for BERYL and me—Eve and the Serpent. There was a set scene for this, the Garden of Eden with the Tree in the middle. We'd a bit of a turn-up as to which of us should do Eve and wear the *sweet* little dress of pink silk-fringe; but BERYL had to give way, and do the Serpent or nothing. (I'd a *right* to choose, having arranged the whole thing; but some people *are* so self-asserting, aren't they?—never satisfied unless they're *first*.) I must say she did the Serpent very well. Her sinuous movements were a good deal admired; and, though she certainly looked rather spiteful all the time, that suited the part too. My dancing of Eve's irresolution and final taking of the apple was voted to be as classical, artistic, and *satisfying* a choreographic poem as any professional has yet expressed!

I've had my first little triumph on the Turf—only a weeny one at the Smallbury Races (rather a rotten little meeting), but it's a beginning. FREDDY and BILLY VAVASOUR (I think I told you they train for me) say it's best to begin low down. The winner was a darling two-year-old filly that I've called *Blanchette*. FREDDY and BILLY think she may prove a wonder, and smother *Signorinetta's* record by annexing both the Guineas next year as well as the Derby and Oaks! I was such a happy little woman that day, with the first taste of success, that I insisted on leading in my own, *own* little winner. FREDDY and BILLY tried to dissuade me, saying it's only done on big occasions. As if I didn't know that! *Ça m'est égal*. I don't follow a fashion; I set it.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The Loanda suddenly founded."

South African News.

"The Loanda suddenly floundered."

Midland News, South Africa.

You simply can't hide it from them in South Africa. They will have the truth.



Niece (awakened by unusually violent shock). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, UNCLE GEORGE?"

Uncle G. "RUN DOWN A CANOE, MY DEAR."

Niece. "OH, BUT YOU'LL APOLOGISE NICELY, WON'T YOU?"

Uncle G. "WELL, MY DEAR, I'M JUST WAITING TO CATCH THEIR ATTENTION."

THE NON-STOP EXPRESS.

(From Holborn to the Strand and back in 2½ minutes.)

[The following article is asserted to be the work of a driver of the Holborn—Strand train, but we have been unable to verify this allegation.]

OF all those who want to go from Holborn to the Strand only a few are mean enough to walk. For the others there is a train. With that reckless disregard of expense which has always characterised the actions of Tube Railway Companies there is provided a man to drive this train. Equal to the dignity of his post and alive to the difficulties of his undertaking, he steps into the train at Holborn and turns a handle.

When he arrives at the Strand he steps into the other end of the train and turns another handle. When he gets back to Holborn he is confronted by a red flag, which informs him that he can go no further. But he did not need a red flag to tell him that, because—

(a) He has been to Holborn before.

(b) He can see that there is no further to go.

Thereupon he realises the position

at a glance, and adopts the only course open to an honourable man. He goes back to the Strand.

You ask me: "Who may this man be who drives this train from Holborn to the Strand, from the Strand to Holborn, and from Holborn to the Strand, with such conspicuous ability?" I answer you simply and straightforwardly: "I am that man."

Are you coming with me to—

CHAPTER I.—The Strand?

The Strand Station is a spot of especial interest to the tourist in London. It lies 150 feet below the surface of the street, and is coloured green and white. Its most striking features are some theatrical posters and a self-winding clock. When you approach the lifts you will see a notice—"Have your Ticket Ready." The meaning of this notice is briefly this: that you are to have your ticket ready. If you have no ticket you need not have it ready. To that extent you score over those who have tickets. On the other hand, they score over you in that you, having no ticket, will not be let out of the tube and they will. That will be my gain, because I like your company, but it will be your loss

because it may interfere with your work.

On reflection I think you must have had a ticket, or you would never have been allowed to descend by the other lift. Therefore, if you have no ticket, you must have lost it.

I beg your pardon. I did not understand you to say that you have a return ticket. Then you will of course be coming back with me to

CHAPTER II.—Holborn.

Holborn Station is a spot of especial interest to the tourist in London. It lies 149 feet below the surface of the street, and is coloured green and crimson lake. Its most striking features are a self-winding clock and some theatrical posters.

"Hurry off, please," says my learned friend the Guard, and you start hurrying off. "Hurry on, please," says the double-faced rogue, and you hurry back again. Back we go, then, to

CHAPTER III.—The Strand.

Situated, as it is, 150 feet. . . But you know all about that, and I see that there are no other passengers. I am very fond of travelling. I have been to the Strand 12,073 times. Like all other great travellers, however, I am equally fond of returning

from my travels, and by a curious coincidence I have been to

CHAPTER IV.—*Holborn*
12,073 times also. Of the two I prefer

CHAPTER V.—*The Strand*.
Which do you prefer, this or

CHAPTER VI.—*Holborn*?
Yes, you think you like this better, but, believe me, you really prefer the other. Mind you, I have been to both 12,074 times, and ought to know. But just come and have another peep at

CHAPTER VII.—*The Strand*.
Ah! I thought you had not looked properly. I was born at

CHAPTER VIII.—*Holborn*,
but educated at

CHAPTER IX.—*The Strand*.
Sometimes I wish I had been educated at

CHAPTER X.—*Holborn*,
and born at

CHAPTER XI.—*The Strand*.
Wherever I was born I have lived anything but a dull life. My day is full of changes, in fact I am always changing from one end to the other or from the other end to one, as the case may be. Wearing though the strain of such an existence is, I do not think I could stand the monotony of a quiet life above the surface. My noble friend the Liftman tells me that things are very slow up above, and he has been there a good many times. He is a good sort, although he does wear a flannel collar; and I am certain he would not tell a lie. (You must not speak to him when the lift is in motion.)

But we must be getting back to

CHAPTER XII.—*Holborn*.
Are you getting out here? Well, good-bye; I am very pleased to have met you so often. If they make any fuss about that return ticket of yours (they are such unreasonable fellows at this end) you are always welcome in my little train. Good-bye again; I think I shall be gadding along to

CHAPTER XIII.—*The Strand*,
on my way to

CHAPTER XIV.—*Holborn*.

"It was a peculiarity of the storm that it seemed to rage furiously in all directions—at one time illuminating the northern sky, at another reverberating in the east, or rolling with a slowly diminishing crescendo towards the south."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The writer is probably thinking of the dodo, which has now diminished altogether. The crescendo, on the contrary, increases with great rapidity, so much so that in certain parts of Australia it has become a nuisance.

CHARIVARIA.

ATTENTION has been called again to the shabby condition of the red benches provided for the Peers in the House of Lords, and it is suggested that it is the intention of the Government not to abolish the Upper Chamber, but to let it gradually crumble away.

Mr. HALDANE laughed, in the House of Commons, at the idea that there are foreign spies in this country. Is it that we have no military secrets worth stealing?

"It is significant," writes one of our Society correspondents, "that at a tea-party given by Mr. KEIR HARDIE the other day King EDWARD was conspicuous by his absence. No attempt was made to conceal the reason. His MAJESTY was not invited."

The British Undertakers' Association has decided that "advertisements tending to loudness" shall be discouraged. It would be interesting to know whether this would mean a cool reception over here for the American undertakers' classic trade announcement, "You kick the bucket: we do the rest."

The question whether capital punishment shall be abolished is still being discussed hotly in France. For ourselves we should have thought that in view of France's dwindling population the retention of the death penalty is highly inadvisable.

Several Union Jacks were torn down in various parts of the States by indignant Americans on the Fourth of July; but the victory was not bloodless, for 71 Americans were killed, and 2,624 injured on that day.

In spite of reports to the contrary the recent Silk Hat Parade at the Exhibition did much to promote the sale of that form of headgear. It came on to rain during the demonstration, and many of the five hundred demonstrators have in consequence had to purchase new silk hats.

The agitation on the part of the local gentry to get the name of the thoroughfare known as Houndsditch changed to something more attractive has been revived. The alternative name has not yet been decided on, but we believe that a large party

is in favour of swapping names with Park Lane.

A Philadelphian preacher has advanced the interesting proposition that Moses was a negro. This, we suppose, is the swing of the pendulum. A little while ago it was the fashion to whitewash every historical character.

The statement that a newspaper which has just made its appearance in a French provincial town is the first journal to be printed on fly-paper has called forth a protest to the effect that one or two papers produced in this country print such poisonous matter that they are quite as effective for the purpose.

It is hoped that it will be possible at the banquet which the Government has decided to give to the members of the International Peace Congress to make an announcement that an early cessation of hostilities between some of our Admirals is imminent.

At the Children's Garden Party, given by the QUEEN at Buckingham Palace, the entertainment was provided by Mr. ASHTON, and some disappointment, we hear, was felt among the youthful audience because Mr. ASHTON did not recite to them a number of his bright letters on tombstones.

We are sorry to hear that the profession of Comic Burglar is suffering from temporary depression owing to an accident to a person of this calling in Germany. The gentleman in question had broken into an hotel at Rensburg, and was about to leave with his loot, when the humorous idea of inscribing his initials and profession in the Visitors' Book occurred to him. While he was thus engaged the poor fellow was surprised by a waiter, and now he is languishing in a gaol.

"Prince de SAGAN and his wife," reports *The Daily Telegraph*, "left the Savoy Hotel soon after noon yesterday for Paris in their motor-car, part of the journey being made by road." Our younger readers are invited to guess which part of the journey anyhow was not made by road.

"HARRIER AND BEADLE SHOW."
The Peterborough Advertiser.

"Bumble-puppy" is what you call it, if you don't live at Peterborough.

CENT. PER CENT.

NOT to be eclipsed by his enterprising daily contemporaries, Mr. Punch determined to discover, by hook or by crook, a Centenarian of his own. Herewith he has pleasure in presenting the results of his search in his ambassador's own language:—

"After scouring the country for many days without avail, I struck oil north of the Tweed. Sitting one evening in the bar-parlour of a wayside inn, brooding—I repeat, brooding—I overheard a chance remark that put me on the track at last. I brooded a little more, paid for it, and followed up my man.

"Ay (Yes), he said, 'he'll be a hundred the noo.'

"Hoots, mon," I answered (being fairly fluent in the language), 'ye'll no be sayin' it! And what'll be his name, d'ye ken (know)?'

"HENERY," replied the bucolic.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, in my waggish way, 'now we shall soon centenary.'

"My informant led me to the cottage of the patriarch, and ushered me in.

"I found myself in the midst of a unique family party. At the head of the table sat our friend HENERY, clad in a smoking-cap such as our grandmothers delighted to embroider for their swains, and in full possession of all his faculties. He has never in his life worn glasses for reading, but can see the smallest print. He is unfortunately unable to read, but his daughter, a strapping lass of seventy-nine summers, reads the paper to him every night before she goes to bed—she finds it inconvenient to do so after.

"And so," I began, shaking hands, 'you remember the Battle of Hastings? Ye'll ken jist a' about it—what, hey?'

"Ay (Yes), he replied. 'I mind how me mither smackit me weel the day the news cam'—an' the way I greeted (cried).'

"Father'll aye be tellin' ye c' that," put in the youngest boy, a fresh-faced youngster of sixty-five.

"Have you ever been to London?" I asked.

"Ye'll be fra' (from) Lunnon (London) yersel', maybe?'

"Ay, ay."

"Ay, man, I'll be there twa (two) times. You mauna (must not) think I'll forget Lunnon."

"No, no. Come now," I pursued, 'what did you think of it?'

"It's a gey bonnie place. A remember the wax-works.' And the



"THIRTY BOB TOO MUCH FER THE LITTLE DAWG, LIDY? WY! LOOK AT THE OWNER'S VALUATION!"
 "WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT BACK TO HIM, THEN?"
 "WY, BECOS I TOOK IT BACK TO 'IM LAWST TOOSDAY, AN' IT WOULDN'T BE IN ACCORDANCE WY THE ETIKWET OF OUR PERFESSION TER LET 'IM 'AVE IT TWICE IN ONE WEEK!"

genial old man smiled at his recollections. We chatted awhile, and I prepared to leave.

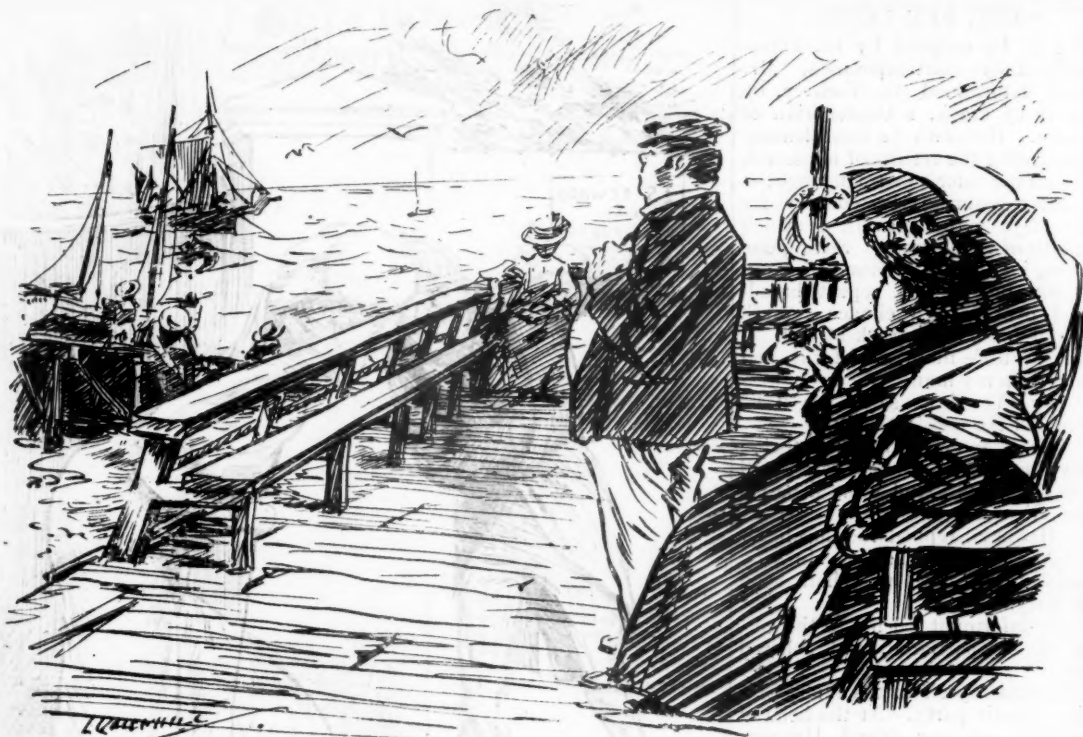
"Before I go, Mr. HENERY," I suggested, 'you will give me a hint or two for the benefit of my readers on the way to live to a green old age—what, hey?'

"Food faddists will not be greatly taken with my old friend's ideas. He has always, he says, eaten and drunk precisely what he pleased, except when unable to obtain it. He

believes in exercise—a three-mile walk on a Sunday morning he considers a splendid thing for a tonic. Having lived for a hundred years, he has spent some time in the open air.

"Tak' everything as it comes, and dinna fash yersel' (don't worry),' was his sensible parting advice.

"Even if you're caught takin' it," I said, as I wished him farewell. He laughed very heartily at this sally, so much so that we all joined in. I left him still chuckling."



Brown. "AH! THEY'VE JUST DROPPED THE ANCHOR."

Mrs. B. "AND SERVE 'EM RIGHT! IT'S BEEN DANGLING OUTSIDE ALL THE MORNING!"

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER'S DITTY.

WHEN I'm annually hunted
Out of town by need of change,
I'm consistently confronted
By a problem passing strange:
There are scores of charming places
Where I'd gladly love to stay,
But the folk who inundate them,
Desecrate and permeate them,
With their hats and boots and faces,
Fill my heart with dire dismay.

Thus, for instance, if to Cromer
I repair, and on the shore,
Like a civilised beach-comber
Revel in the ocean's roar;
Though the good Cromerians fire me
With no hatred of my kind;
Countless hordes from other regions,
Liverpudlians and Glaswegians,
Irresistibly inspire me
With a fury black and blind.

Or, again, if I and Lucy—
Lucy is my second wife—
Take our tickets for Kingussie,
Or frequent the hills of Fife,
Though the Scottish folk delight me
With their scones and baps and
brose,

Cockneys all around us clamber
(Like so many flies in amber),
Knickerbockered trippers blight me
With their highly-coloured hose.

Cambria's charms anon allure me,
But, no matter where I hie,
No precautions can secure me
Uninvaded privacy.
Though I stretch myself *sub Jove*
On Llyn Cwellyn's gloomy shores,
Swarms from Bootle and from
Bowdon
Occupy the heights of Snowdon,
Taint the air of Aberdovey,
Picnic on the Fachs and Fawrs.

Yesteryear my way I wended,
Via Fishguard and Rosslare,
Bent, in isolation splendid,
On inhaling Erin's air.
But, alas! I found at Blarney
All the trippers that I loathe,
And they made fair Rosapenna
Quite a miniature Gehenna,
And they Cockneyfied Killarney,
Vulgarised the Hill of Howth.

Failing with this crux (*hac cruce*)
Adequately else to cope,
Far afield have I and Lucy
Now determined to elope;

And, to end this doleful story

In a less disgruntled style,
Since upon all home excursions
We must meet our pet aversions,
We are off to Ruwenzori
And the Sources of the Nile.

"The mountain side is splashed with acres of bloom running through the entire litany of tints from light to darkness. The dominant hues suggest the curtains of the Tabernacle—purple, crimson, and scarlet. Stacked massively on top of each other, they glare steadily, and the heavy scent heightens the feeling of conflagration. But Nature paints well, and borrowing the artifice of the landscape master, drops in cool green in strange places."

This has dropped into a green edition of *The Dublin Herald*. Borrowing the blue pencil of the editor we have crossed out some of it.

"The ball travelled low until it was over the ridge about 100 yards from the green, then it rose like a soaring bird, and dropping on the sloping ground rolled along till it was within three yards of the hole. As nearly as possible the ball travelled like a bullet fired from a rifle at 600 yards."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The next time you fire a rifle at 600 yards just watch the bullet carefully, and you'll be surprised at the resemblance.



“ENGLAND EXPECTS—”

SHADE OF NELSON. “I SEE YOU’RE HOISTING MY OLD SIGNAL.”

BRITANNIA. “YES. ONE OR TWO OF MY ADMIRALS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN IT.”



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MARK LOCKWOOD STALKS THE ALIEN IN EPPING FOREST.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Colonel MARK LOCKWOOD, V.C., back on duty; his countenance has taken on a manlier bronze, his hat is tipped a little further towards back of head, carnation in his button-hole nearer than ever to circumference of a sunflower. Excited some attention on entering the Lobby by carrying a telescope under his arm.

"What's that for?" WALTER LONG asked him. "A new way of catching the SPEAKER'S eye?"

Beneath the bronze a blush mantled MARK's ingenuous countenance.

"Beg your pardon," he said; "force of habit."

Rushed off to locker, deposited spy-glass. Back in time to put a question which explained everything. For the past ten days, during which Lobby, House and Terrace have lamented his absence, MARK has been down in Epping Forest, stalking a couple of foreigners. By various

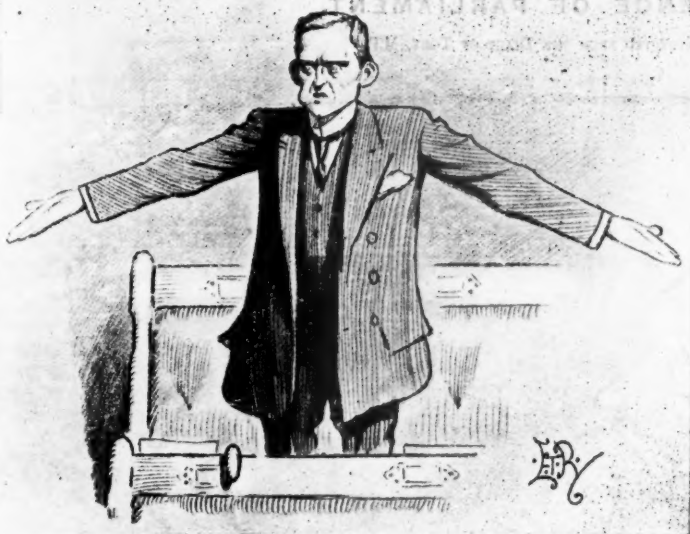
strategic movements, such as climbing trees, crawling on all fours through the long grass (on one occasion hiding in an outhouse, the door of which the owner casually locked in passing, imprisoning the unsuspected Colonel for the space of five hours), he accumulated evidence revealing the true character of the self-styled tourists. They were, in brief, German spies, charged with mission of securing photographs of Epping Forest and water-colour sketches of the more picturesque views, with intent that the German Army, having sunk the Channel Fleet and gobbled up the Territorial Forces, should march by nearest route on London.

This afternoon brought subject to notice of House in form of question addressed to SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. With that hide-bound contempt which Ministers commonly show for information reaching them through any but official sources, NAPOLEON B.

HALDANE made light of the affair. Told a little story relating to what he described as similar incident. Report made to War Office of three foreign officers taking observations in a rural district. Specially mentioned as conclusive evidence of guilty intent that they "drank champagne and drove about in motors." Investigation made, it turned out that they were innocent, even commonplace, visitors, wholly unconnected with military matters.

"This is the kind of thing," said N.B.H., casting a look of scorn at the cauliflower in MARK's button-hole, "that is constantly coming up."

Thus is patriotism encouraged by the present so-called Government. After spending five hours in an outhouse, breaking his watch-chain in forcing his way through inadequate outlet provided by a partly-shuttered window, and carrying out the other strategic movements cited, for MARK to be put off by ill-timed



THE "SEA-GREEN" INSATIABLE; OR, "IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT!"

"They would accept this paltry measure for what it was worth, and use it as a lever for getting more. . . . Money was staring them in the face. Look at the huge sums spent on ladies' frocks and fur coats for pet dogs."

(Mr. Philip Snowden on the Old Age Pensions Bill.)

badinage is not encouraging to further effort for the public weal.

Business done.—Eight Hours (Mines) Bill read a second time. Old Age Pensions Bill passed through final stage of Committee.

Tuesday.—Like that other renowned warrior, General TROCHU, Captain KINCAID-SMITH has his "plan." It is more comprehensive even than the original one for the deliverance of beleaguered Paris. Having carefully considered the Territorial Army scheme, an eye trained in warfare perceives its weak point. As, many years ago, the late Mr. BIGGAR, criticising a Bill brought in by Mr. CHAPLIN relating to the breed of horses, observed, "It's too narrer, Mr. SPEAKER, much too narrer." It provides excellent machinery, but lacks the force to work it. In brief, it does not make provision for raw material of an army—men, to wit.

This KINCAID-SMITH is prepared to do. Has drafted a scheme, elaborating plan of national military training, making it compulsory. This afternoon moves for leave to introduce his Bill. Avails himself of privilege of Ten Minutes Rule to explain it clause by clause with reiterated formula. "Clause 1 lays down—" he said. "Clause 2 lays down—" and so on to the end, as if the Bill were a hen laying eggs for families.

House began to show signs of im-

patience at the quaint reiteration. KINCAID-SMITH took no notice of the restless movement, the increasing buzz of conversation, the murmur of "Time! Time!" He had, so to speak, a hen up his sleeve that would "lay down" something sure to please Members, safe to secure a first reading of the Bill.

"Clause 11," he said, in due course, "lays down that exemption from compulsory training shall be accorded to habitual drunkards, persons of weak intellect, and Members of both Houses of Parliament."

A roar of cheers and laughter greeted this happy grouping. When it subsided, KINCAID-SMITH started off again. "Clause 12 lays down—" This brought up the SPEAKER with significant reminder that the allotted time had expired. KINCAID-SMITH quite surprised. Was getting on so nicely. Process of laying down carried on with unvarying punctuality and dispatch. Though there might be no appeal from ruling of the Chair, he was not disposed to forego delivery of his peroration, carefully prepared after close study of JOHN BRIGHT's masterpieces.

In solemn voice, with impressive manner, he began to "lay down" one of the longest sentences ever worked off in debate. Members, placated by the artful bribe of remission of compulsory training, listened in silence to the first furlong or so.

As he went on, laying it down as if it were an Atlantic cable, the long unfamiliar cry of "Vide! Vide!" broke forth, drowning orator's voice. This bad enough; mild compared with what followed on a division, when leave to introduce the Bill was refused by 250 votes against 34.

Business done.—Old Age Pensions Bill passes Report stage.

Friday. To the joy of his friends and the delight of the Labour Members, to whom he is of never-failing interest, Earl WINTERTON has come back, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of an honourable scar or two earned in the polo field. He finds the Government at their old game, suspending Eleven o'Clock Rule, closing everybody, forcing obnoxious Bills through at the blade of the guillotine.

"I think," Mr. SPEAKER, he said, looking gloomy for one of his tender years, "the time has come when some kind of League should be formed for the protection of Private Members."

There is about the inception of the idea that misty vagueness that invests with grandeur distant mountain peaks. WINTERTON doesn't condescend to detail. The proposed combination is to be what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" a League. In throwing out suggestion he doubtless had in his well-



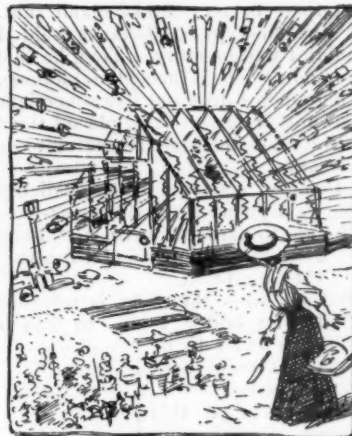
KINCAID, THE CONJURER.

"A hen up his sleeve that would 'lay down' something sure to please Members."

HINTS FOR THE BACK GARDEN.



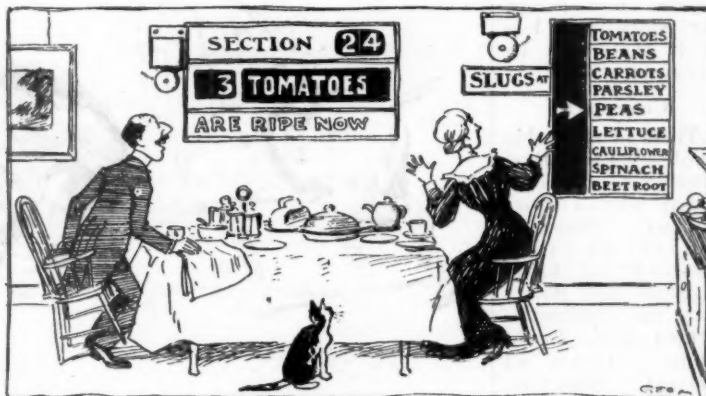
SNAIL-COURSING SHOULD PROVE ATTRACTIVE IN SPORTING CIRCLES.



IT IS INADVISABLE TO SNEEZE IN THE SMALL GREENHOUSE.



CARE MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO BUILD THE SUMMERHOUSE ON THE SITE OF AN OLD MUSHROOM BED.



KITCHEN-GARDEN INDICATORS CAN NOW BE HAD AT A MODERATE COST.

stored mind recollection of historic Leagues antecedent to that named after the simple flower DIZZY admitted he most appreciated when made into a salad. Amongst others are the League of Augsburg, the League of Cambray, the League of Ratisbon, and the League of the Beggars. Less familiar by name in day schools, the title tempting for appropriation, is the League of the Public Weal, formed by the Dukes of BURGUNDY and BRITTANY against LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE.

A companionship under this title, encamped on benches above gangway to left of SPEAKER, would be welcomed by all champions of freedom of House of Commons. Too early to go into details; but obviously earliest draft of the League of the Public Weal would include the names of Earl WINTERTON (President),

FREDERICK BANBURY, Knight, A. S. WILSON, W. MOORE and Captain CRAIG; probably with HAROLD COX, Secretary (unpaid).

Business done.—Eleven o'clock Rule suspended for rest of Summer session.

THE DEATH OF THE SAGE.

He was very near the end, but when at last the information had been conveyed to him that an interviewer was below, he rallied. I was led in on tip-toe by a muffled nurse.

"To what," he quavered, "do I owe my success in life? To this, young man: to never forgetting the proverbial philosophy of Loamshire, my native county."

Oxygen having been administered, I asked him if he could remember any of the more helpful of the sayings by which he had guided his

long and eminent career. He rested for a while, and then repeated a few, truly the wisdom of many and the wit of one, and how racy of the soil!

"You must hold your hat in a high wind."

"Don't lean against wet paint."

"The deepest flagon is empty at last."

"Steady reaches the goal."

"Look twice at a penny and twelve times at sixpence."

"The sun will come out."

"Old birds are the toughest."

"You can't dive for pearls without getting wet."

"It is ill sitting on thorns."

He could remember no more, and sank back exhausted, although still watching me as I wrote.

It was not till I closed my notebook that he died.

MY FIVE-POUND STORY.

I AM writing this story for a wager. Let there be no mistake about that. In the first place JORKINS said I couldn't write a story. Then he said I couldn't get it accepted *anyhow*. Whereupon I drew out five sovereigns from my sovereign-case, placed them on the table, and dared JORKINS to do the same.

JORKINS accepted the challenge and we drew up the conditions:—

- (1) I am to name my hero ALAN FAIRFAX, and my heroine CLARIBEL. (My condition.)
- (2) Each time the story is returned by an editor I am to add a chapter to it. (JORKINS'S condition.)

I mention this second condition in order that editors shall see that the sooner they accept my story the less of it there will be to accept.

CHAPTER I.

There was a big crush at Lady BASSINGTON'S. A continual stream of Cabinet Ministers, artists and poets ascended the broad staircase and flowed into the brilliantly-lighted salon. A continual stream of Cabinet Ministers, poets and artists descended the back staircase and passed out by the emergency exit.

Thus the brilliantly-lighted salon was kept supplied with fresh celebrities.

At the top of the first staircase stood ALAN FAIRFAX. His bronzed face and strong, square chin contrasted strongly (there is nothing about not having two "strongs" together in the conditions; anyway, I shall chance it) with the weak, effeminate types around. One felt that here (at last) stood the hero. It is sometimes wise to trust one's intuitions. He *is* the hero. He had been away from England for ten years, shooting big game in South Africa, South America, Scotland. [Editors, please delete two of these.] He had returned to his native land to find CLARIBEL.

Night after night he had waited at

the top of the stairs. He had now been waiting three months. CLARIBEL was overdue.

Suddenly his eyes lighted on a familiar *aigrette* of *torchon* lace—[Are *aigrettes* fitted with *torchon* lace? Please confirm]—that was being carried upwards in the stream of Cabinet Ministers, artists, and poets. "It is she," he said. "She will arrive in half an hour."

"CLARIBEL!"

"ALAN!"

"At last, my darling, I have come."

"O ALAN! Why didn't you write?"

away, through the brilliantly-lighted salon, down the second staircase, and through the emergency exit. She was gone! ALAN FAIRFAX searched the thronged rooms. He spoke to the footman at the door. He enquired at the box-office. She had vanished.

Out into the starlit night. Out into the silent blue-black immensity of space. Beyond the park railings. On! On!

Unheeding the low, hoarse cries of breathless men. Unheeding the urgent voices of the night. On! On! Faster! Faster! Croydon—Redhill—Handcross. Surely he must beat the record.

Then a blinding crash. . . The earth rose and rushed upon him and beat the life out of him. . . Then—a silence.

Two days later—when the ice had melted—they found him.

THE END.

[Declined.—EDITOR, *Sunday at Home*.]

CHAPTER III.

Through a typographical error in my last chapter "found him" was printed for "fined him." ALAN FAIRFAX attended the Court with bandaged head. When they asked his name he replied not. He only stared at the crowded court and the white-robed usher. [Is this wrong?] He had forgotten it.

ALAN FAIRFAX had lost his memory!

"It is hopeless," said the Court missionary. . . "unless he were to receive some sudden shock."

"Ten pounds and costs," said the magistrate.

But even this shock was not enough. He left the Court. He began to shoot big game once more. Whenever he saw a policeman he would call for his 6·7 repeater. [Please correct.]

One day he was shooting near Hawkhurst Grange, where CLARIBEL'S married sister lived. He had had no luck that morning. Suddenly a strange beast approached. It rushed upon him with a hideous roar. He raised his 6·7 repeater.

They applied all four brakes and jumped down from the car.



[The Army Council has decided that the Yeomanry shall be armed with the short rifle and bayonet, instead of being re-armed with the sword.]

British Yeoman (after emptying his rifle at foreign foeman). "LOOK HERE! PLAY THE GAME! COMING OUT WITH YOUR CARVING-KNIFE AGAINST ME AND MY WINKLE-PIN!"

"I saw you at the bottom of the stairs. Was it necessary? . . . CLARIBEL, will you be my wife? . . . Speak, my darling."

"ALAN, I have loved you from the first."

THE END.

[Declined with thanks.—EDITOR, *Feathered World*.]

You think I shall find it difficult to add another chapter? Wait and see.

CHAPTER II.

Where was Claribel?

A moment ago ALAN had held her in his strong arms. [Is this right? Should he have taken her into the salon first?] Now she was torn from him in a sudden wave of artists, Cabinet Ministers, and poets. Far



Nurse (to Johnnie, who had run into the road and miraculously escaped a violent death). "IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL KILL TER!"

"It is ALAN," cried CLARIBEL.
 "Was ALAN," corrected her sister.
 They picked him off the mudguards
 and the sparkling plug, [Is this technically right?] and CLARIBEL drow
 near and wept.

THE END.

[Declined.—EDITOR, *Zoophilist*.]

CHAPTER IV.

I have a presentiment that this
 will be the last.

The shock had done it. ALAN'S
 memory was restored. He opened
 his eyes and recognised CLARIBEL.

THE END.

[In order to spare other innocent
 Editors, we are kindly printing this
 story.—EDITOR, *Punch*.]

The Perils of the Motorist.

From a Notice Board outside the
 Sandhurst National Schools:

"DANGER.

MOTORISTS BEWARE OF
 THE SCHOOL CHILDREN."

Under the heading "Where to
 Spend a Pleasant Hour," *The Golden
 Penny* mentions the following attraction:

"ALDWYCH THEATRE.

CLOSED FOR THE SEASON."

NOVEL NOTES.

(With acknowledgments to the *Paris Correspondent* of "*The Pall Mall Gazette*.")

MISS BONANZA BYNGE, the greatest
 novelist of the last fortnight, whose
 Gargantuan genius has caused something
 like an earthquake in Vigo Street
 and the vicinity, is not only one of the
 most beautiful women in Bayswater, but
 derives an added lustre from her distinguished
 antecedents. Her real name,
 which she withholds out of a laudable
 modesty familiar in modern lady novel-
 ists, appears in a footnote to an appendix
 in *Debrett*, and her brother enjoyed
 the inestimable privilege of being fag
 to a belted earl at Eton. Miss BYNGE, it
 may be added, began to write poetry at
 the age of three, and although some of
 her rhymes are peculiar—e.g., "rhodo-
 dendron" and "pendulum"—there is a
 high-bred distinction about her ideas
 which points unmistakably to her aristocratic
 birth.

MISS ANNABEL VIVIAN, whose recent
 novel, *The Quandary*, has been pro-
 nounced by her publisher to be the
 greatest work of the century, is related
 to several of the oldest families in Ireland,
 and appears—though of course not
 under her pseudonym—in *Thom's Directory*
 and *Walford's County Families*.

Indeed, we have the best authority for
 stating that Miss VIVIAN'S uncle by
 marriage is the second cousin once
 removed of a gentleman who for some
 years past has presented a claim for the
 revival of the dormant peerage of Bally-
 bunnion in North Kerry.

MISS HILDA GILLESPIE, who has recently
 been declared by *The Peebles Gazette* to
 be the greatest female novelist of the
 century, prefers to write under an
 assumed name in deference to the wishes
 of her father, whose great-great-grand-
 mother on the maternal side was the
 foster-sister of the housekeeper to the
 last Lord BANAVIE of Rannoch. Although,
 strange to say, Miss GILLESPIE'S real
 name does not appear in *Debrett*, it is
 to be found in *The Peebles Directory* in
 close proximity to that of a well-known
 baronet of sporting tendencies.

From a Leeds advertisement:—

"THE — YEAST Co.:
 with which is incorporated
 JAMES SHERWOOD."

JAMES should expect a rise shortly.

From an election address in *The
 Leitrim Advertiser*:—

"I will endeavour to provide cottages for
 all married, or intending marrying, bonified
 labourers."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If you are an exiled Russian Prince, it makes it much more amusing to be a Nihilist too. But Prince Rurikoff, who is the hero of *The Honour of X* (SMITH, ELDER), went one better than that, being a sort of humanitarian Nihilist engaged in saving the life of the Tsar who had banished him. As a member of the "Inner Circle" he had sworn not to marry, which he found very tiresome when he came across Nest Llewellyn, an undiscovered *diva* living in a part of

Wales that does not appear in the railway advertisements. Why a spy should have any scruples about breaking his oath, and how the unknown X squared his position with his conscience at all (for he kept giving information to the English Government), are points which Miss GRAHAM HOPE does not very clearly explain. Probably one has to be very good at algebra to understand it, and I never got much beyond quadratic equations. Anyhow, the middle part of the book, where Rurikoff comes as a strolling artist named Gregory to Porth Howell, is wholly idyllic and delightfully written, so that it seems quite a pity that the stranger's shirts and collars are marked B. G. R., and that he is descended from RURIK, Emperor of all the Russias. However, he defies fate, marries Miss Llewellyn, and after a stormy interview with his Underground friends is permitted to retire in peace. Miss HOPE has written a very pleasant novel, and one which should certainly make Princes and Grand Dukes more careful in the future.

'Twas, years ago, a *Purple Cow*
That GELETT BURGESS wrote about;
He writes of other matters now
More worthy to be writ and read
Than that delirious quadruped,
And Mr. RICHARDS brings them out.

The Heart Line gives a vivid view
Of life out San Francisco way,
With special application to
That sort of life which surely comes
Of faith in spirit mediums
Who are not rigidly O.K.

Such sense informs its every line
I judge the author's fairly quit
Of nightmare-bred, and-breeding, kine;
And if the tune he's playing now
Has killed that ghastly *Purple Cow*,
I hope he'll play some more of it.

The Door of Darkness (JOHN LANE) opens with a peep into the rooms at Monte Carlo, and discovers Berthe Hamilton plunging on zero. This coup, and others less daring, came off, and anyone with half an eye can see that after that she was bound to be unlucky in her love affairs. On the whole I think Miss MAUDE

ANNESLEY has been rather hard on her. — She was by no means immaculate. She had an atrocious habit of giggling, she said, "whatsaname the county" when she meant "bother it," and she called her pet aunt "a perfect bird," and her birthday presents "dinky." Also, like Miss ANNESLEY, she had a truly feminine genius for using commas in the wrong place. But her punishment for these girlish failings was, I think, unduly severe. She became engaged to a sort of wandering Jew, whose fate it was to live for ever. Instead of telling her that his immortality was (for some reason not clearly stated) a just cause and impediment why he should not marry this woman, he let concealment play on his sallow Italian cheek till the eve of the wedding and then took to his heels. So she flung up her arms in the air and clutched at nothing. "I don't care if he is the devil himself, I want him, I love him! Oh, my

God, how I love him! If you don't find him I shall kill myself; do you quite understand? I mean it!" And upon that the door shuts. Miss ANNESLEY has rather got out of her depths in her endeavour to plumb the ocean of eternity, besides barking her shins severely against re-incarnation and automatic writing and other similar snags.

"On the highest and most inaccessible peaks above Chamonix, Count O'Gorman, an Irishman, is planting edelweiss."—*Daily Mail*.
Any inaccessible peak would have done for the ordinary man. Only an Irishman would have chosen the "most inaccessible."

The Scotsman refers to Captain KINCAID-SMITH's "gold-rimmed spectacles." Excellent things, these gold-rimmed spectacles. They make a man links-eyed.



"THEY TELL ME YOU'RE WORKIN' HARD NIGHT AND DAY SINCE YOU WERE UP BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE FOR PUSHIN' YOUR HUSBAND ABOUT, MRS. ROBINSON."

"YES. THE MAGISTRATE SAID IF I CAME BEFORE HIM AGAIN HE'D FINE ME FORTY SHILLINGS."

"AND SO YOU'RE WORKIN' HARD TO KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF?"

"WHAT?—I'M WORKIN' HARD TO SAVE UP THE FINE."

CHARIVARIA.

We are informed that, in order to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of a certain friendly Power, the idea underlying the present naval manœuvres in the North Sea is that the British Fleet has been suddenly attacked by a strong force of fighting Finns.

The announcement that Mr. ASQUITH is about to appoint a Royal Commission on the preservation of ancient monuments and buildings, has created a very favourable impression in the House of Lords.

"I hope," said Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., last week, "the time will come very speedily when there will be no room for kings and queens—when we shall be able to govern ourselves." We, too, hope that the day will come when certain persons will be able to govern themselves.

A correspondent in *The Express* calls attention to the abuse of royal titles as names for public-houses. We agree that there is an opening here for reform. A little while ago a distinguished visitor to this country noticed a miserable little building bearing the sign "The King's Head Inn," and remarked, "Well, if that is His Majesty's chief tavern, what are the others like?"

We do hope that our neighbours will not do themselves an injury by carrying the *entente* to extremes. The other day the steamboats on the Seine ceased to run.

The Paris *Éclair* announces, according to a contemporary, that "M. DEUTSCH DE LA MEURTHE has offered a new prize of £1,000 for a flying machine which will transport Commandant RENARD from Paris to London." It is not known in what way the Commandant has offended M. DE LA MEURTHE.

A remarkable incident is reported from Bisley. During the firing for the CONAN DOYLE prize a competitor aimed at a bull, and hit a cow.

The Daily Mail has published an article entitled "Marathon Race: How to Win it." So now there will be no excuse for anybody's failure.

The Americans are nothing if not a practical nation. According to *The Evening Standard* our cousins were the only competitors who were prepared for the rain at the opening of



THE TRAMP'S TOILET.

"'OT ONE DAY—COLD THE NEXT. ONE 'ARDLY LIKES TO LEAVE OFF ANYTHING."

the Olympic Games. "The Germans and Austrians," says our contemporary, "were dressed entirely in navy blue: the Norwegians and Swedes had white flannel trousers and singlets: the Americans had divers costumes."

We trust that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. IMRE KIRALFY is seriously indisposed in consequence of the discovery that persons living in the neighbourhood of the Exhibition can see his Olympic fireworks without paying for the privilege. The suggestion that householders shall be forced to keep their blinds drawn during the display is clearly impracticable.

Should solicitors wear wigs to prevent their being mistaken for court ushers? is a question which the Law Society has referred to its Council for consideration. Another sugges-

tion from outside is that the court ushers should wear wigs to prevent their being mistaken for solicitors.

The more closely one examines the interesting show of the London Salon at the Albert Hall, where every picture that was submitted was hung, the more apparent does it become that there is sufficient material there out of which to form two distinct exhibitions, one of which, following another French precedent, might be called the *Salon des Humoristes*.

The military correspondent of *The Times* having alarmed us as to the intentions of the Government towards the Army, *The Daily Chronicle* has come to our relief with the statement that it is merely intended to reduce military expenditure to "something nearer the point at which it stood before the Boer War." This is most reassuring.

Mr. Punch Appeals.

At this moment, when the thoughts of all are turning to the fields and the hills and the sea, *Mr. Punch* appeals to his gentle and generous readers to remember the Children of the City, to whom the simple delights of the country are forbidden unless there are kind hearts somewhere to care for them. Last year the CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND was able to give a fortnight's happiness in country cottages to 41,970 children. This number represents only about 5 per cent. of the elementary school population of London, of whom not more than one-third have the chance of escaping from the town for even a week's holiday. *Mr. Punch* begs his friends to support this Fund, which is badly in need of help, and to send contributions, large or small or middle-sized, direct to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of Arran, at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. *Mr. Punch* is not often importunate in this way, but he confesses to being something of a beggar in the cause of children, so near are they to his heart. Though he is himself full of years and very, very wise, he still remains incurably "a child in these matters."

THE GREAT LITTLE GAMES.

THE Olympic arena seethed with officials, unofficials and competitors. On the cinder track the demi-semi-finals of the 109·36 yards sprint, and the 29th heat of the 4·05 miles race were being worked off concurrently. On the cycling track the performers in the 1½ lap race were threading their way amongst casual groups who had eluded the Kiralfian police. Fountains of spray went up from the tank every time that a fancy diver could find a wet spot in the middle of a water-polo match (Finland v. Monaco). On the grass several thousand physical-exercisers were performing various evolutions in a shocking light, the air being dark with flying javelins, disk (both styles), arrows, shot, and so-called hammers. A steeplechase and the 437·4 yards hurdle race just left room for a section of the American contingent, who were engaged in an exotic competition known as the Standing High Jump. At any moment the Marathon runners might appear at the turnstile clamouring for admission.

As my eye ran over the vast empty spaces in the part reserved for spectators, "Ah!" I thought, "if only the public could change places with the occupants of the arena, what a magnificent gallery it would be!"

Suddenly I caught sight of an Austro-Hungarian friend who had come over to represent the Dual Monarchy in the Hop-Skip-and-Jump. His Czech suit shone brightly out from the Distinguished Strangers' Block. We had met in Prague, where he held the title of Backward-Somersault-Long-Distance World Champion. I beckoned to him to join me on the higher slopes of the cycle-track. There we sat down and conversed in the Bohemian vernacular.

I found him unfavourably impressed by the indifference of the British public. "And yet," he said, "they are only asked to concentrate their attention upon a few score of Olympic contests extending over a beggarly fortnight—or a bare month if we include outside events! Is this all the advance we have made, in these twenty centuries of progress, upon the paltry eight or ten contests at the old Pan-Hellenic Games?"

"Well, anyhow," I said, "we seem to have developed some fairly fanciful games that no grown-up

Englishman ever thinks of playing at except on these occasions, such as the Back-Swimming-Race, your Hop-Skip-and-Jump, the Standing-High-Jump, and the Standing-Broad-Jump. Don't you call that advancing by leaps and bounds?"

"It's all right," he replied, "as far as it goes: but we want more of that spirit. I would have a separate event for every conceivable form of muscular activity. Thus I have a Magyar friend who holds the Water-Ping-Pong Championship of the Danube. What chance has he here of proving his claim to Olympic honours? That is one of the nobler branches of athletic competition; but I could easily mention dozens of others that are at present sadly neglected. The following, for instance, occur to me as among the gravest omissions:—

High Jump (kneeling).

Broad Jump (sitting).

Hop-Skip-and-Jump (sideways).

Throwing the Paper Dart (Greek Style).

Feet-First Diving (with tank).

Swimming Race (one leg out of water).

Egg-and-Spoon Race (fresh-laid).

Potato-and-Basket Race (flat).

Hopping Race.

Bath-Chair-Trailer Race (passengers to finish alive).

High Kicking (with run).

Punching the Ball.

Tossing the Pancake.

Quick-Shaving (safety razor).

Skittles at 10·45, 12·53, 14·62 yards, and so on.

"One might," he concluded, "with great profit extend these competitions indefinitely till everybody got a medal."

"And how would you find time for the intervals between the Quadrennial Games?" I asked.

"There wouldn't be any," he replied. "And an excellent thing, too, for the World's Peace. It would be like a Hague Conference sitting till further notice."

"And a banquet every night?"

"And a banquet every night. Regularity is the secret of athletic training."

"By the way, you said nothing of a Greasy Pole Walk. You wouldn't miss that out?"

"No, indeed. But I only gave a few obvious samples."

"Well, we're on the way towards your ideal. But let's hope it won't all of it come in my time. Give me the Inter-University Sports with ten events and the whole thing over in two hours. That's good enough for me."

"By the way," I added, as I slipped down the slope and threw a couple of performers in the Cycle "Pursuit" Race, "here's luck to you in the Hop-Skip-and-Jump. Don't hesitate to take this championship out of the country. I, for one, shall bear the blow like a man."

O. S.

[NOTE.—The above article was written by Our Representative in anticipation of a visit to the Olympic Games. Up to the time of going to press he has unfortunately been prevented from verifying his sketch.—Ed.]



THE MARATHON RUNNER.

MR. HALDANE (on his way to report the triumph of his Territorial Scheme). "I MUST PUSH ON! WON'T THEY BE PLEASED WHEN THEY HEAR THE NEWS?"

[The Marathon race commemorates the famous effort of PHEIDIPIDES, who ran from Marathon to Athens to report the victory of the Greeks over the Persians.]



THE HISTORY OF THE

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A FALLEN CLASSIC.

"NO, MY GOOD MAN. IT'S NO GOOD BEGGING. I—"

"PARDON ME, SIR, YOU MISTAKE. I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU FOR THE MEANS OF IGNITION."

A REAL CONVERSATION.

I CANNOT say what language the two men at the table next to mine were talking. It was not English nor American nor French. It may have been German, but I doubt it. I know three German expressions, "Good morning," "lemonade," and "Thank you," and certainly none of those came in.

They were not conversing as Englishmen converse: they were employing the European or "free style"—the rules of which are that the bigger man of the two talks rapidly and continuously, and the other waits impassively for his voice to break. Then—but you shall hear for yourself. Though I did not know their language I had no difficulty in understanding their meaning, and this (I swear) is what they were saying. I reproduce it in order that this evidence of British sympathy with an unrecognisable but friendly nation may do something to bring about an *entente cordiale* between us.

"I will now," said GUSTAV, "lay before you the history of my early struggles."

"No," said ADALBERT formally, and helped himself to a sardine.

"I was born in a little village of our Hinterland, of obscure but fat parents, forty-five years ago. My early youth was passed in the pleasant surroundings incidental to that fine country, and I shall not be accused of boasting when I say that a love of beauty inherited from my mother enabled me to appreciate perhaps more than most of my little companions the Titanic splendour with which Nature had endowed the mountains in which our hamlet nestled."

"Have you been to the Exhibition yet?" asked ADALBERT. "I really think this is the hottest night of the year. Some ice, waiter."

"But before I go any farther it is necessary that I should give you some idea of my parents, who had so much to do with my upbringing, and for this purpose I must take you back to the year 1760, when a small farmer of humble aspect but astonishing vitality settled upon the coast of Dalmatia. This was my great-grandfather, and I am revealing no secret when I tell you that had he not survived the unprecedented suc-

cession of severe winters which greeted his appearance upon those shores the whole course of my destiny might have been changed."

"Sole," said ADALBERT. "And get me some toast."

"It was not until the year 1794 that my grandfather was born, and I well remember—that is, I have often heard my mother describe to me the scenes of legitimate festivity with which the occasion was celebrated. I need not detain you with any long account of the early years of my grandfather's life. Sufficient to say that, if ever a man's boyhood was passed amid scenes calculated to inspire and uplift, these were—or, rather, his was. But at the age of fourteen . . . " GUSTAV took a hasty drink at a moment when ADALBERT's mouth was full, and resumed his narrative before the other could break in . . . "Which brings me down to the point from which I started, my own birth and early years. I have mentioned that my native village nestled in a picturesque way among the mountains, but a more detailed description is necessary if you are to appreciate properly the startling nature of the

accident which befell me when I was still only in my third year. But perhaps you know that district?"

"Yes," said ADALBERT, "I live there."

"Then I will describe it to you. You must know that at the back of our village there rises steeply to the sky a singular mountain, about which a curious legend is related. The legend is this. Some three hundred years ago . . ."

"I have often wondered," said ADALBERT in the middle of the legend, "how they make their ices here. They seem to have no taste whatever."

" . . . You are now in a position to understand the nature of the setting which Providence had devised as the background of my horrifying experience. It was shortly after three o'clock upon a sunny afternoon in May that, accompanied only by my nurse, I set out upon what was to prove an excursion pregnant with the direst possibilities. My nurse, I should explain, was an Englishwoman of a respectable class, but endowed with a love of poetry slightly above her station. Her favourite author was SHAKESPEARE, and many is the time when she recited to me a poem called *Macbeth*, in the hope that its soothing cadences would induce that sleep of which I was at this age so much in need. Forty-two years ago it was, but even to this day I can recall every word of that sublime lullaby. How does it go? Act I. Scene 1, an open place, thunder and lightning: enter three witches: First Witch: When shall we three . . ."

"Another cigar, waiter," said ADALBERT. "I expect you're pretty busy now, aren't you? Really? I suppose it's the same everywhere."

" . . . Flourish. Exeunt. All that, however, has no actual bearing upon the terrible incident I am about to narrate, though as a sidelight upon one of the most marked features of my character, the memory which I inherit from my mother, it may not have been without interest to you."

"I must remember to get a picture postcard of the Embankment to-morrow," said ADALBERT. "I knew there was something I had forgotten."

GUSTAV, who had been gesticulating so wildly that a less acute person than myself would have supposed that he was indicating to a Swedish competitor the Athenian method of throwing the diskus, calmed down as he finished his horrifying narration.

"And my mother," he ended, "when my nurse in trembling ac-

cents told her of our adventure, clasped me to her arms and thanked Heaven that so straight-backed a son had been spared to her. But it is time that I hastened over these childish episodes, and placed before you the true facts regarding my early manhood. And here I may assure you that by the time I have brought my story down to the present day—and when I say the present day I mean it literally, for even this morning a curious adventure befell me—you will agree that a more singular narrative it has never been your good fortune to hear.

* * * * *

"And so we come down to this morning. You might have thought that so much adventure was enough for one man, but not so. For at lunch only to-day I had the happiness to find myself seated opposite a compatriot—a man even bigger and more finely built than myself. Just as I was wondering how to introduce myself to him he leant over to me and said, 'I will now narrate to you the history of my life. I was born in North Germany of sensitive but well-matched parents, some eight-and-thirty years ago, and —' "

This was too much even for ADALBERT. He bent across the table and blew a cloud of smoke into GUSTAV's open mouth. Then, while the latter was coughing, he began:

"For my part, I belong to one of the oldest families in Europe, and if I am to trace their history with any satisfaction to yourself it is necessary that I should go back to that ADALBERTUS; who in B.C. 60 . . ."

"Waiter," said GUSTAV, "my soup is cold. Will you take it away and bring me some fish?"

A. A. M.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

RABBITS are so superstitious that nothing will induce them to sit down thirteen to table.

As a general rule bees will not be put off with imitation buttercups when the real thing is readily available.

It has now been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the ordinary boa has no feathers.

A big-game hunter of European reputation says emphatically that he would rather be kicked by an elephant than by an ostrich—that is if he had to be kicked at all.

The common cat in good health has 2,247,316 hairs on its body. The figures are taken from the last census.

Pumas, for some reason best known to themselves, will never knowingly attack non-smokers.

"THAT WAY MADNESS LIES."

[A new theory to explain *Hamlet's* madness is suggested in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*. "The simple truth of the matter is that *Hamlet* had been too long at the University. We find him at thirty still a student at Wittenberg."]

O, MANY a deep and learned sage
Has sought to make it plain
In many a deep and learned page
Why *Hamlet* went insane.
But vain is all their subtle lore
And scientific knowledge;
The truth is this and nothing more—
He stayed too long at college.

About his youth not much we know,
But this at least appears:
He was a student still although
He owned to thirty years.
O ye, who call slow Camus friend,
Or up the Cher have paddled,
Remember this and comprehend
Why *Hamlet's* brain was addled.

What made him stay so long? you
cry;
But history is mum.
He may have been retarded by
A stiff curriculum.
He may have differed with the dons
About the sex of *mensis*,
Stuck at the *asinorum pons*
Or *τίττω's* tricky tenses.

Again, he may have loved a life
Of suppers, wines and sport,
Shrinking from all the pretty strife
And jealousies of Court.
Or possibly another ground
Induced the Prince to settle
In Wittenberg: he may have found
Some most "attractive metal."

Again, we know the simple lust
For scholarship and lore
May make a man a dry-as-dust
And fossilised old bore;
And if the Prince became a don
What else could be expected
Than this, that, as the years rolled
on,
His brain should be affected?

No matter what the reason was—
Whether his mind grew sick
With too much learning, or because
He could not pass matric.—
This simple fact stands out most
clear—

To spend so long a season
In a collegiate atmosphere
Would ruin any reason.

It's all so plain, then why so blind
Our learned LL.D.s?
The men who write on *Hamlet's*
mind

Have *Hamlet's* own disease.
To set your college dons to catch
The cause why he behaves so,
Is like expecting Colney Hatch
To say why Hanwell raves so.

ROBBIE'S SUCCESSOR.

ANECDOTAGE continues to accumulate about and around and upon Mr. JOHN BURNS, who, since Mr. MORLEY went to the Upper House and lost his Christian name, is the one and only JOHN of the people—PLAIN JOHN, HONEST JOHN, DOWNRIGHT JOHN, BATTERSEA JOHN, JOHN. It is useless for denials of these pretty stories to be printed: they go on just the same. For example, a week ago it was stated that Mr. BURNS had a special tenderness for St. Paul's Cathedral, because once, when down on his luck, he acted as the model for one of the angels in Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND's decoration of that fane. Could there be a more charming anecdote? But what does Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND but deny it? Why a paltry affection for truth should be allowed to have its way against so picturesque and harmless an invention, we cannot understand; but the great artist hastened to repudiate the angelhood of the President of the Local Government Board, and down he fell, like Lucifer. But since no denial ever caught up a lie yet, and this particular and very pleasing story had a few days' start, we need not worry. It will soak well into the minds of the readers, and never really be dislodged. And why should it be?

Meanwhile let us ourselves add to the Burnsian apocrypha in the hope that these other inventions also will stick and become folklore in time. If Jack the Giant-Killer, why not JOHN BURNS? If Hop-o'-my-Thumb, why not JOHN BURNS?

Mr. JOHN BURNS is, as everyone knows, a great cricketer and, though not himself a county player, lacks nothing of enthusiasm and ability, but merely the time and practice. It is told that once when Yorkshire were playing Somerset at Taunton they arrived with only ten men. Owing to a mistake GEORGE HIRST had missed a connecting train, and instead of being on the West-country ground was miles away wrestling with Bradshaw at a Midland junction and getting no wickets or runs out of it at all. (Have you ever seen HIRST with a Bradshaw? It is immense.) Well, in despair Lord HAWKE walked round the ground, asking in a loud voice at intervals, "Is there a Yorkshire cricketer here who would help us?"

"Ay, my Lord, I will," said a sturdy man in a blue serge reefer jacket and a short dark beard.

"But were you born in York-



BY-ELECTION LOGIC.

Mounted Ploughman. "ULLOA, SAM'L, I THOWT THEE ALLUS VOATED CONSERVATIVE?"

Sam'l. "NAA FEAR, JARGE. I ALLUS VOATES FUR T' GOVERNMENT, WHICHEVER SIDE'S IN. T'OTHER UNS CAN'T DO NOWT FOR NABODY!"

shire?" his Lordship asked, being particular on this point. (Cheers.)

"Of course I was," said the stranger, tearing off his coat and rolling back the shirt sleeves from his sinewy arms.

"Then come along," said Lord HAWKE.

The stranger, we need hardly say, not only batted well, knocking up a hurricane fifty-two, but took three wickets and won the match. You ask who it was? It was JOHN BURNS. Lord HAWKE never tires of telling this story, and nothing but the want of time prevented him from telling it again on the occasion of receiving a testimonial last week.

A few years ago, during a period very prolific in burglaries in the London suburbs, Mr. BURNS happened to be returning home to Lavender Hill by way of Clapham Common in the small hours. On his way he noticed a policeman lying prone on the ground in a swoon. To take off the officer's clothes and don them himself was the work of a few moments, and Mr. BURNS, thus clad, patrolled the Common until morning. *There were no burglaries at Clapham that night.*

Mr. BURNS after his recent illness went to the South Coast to recuperate. He walked one day to Hythe and asked for accommodation

at an inn. The landlord at first demurred but afterwards consented, and asked Mr. BURNS where his luggage was. Mr. BURNS named the place where it was left. "What is the name?" BONIFACE (the landlord) then inquired. "Never mind the name," said our JOHN, with his customary bluff wit, "but there's a jolly big J. B. on the side." It is unnecessary to add that the visitor's identity was soon disclosed.

A little girl was recently crossing a Battersea street with a jug of milk. At that moment a motor-car came round the corner at a fearful speed and only just escaped knocking the little girl down and doubtless killing her. In her fright she fell and broke the jug. As she did so a thick-set bearded man, wearing a blue serge reefer jacket and a straw hat, dashed to her side and carried her to the pavement, and then, pursuing the car, stopped it with one hand, and with the other severely chastised not only the chauffeur but the occupants, all of whom were heavy-weight champions. Having completed his task he returned to the little girl, and after carefully mending the jug picked up and restored the spilt milk, and sent her home happy. "Who do you think that was?" someone asked her; and on her expressing total ignorance of her Bayard's name he told her that it was the President of the Local Government Board; or, in other words, England's JOHN. Who else could it have been?

Mr. BURNS is also often very busy at his office.

A SONG OF SHINING MOMENTS.

THOUGH I've lived to be middle-aged and grey,

I have hitherto run my race
Without emerging for even a day
From the ranks of the common-place.

Yet at certain points of my drab career

I have risen above my fate,
And done some things that came
very near

Deserving that epithet "great."

I never got into the Sixth at school—
I hadn't a "sense of style,"
And one report of a savage sort

Said my Latin verses were "vile."
No, the writing of poetry that scans
Was not for the likes of me;
But I once wrote a letter on warm-
ing-pans

That appeared in the P.M.G.

I do not shine in the vocal line,
And my musical sisters averred
That a more distressing voice than
mine

Was seldom, if ever, heard.

But once in my bath, on a glorious day

In the genial month of June,
I bellowed so nobly *The Vicar of Bray*

That they recognised the tune.

At cricket I was distinctly bad,

For I never made a score;

And the highest average I ever had
Was decimal seventy-four.

But once, when I was fielding slip,
As the ball came curling by

I brought off a catch that won the match

When a single was wanted to tie.

Though to compass a mastery of golf
I assiduously strive,

That course isn't found which I can
go round

In under a hundred-and-five.

But the other day, with a niblick shot,

I cut a "Colonel" in half,

And hooking a drive with a new
"Black Dot"

I killed an innocent calf.

At school and college athletic sports,

In the hope of winning a "pot,"

I always entered, in shoes and shorts,
But no guerdon I ever got.

Yet once the judges freely allowed
I had made a record throw,

For I hurled the hammer into the crowd

And broke a policeman's toe.

In the company of the gentle sex

As a boy I was always scared,

And to ask a lady to give me a dance
I simply never dared.

Yet once, upafraid of a lovely maid,
I asked her to be my wife,

And the answer she gave made me
her slave

For the rest of my natural life.

MELOTHERAPY.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF REED BANDS
ON THE STRONG-MINDED.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the treatment of the feeble-minded by music under the Metropolitan Asylums Board at Witham, in Essex, a distinguished practitioner, Dr. O. BOWES, has during the last six months carried on a system of what he calls Melotherapeutics at his establishment in Great Wigmore Street.

The great feature of the treatment

at Witham, according to a recent issue of *The Daily Chronicle*, has been the stimulating effect of brass bands on the feeble-minded. Conversely, Dr. O. BOWES has now conclusively proved that people who are suffering from an excessive strength of mind, or mental hypertrophy, can be reduced to a normal level by listening to, or performing upon, reed instruments. Interviewed by a representative of Mr. *Punch* last Saturday, Dr. O. BOWES stated that the pulsations of the reed—whether single or double—exerted an influence on the ganglia in the vicinity of the tympanum which was little short of thaumaturgic. "Our *modus operandi*," he continued, "is as follows: First we play to our strong-minded patients, and then we induce them to play on the reed instruments themselves.

"Perhaps the most remarkable cure I have effected is that of a lady who had been sent to prison four times for breaking the PRIME MINISTER'S windows. As her case was acute, I subjected her to the most powerful register of the double-bassoon for five hours daily for a fortnight. The results have been entirely satisfactory. She has now adopted what we call a 'hostile attitude' towards Hyde Park, she has no longer any desire to visit Holloway, and has developed a positive passion for crewel-work, cookery and other domestic pursuits.

"Another patient, who has advanced with great rapidity under the new treatment, is Lady X.—for obvious reasons I withhold her name. In her case I prescribed the bass clarinet. At the end of the first week she evinced a disposition to serenade Mr. LULU HARCOURT; but that soon passed, and she is now so wedded to her instrument that she cannot be separated from it even at meal-times. Ferociously misanthropic only a month ago, she now entertains officers of the Territorial Army to tea."

Dr. O. BOWES further made the interesting announcement that the new Anti-Woman-Suffrage Society were so favourably impressed by the results of his treatment that they had resolved to organise bands with a special uniform to go throughout the country applying the melotherapeutic treatment on the spot to all persons suffering from incipient suffragitis. Chronic cases of cranial expansion will, as heretofore, be treated in Great Wigmore Street, the climate and name of which seem to exert a peculiarly soothing influence on that distressing complaint.



A STAGE WHISPER AT THE EXHIBITION.

"HATHLETES FROM THE STAJUM!"

SOAPPOIDS.

(An anticipated development in lightning cures.)

Do you wash? It is a well-known medical fact that scrubbing the face and hands with chemical detergents is absolutely ruinous to the delicate outer fabric of the skin. You would not pour a can of petrol on the side of an aeroplane to make it go, would you? Why then attempt to open the pores of the cuticle and keep them working by the external application of saponaceous tablets and other inferior frauds of the kind? Beware of these as you would of a poison.

Water is equally dangerous. Why is it that you meet so many people every day in the street with grey smut-stained faces and toil-begrimed hands? Simply because they abrade and destroy the elegant envelope with which Nature has provided their bodies, instead of treating it rationally from within. The only way to be clean is to swallow soapoids, with their wonderful internal operation on the fibres and nerve tissues. However dusty or gritty you may be, one dose of soapoids will set you right. The pores will spring open and shed off the unnatural accretion of foreign

substances as a snake sloughs its skin.

Think, too, of the time and money you will save. No more tedious ablutions and ruinous water-rates. You can swallow your soapoid as you walk to the office, and be as bright as a new pin.

Our final word is—If you have been washing, stop it. If you have not, don't begin. Spare your epidermis, and swallow soapoids. Try Nature's way, and be clean.

ONE MORE SOCIETY.

"No," said he, "I will not join your Society. There is only one Society I want to join, and that does not exist."

I asked what it was.

"I would join a Society," he said, "for supplying people to whom books are lent with a good working idea of what those books are about, suitable for use in conversation with the confounded lenders."

It took me some time to get this into my head. I asked him to say it again.

"I would join a Society," he said, "that, when I have a book lent me, would tell me enough about it to

enable me to say the right thing when I took it back."

"You are bothered by book-lenders?" I said.

"Horribly. One used to hear that book-borrowers were the real pests, but it is not true. I don't mind who borrows my books, but I should like to think that I am never to have a book lent me again."

"But why do you take them?"

"Because I am polite and weak-minded, and the people who lend them to me are so strong, and are so sure I shall love reading them."

"And you never do?"

"Never; they are the only books it is impossible to read."

"But an opinion is expected from you?"

"Exactly. How quick you are!"

Thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that there is something in it, and a real opening has been found at last for hundreds of leisurely men and women with literary tastes. I can imagine this in *The Athenaeum*:—

To those upon whom books have been forced.—Conversational Abstracts of lent books provided at the shortest notice. Suitable adjectives a speciality.—Apply, etc.

Who knows? It may come to this if the masterful lending habit continues to spread.



Sergeant Instructor. "ERE! WHAT'S THE USE O' YOUR FIRIN' ARF-A-DOZEN YARDS BE'IND THAT RUSSIN' MAN?"
The Intelligent Terror (after much cogitation). "I THOUGHT AS IT MIGHT CATCH 'IM AS 'E COMES BACK!"

GUIDE OLYMPIQUE DU PETIT HENRI.

[The following comparative studies in idiom are likely to be of assistance to people visiting the Stadium.]

La montre est un peu en retard.	The show is a bit slow.
Il a mis les pieds dans le plat.	He has entered for the flat races.
Quel temps fait-il ordinairement dans ce quartier?	What is his usual time for the quarter?
Il fait mauvais temps, et il y aura peu de monde.	He does bad time, and won't have an earthly.
Vous aurez bon marché de lui.	You will have a fair walk-over with him.
Il fera chaud à mourir.	It will be a dead heat.
Un championnion sauté.	A champion jump.
Le navire gagna le large.	The naval officer won the broad.
Il se tacha les favoris en buvant.	He spotted the favourites while having a drink.
Il faisait le gros dos.	He backed them heavily.
Il se tenait bien d'aplomb jusqu'à ce qu'on finit de boire.	He held a good lead till the last lap.
Un chassépôt d'ancien régime.	A pot-hunter of the old school.
On porta le vainqueur aux nues.	They carried off the winner to the mixed-bathing-tank.

THE PRIMITIVE MANNER.

By the Achilles, where the sunbeams flicker,
As once of old upon the Doric grass,
Where sparrows with the portly pigeons bicker,
Here, PHYLLIS, we may watch the people pass;
Had lawns in Thessaly a smoother splendour?
Were skies more blue above Arcadian hills?
And Ida's foliage—was its green more tender
Than this through which the London sunshine thrills?
I doubt it, though one enviously guesses
That Strephon, sprawling on the sunburnt turf,
Bored very likely by the shepherdesses,
Lulled by the thunder of Aegean surf,
Nodded at times, if gentle Amaryllis
Prosed o'er some "simple annal" of the flock;
I've got to simulate a smile when PHYLLIS
Describes at length to me her Goodwood frock!

Motto for the (let us hope) 400 Metres Olympic Champion (but we have to say it now in order to forestall our rivals of the Humorous Press):—

"HALSWELL that hends well."

From an advertisement in *The Liverpool Evening Echo*:
"Gentleman; full, except dinner."
This doesn't really mean what you think it does.



SALUT AUX MORTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

[The parade of the armies of WOLFE and MONTCALM, who fought and died, with equal honour to victor and vanquished, at the capture of Quebec, is to be the crowning episode in the Pageant which the PRINCE OF WALES will witness at the Tercentenary Fêtes.]



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13th.—Painful feeling created by sudden and total disappearance of ANSTRUTHER GRAY, late Major Royal Horse Guards. Was seen in his place a quarter of an hour ago. Filled for the moment a prominent position. Vote for something over a quarter of a million for medical expenses proposed; the Major objected. Encouraged by the support of that other eminent statesman, CLAUDE HAY, he went length of challenging division. Full 150 Members ready to make deposition that they saw him pass out when division was called. Was seen to take up position at wicket gate ready to assist in counting his following. No suggestion that he had been overwhelmed by their number. To tell the truth, they were five all told. Thus a couple of minutes—or, say, two and a-half—sufficed for the counting.

Thereupon it was the duty of the Major, as one of the Tellers, straightway to repair to the House, and await completion of the counting and the arrival of his co-Tellers. Here they were, standing in a line: JACK PEASE holding a paper in his hand recording another Ministerial triumph in Division Lobby; the MASTER OF ELIBANK on his left; next to him CLAUDE HAY. But where was Major ANSTRUTHER GRAY, Inspector of Concentration Camps during the war in the Transvaal, now Member for



"Hey, hey! Clear the way!
Here comes the Galloping Major!"

(Major Anstr-th-r Gr-y.)

St. Andrews Burghs? Not the kind of person who might be overlooked in casual inspection. If CATHCART WASON, Himalaya of Members, were not still with us, the Major, in respect of physical proportions, would be reckoned a mountain of a man.

Painful pause followed. Members began to think of *Lost Sir Mässingberd*, also of *Edwin Drood*, still missing. Old Members recalled an incident in Home Rule Parliament of 1892—5 when an eminent statesman, entering Lobby with apparent intention of joining in division, was not seen to emerge, nor was his vote recorded. Lord PEEL, then in SPEAKER'S Chair, appealed to on subject, delivered one of those sound judgments which link his name with SOLOMON'S.

"To my knowledge," he said, "Members have gone into the Lobby and they didn't always come out of the Lobby."

The case of Major ANSTRUTHER GRAY, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., differed inasmuch as he had not gone into the Lobby and therefore could not, by reasonable persons, be expected to

come out. He stood at the entrance; it was from the entrance he vanished from human ken. Tension of situation, which brought beads of perspiration on spacious brow of CLAUDE HAY, broken by cries of "Name! Name!" This obviously a mere expedient to relieve overcharged feelings. What was wanted was not the name, but the man—to be precise, the Major. To that end, Members rushed wildly forth in search. Meanwhile the three Tellers stood forlornly at the Table.

Presently murmur of cheering heard by doorway. Through the group clustered at the Bar broke the Major. In three strides he was at the foot of the Table, and, falling in line with the Tellers, heard the result of division announced. For the vote, 167; against it, 5.

SARK tells me explanation of the incident quite simple. The Major, who, though still a new Member, has been in the running for belt of Champion-Questioner, finds himself of late falling to rear. ASHLEY, who slackened off a bit a fortnight ago, is making up for precious time lost.



Mr. Arthur Henderson, responsible for the presentation of a Monster Petition, is puzzled how to get the Beastly Thing up to the Table.

A. S. WILSON has put on a spurt; Lord BOB shows disposition to make the running. By strange coincidence, just as the Major had finished counting his five men, there flashed upon his mind six questions he might ask to-morrow, four addressed to N. B. HALDANE, two to SEELY.

As soon as he had finished counting, forgetting in the excitement of the moment his next duty as Teller, went off to Library to draft his questions, and was there found by excited search party.

Business done.—Army Votes in Committee.

Tuesday.—Immediately on SPEAKER taking the Chair, sensation created by entrance of two stalwart messengers trundling before them a low trolley on which rested huge cylinder some four feet high. First impression suggested an electric cable. All eyes turned in direction of bench where KINCAID-SMITH is usually found. His famous feat last week when expounding clauses of his Bill for compulsory military training marks him out as the man best qualified to "lay down" the cable.

Leader of Independent Labour Party interposed with explanation. The huge mass that blocked approach to Table was not a coil of cable. It was merely a petition signed by 610,000 Wesleyan Methodists, demanding instant passage of Licensing Bill.

In Committee on Budget Bill, Mr. KETTLE boiled over with indignation against Fi'penny Tax on Tea. Wants it reduced to tuppence, at least for Ireland. On division amendment negatived by 230 votes against 91. KETTLE simmers down.

Business done.—Tea and sugar duties agreed to.

Friday.—Earl WINTERTON, continuing his study of constitution and imperfection of his Majesty's present Ministry, has arrived at striking conclusion.

"Until the present Parliament assembled," he incidentally remarked, "we never had the spectacle of Cabinet Ministers speaking at by-elections, writing articles for magazines, or singing songs and giving recitations at concerts."

Practice of Cabinet Ministers contributing articles to monthly magazines, sedulously cultivated by the late JAMES KNOWLES, not uncommon of recent date. Taking a prominent part in by-elections is as rare with Cabinet Ministers as it is reprehensible. Implied accusation of right hon. gentlemen singing songs



A POT-SHOT AT MR. KETTLE.

Boiling with indignation against the Tea-Tax.

and giving recitations at concerts a little obscure. It suggests the PREMIER, with Yorkshire accent that does not escape keen ear of men of Fife, chanting *Scots wha hae* at a bazaar; LLOYD-GEORGE, his face artistically touched up with burnt cork, singing *Land of Our Fathers* at a chapel tea party; and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, in his historic *redingote grise*, reciting to German workmen at tea on the Terrace a few stanzas from speech on Territorial Forces.

Perhaps, on seconding reading of



"The Premier chanting *Scots wha hae* at a bazaar."

Appropriation Bill, WINTERTON will take opportunity of furnishing a few particulars on interesting subject.

Business done.—Guillotine thoughtfully arranged for Licensing Bill.

THE PASSING OF MARY ANN.

O SHADE OF MRS. BEETON,
Her whose prolific pen
Has done so much to sweeten
The lives of Englishmen,
Come, let it now be thine to show'r
The tributary tear,
Weep, weep with us—this very hour
Cuts short a cook's career.

No charms of form or feature
Were hers; she did not seem
At all the kind of creature
To waken love's young dream;
People of nice æsthetic taste,
Remembering her, would sob
To think there could be such a waist,
A nose so like a knob.

And yet, though one could merely
Consider MARY ANN
As built on a severely
Unornamental plan,
She was possessed of points that must
Have pleased a butcher's whim,
For Mr. JOHNSON found her just
The very girl for him.

Ah, heartstrings all a-flutter
With thrills of brimming bliss
Too deep for tongue to utter!
Will someone tell me this?
What are the female charms that make
A butcher's bosom hum,
And cause him to refuse to take
His wonted pabulum?

Swifter than any Jehu
Would he approach our door,
Bright as the brightest sea hue
The apron that he wore,
Soft as the fan of zephyr's wings
His voice, as day by day
He brought her chops and steaks and
things,
And smiled her heart away.

O shade of MRS. BEETON,
Lament with one who feels
Almost as if he'd eaten
His last of earthly meals;
The robber JOHNSON claims his bride
This morn, and we're bereft;
No other cook, however wide,
Can fill the gap she's left.

"Mr. Gillingham made one or two risky
strokes through, or rather over, the 'sips' heads."
The Times.

If there is really a choice we
should prefer "through" as being
more exciting.



Father. "HOW IS IT YOU TELL SUCH GREAT BIG STORIES? I THINK I KNOW WHY."

Peggy. "DO YOU KNOW WHY, DADDY?"

Father. "BECAUSE YOU ARE A VERY, VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL."

Peggy. "I WONDERED IF YOU'D GUESS RIGHT, DADDY."

DISCURSIONS.

THE AKOND OF SWAT.

SEEING that we are all at this moment madly occupied with athletics and that many bicycle races are included in the Titanic programme of the Olympic Games, I now propose to relate the story of a certain bicycle. I am not sure that there is any real end to this story. So far as I remember, it just fades out gently into eternity, and, for all I know, it may still be going on.

The bicycle of which I speak became known to me some sixteen years ago. It was then carrying on a blameless, but diversified, existence in Oxford. In other words, it belonged to a bicycle agent and manufacturer, and from time to time it was hired out to undergraduates who desired to use it for the purpose of coaching their College boats from the towpath of the Isis.

Of such undergraduates none was more expert and determined than my friend ROBERTS—we will call him ROBERTS—of Magdalen College. He lived with his understudy DICKSON, also of Magdalen, in Long Wall Street, and their "digs" were renowned for hospitality, for dogs, and for the number of oars, the trophies of victory, that lined and adorned their walls. The hospi-

talities were profuse—cold fowl, cold lamb, salad, biscuits and marmalade—the dogs were wire-haired terriers, and were usually to be found on the armchairs, and the oars were of the ordinary pattern with six-inch blades.

On a certain morning after lectures it occurred to ROBERTS that he wanted to coach his College eight and would require a bicycle in the afternoon. He immediately sent DICKSON, his slave and worshipper, to hire a machine, and DICKSON duly proceeded to the bicycle shop, selected a spruce and promising bicycle, mounted it, and so conveyed it back to Long Wall Street, where he left it propped against the wall outside his lodgings. He then reported the success of his mission to his leader, and both of them set to work on their lunch. After lunch, since time hung heavy on the hands of ROBERTS, he decided to take a preliminary tour on his new acquisition. He opened the front-door and looked about him, but the bicycle was nowhere to be seen.

It was not in the nature of ROBERTS, an oarsman of great pluck and polish, to sit down meekly under this intolerable affront. Having by a severe cross-examination brought home to DICKSON the burdens and responsibilities of existence, he at once sent him to the police-station to give information as to the disappearance of the bicycle on which he had so confidently counted.

DICKSON, feeling that his reputation and his friendship with ROBERTS were at stake, hurried off, and within a few minutes the Oxford police shook their helmeted heads, assumed an air of sagacity, and promised to enquire. When DICKSON returned to Long Wall Street he was shocked and alarmed to find the bicycle, the object of his complaints, safely propped once more against the wall. There was only one thing to be done, and he did it by hastening back to the police-station and relieving the mind of the Inspector. When, after the accomplishment of this humane duty, he once more came in sight of his lodgings, lo and behold, the bicycle had vanished again. Thoroughly unmanned he fled up the street, appealing for succour as he went; but as he fled he happened to turn round, and there, sure enough, was the demon bicycle resting against its now familiar wall as if nothing had happened. DICKSON rushed upon it, seized it and conveyed it within the house. Then, having locked the door, he sat down upon the stairs and endeavoured in vain to think out the situation.

I must now hark back an hour or so in order that you may learn that in the house adjoining that of ROBERTS and DICKSON there lived COCKBURN, of University College, an aquatic hero of fame almost equal to that of ROBERTS. He, too, had proposed to coach an eight and had desired to hire a bicycle. Preceding DICKSON by a few minutes, he had gone to the shop, had selected the identical bicycle which was afterwards to attract the fancy of DICKSON, and, not wishing at that moment to ride it himself, had instructed the man to send it on later to his lodgings. Thereupon, as you already know, the ineffable DICKSON had come and taken it away. It is no part of the story to explain why they let him have it.

When COCKBURN, having lunched briefly but sufficiently elsewhere, returned to his house in Long Wall Street, he was pleased to see the bicycle against the wall where DICKSON had left it. "The man," he said to himself, "is prompter than I thought him," and, fired by his new sense of ownership, he immediately mounted the machine and rode off for a practice spin. It was at about this time that ROBERTS and DICKSON emerged from next door, with the result that DICKSON paid his first visit to the police. In the meantime COCKBURN came back, deposited the bicycle, and went into his own house, with the result that, as you have been told, DICKSON hastened again to the constabulary. At this moment ROBERTS, moved by some presentiment, decided to take the air. He came out, found the bicycle, rashly

condemned DICKSON as incompetent, got up on the machine and pedalled cheerfully away.

I feel that this story is now strangling me, but I must proceed at all risks. COCKBURN, coming out once more, observed that there was no bicycle, and he, too, fled on the wings of fear to the police to give information of his dreadful and inexplicable loss. DICKSON also returned, as I have described, and went shrieking up Long Wall Street. Then ROBERTS pedalled back, propped the bicycle and went within; and lastly DICKSON turned round, seized the bicycle and took it into his lodgings.

ROBERTS eventually had the bicycle, DICKSON was restored to favour, and COCKBURN, a distracted man, went roaming over Oxford searching for a machine which had eluded him. The police have never under-

stood the business, and are still confusedly looking about them for a bicycle which has long since gone to the scrap-heap. The agent lost a valued customer in COCKBURN, but regained possession of his bicycle. He, too, has never understood the ins and outs of the painful story; but he was a man of no imagination and cared little for romance. I find I have said nothing about the Akond of Swat—but it is a delightful and irresistible title, and I shall let it stand.



Inebriated Chauffeur (formerly a cab-driver). "Now then, we must move along, old girl. You've had quite enough to drink!"

"Hatton finished off the innings in great style. He took the fifth and sixth wickets with successive balls. Had not a catch been missed his next delivery would have yielded a victim also. Off the second ball of his next over he finished the innings by doing the hat-trick."

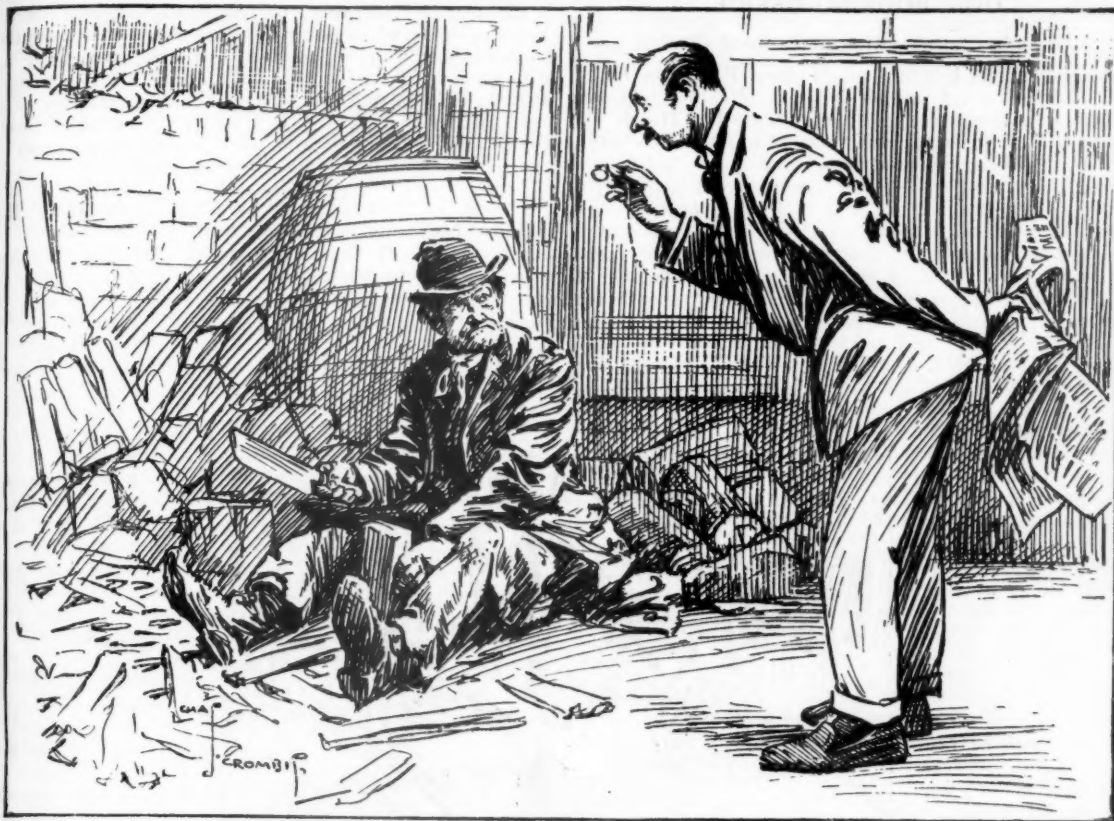
Western Daily Mercury.

We don't quite see how he did the hat trick in one ball, but seeing how near he had come to it the over before, and that his name was simply crying for it, we are ready to believe.

"Room for improvement" is one of the attractions offered in an advertisement in *The Liverpool Daily Post* of a publichouse to let; but we are afraid that the billiard room mentioned just before will prove the more attractive of the two. Still it is a worthy idea, and we should like to bring it to Mr. ASQUITH's notice.

Not Cricket.

The attempt of the Suffragettes last Thursday to seize a pitch for themselves at the Oval was frustrated, stump oratory being no part of the programme for HAYES's benefit. Anti-Suffragists, on the other hand, were allowed to enter and get wet. They were distinguished by brooches bearing the initials L.B.W. ("Let's Be Women").



"YOU MUST CUT IT A BIT SMALLER THAN THAT."

"YER CAN'T EGGSPECK ME TO CUT IT SMALLER 'N THAT FOR *THRIPPENCE* A HOUR, GUV'NOR."

A REMEDY FOR ROAD-BLOCKS.

Nor before it is wanted, a time-limit is being proposed for break-downs of heavy vehicles in the London streets. We learn that the L.C.C. is very cross with offending motor-buses in particular, and is about to ask Parliament for drastic powers to bring about the removal of these and similar obstructions, when their wayward machinery disables them from moving on.

The course of proceedings will be somewhat as follows:—

If the engine shows signs of temper and misbehaviour by back-firing, letting a piston seize, exploding in its silencer, declutching of its own accord, or otherwise, the nearest "police trap" in plain clothes shall signal or telephone ahead to his colleagues to keep an eye on the vehicle in question, as being likely to travel below the speed-limit.

When a motor-bus comes to a dead stop and refuses to budge, the names and addresses of the several passengers shall be taken as being accessories before the fact, on the ground that, without such public patronage, the vehicle

would not be running, or failing to run, at all.

The police shall then, with all possible despatch, request the attendance of a magistrate to read the Riot Act (Geo. I.), and disperse the crowd of some thousands which will by that time have assembled.

Failing the peaceable departure of the latter, the military shall be called out, with instructions to fire blank cartridge only at first.

In any case, a cordon shall be drawn across the road, and barriers erected one hundred yards in front of, and behind, the cause of obstruction, with the notice "Road Stopped by Order of the L.C.C." legibly exhibited.

As soon as all householders within one quarter mile radius have been warned to put up their shutters, and, in the case of shop-keepers, to barricade their shop-fronts, a detachment of Royal Engineers shall be summoned to blow up the stationary motor-bus with dynamite.

On the removal of the *débris*, which must be effected within two hours of the explosion, and after due inspection by the Chairman of the London County

Council, provided that he was at the moment of the breakdown not more than fifty miles from the scene, the street traffic shall be resumed, if the state of the roadway permits of the same.

By this means it is expected that all refractory metropolitan stage carriages will be cured of unprogressive tendencies, and trained to move promptly "Higher up!"

"The *Lusitania* has created a new Atlantic record, her passage occupying four days 24 hours eight minutes."—*The Natal Mercury*.

And in a little while, if you will believe us, somebody will go and do it in THREE DAYS 48 hours seven minutes and 60 seconds. That's the way records get broken.

"Deep in the interior of the New World they followed the current of the Mississippi to its source, more than three thousand miles to the south, in the Gulf of Mexico."

Daily Telegraph.

For continuation of this story buy *The Daily Telegraph's* "Geographers' Geography of the World," 7d. fortnightly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

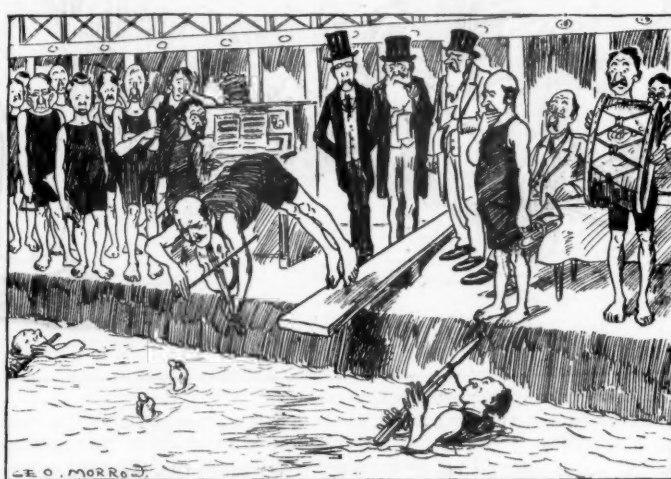
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

JOHN TREVENA has told us all about *Furze the Cruel*, and his last novel, which he calls *Heather* (ALSTON RIVERS), might well have been named "Heath the Horrible," for a larger collection of unpleasant characters has seldom appeared in a single book before. It would be a positive relief to come across an escaped convict after encountering a few of the author's eccentrics and solitaires. Some of them have consumption and live in a kind of open-air sanatorium on the moor, where they have to feed for all they are worth, regardless of immediate consequences. Others are "commoners" of Dartmoor Forest, residing at Wheal Dream in a state of dirt and unpleasantness that the daily papers (but not Mr. TREVENA) would undoubtedly find "indescribable." Then there is a vicar who burns down most of the landlord in order to send the insurance money to his wife who has run off with another man; and an artist, *George Brunacombe*, who reminds me of nothing so much as the old man with the beard, of Limerick fame. But the author's power, pitiless though it is, is magnificent, and he presents the savage charm of his country with an almost terrifying enthrallment that haunts the reader long after the book is finished. It is pleasant to relate that the only two tolerable people in the story, *George* and *Winifred*, come together at the end, though their union is slightly irregular, and that the former, on becoming suddenly famous, decides to wash. I cannot help thinking that all the nice clean cottages down Dartmoor way must be occupied by the other novelists as lodgers, for Mr. JOHN TREVENA does not seem to have found any.

Jack Spurlock, Prodigal (MURRAY), by GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, reads as if it were written for serial publication. This tends to spoil the interest, for one gets into the way, after a chapter or two, of knowing just where to expect a minor climax, and one is conscious every now and then that the author is expanding the matter to fill the space. Still there is a good deal of fun, and some sound sense, in the account of *Jack Spurlock's* struggles to exist after that Captain of Industry and Railway Magnate his father has "turned him from his do'," as *Major Magoffin Jackson* (a delightful character) puts it, and before that "do'" has been opened to welcome him back. It is all as American as buckwheat cake with maple syrup. So American is it, indeed, that on the strength of its evidence one

is moved to reform certain old-standing opinions. One is inclined, for instance, to doubt all one hears about Yankee hustle when one reads that *Jack* "was like the bank cashier who, in answer to a hurry-call from his wife to get rich quick, loaded up with Steel Common at fifty, only to find the toboggan greased and the bank examiner at the door." It would have saved so much time (which, I understand, is valuable in America) to say merely that he made a bad bargain.

I wish I could help Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. His restless discontent with the social system is shown in every chapter of this collection of sketches, *A Commentary* (GRANT RICHARDS), but he makes no effort to construct a better system. He sees a poor man in consumption; a convict in a prison; a fashionable lady in her carriage; or perhaps he hears of some anomaly in the Divorce Laws; and he says bitterly to himself, "It's all wrong." Whether the question "How can it be put right?" occurs to him then, I cannot say; there is no sign of it in this book. Nor can I say whether Mr. GALSWORTHY ever sees anything good in the world; if he does, he thinks it is hardly worth while to comment on it. His attitude appears to be: "There is a vast amount of suffering going on, and the thought of it makes me very uncomfortable. I am going to tell you all about it and make you uncomfortable, too; and perhaps when we are all uncomfortable together something will be done. Heaven knows what." *A Commentary* is as brilliantly unsympathetic a study of



"Wanted, Assistant Master for L.C.C. school. Must be qualified in swimming and music." [ADVT.]

EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES.

human nature as I have read.

There may be folk who'll go and get JOHN MASEFIELD's *Captain Margaret*,

In hopes that JOHN has written on Some Amazonian Suffragette.

To these it's only fair to say
The tale is not for such as they;

The author fills his book with thrills,
But in another kind of way.

He tells about the Spanish Main
In good King JAMES THE SECOND's reign.

And, though the theme's well worn, he seems
To make it somehow young again.

The English do not always win;
Spain is not always steeped in sin;

And privateers are not such dears
Seen in the light he puts them in.

Best of the writer's sailor tales,
From out GRANT RICHARDS' port it hails,

And all who need a book to read
Should raise the wind and swell its sales.

CHARIVARIA.

WILL the result of Old Age Pensions be the abolition of workhouses? asks a correspondent. We hope not. The country ought surely to maintain some sort of shelter for the head of the broken-down taxpayer.

Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., complains that very few politicians are sincere. Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. LONG, he declares, talk fiercely from the front benches, but dine or smoke together afterwards. So different from Mr. KEIR HARDIE and the KING!

Mr. PETE CURRAN, too, does not think much of the House of Commons. He has stated publicly that he is doubtful whether he has ever been in such bad company as that with which he has been compelled to associate in his experience as Member of Parliament. Evidently the proposal for the abolition of the Upper House does not go far enough.

The Government refuses to give power, in its Licensing Bill, to publicans to appeal to the Quarter Sessions against the extinction of their licences. The Quarter Sessions, it appears, have in the past shown some consideration for the trade, and what the Government really wants is No-Quarter Sessions.

Meanwhile the debate in the Commons anyhow served a purpose by drawing attention to the fact that the Government, in its determination to reduce the on-licences (to the great advantage of the off-licences) is willing, for its own purposes, that what is undoubtedly the grocer evil shall remain.

The statement that certain Nationalist Members are thinking of wearing the Irish kilt in Parliament has aroused some curiosity as to the nature of that garment. According to one alarmist rumour, it consists merely of a Celtic fringe.

The Westminster Gazette is changing hands—but, fortunately, not

thus: "What can they know of England who only London know!" And we in our turn are almost tempted to ask: "What can they know of TENNYSON who only KIPLING know!"

At a time when the hundreds of Archbishops and Bishops who came to London for the Pan-Anglican Congress are about to return home we would like to place it on record that their conduct while they have been with us has been exemplary, and that no single instance of crime of any sort, or even rowdiness, has been brought home to them.

The Queensland judge who held that oysters are wild beasts had evidently consulted the pages of his *Punch*, where, some years ago, it was recorded that an intending purchaser, who enquired whether the oysters he proposed to eat were fresh, was met with the satisfactory answer: "Fresh? Why one has just bitten a customer's lip."

One result of the Marathon Race, a stockbroking friend tells us, is a slight fall in Great Western Railway and London and South-Western Railway shares. Now that it has been shown that it is possible to get from Windsor to London in a comparatively short time on foot, it

is thought that many business men who have to come to town each day will in future trot up, indulging in friendly races on the way.

From an advertisement in *The Daily Mail*:

"Americans always wear ready-made clothes and why not take a few wrinkles from them?" We are not at all sure that you can take the wrinkles from ready-made clothes.



His Lordship. "How 's THAT?"
Umpire (the butler). "NOT AT 'OME, MY LORD!"

heads. Mr. SPENDER and Sir F. C. GOULD are to remain.

Admiral RODJESTVENSKY has met with a strange fate. The survivor of the horrors of the battle of Tsushima has perished at the hands of a newspaper correspondent.

Said *The Glasgow Daily Record* à propos of the poor attendance at the Olympic Games:—"We feel almost provoked to parody TENNYSON

UNLIMITED LULU.

[With compliments to the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT, First Commissioner of Works, to whose multifarious functions and versatile tact a contemporary has lately directed attention.]

You who, by right of office, fill the chair
When Britain tenders public hospitality
(In hope of feeding angels unaware)
To foreigners from every known locality,
And all the tongues of Babel
Are urged to eat as much as they are able;

In you how many graceful functions blend!
It is your dearest joy as well as duty
To elevate the Cockney and extend
His latent interest in London's beauty;
It is, in fact, your part
To mould his taste for Monumental Art.

To you alone the Royal Parks belong:
If in those scenes designed for meditation
The Suffragette would like to come out strong,
It is to you that she must make oblation;
The very grass and trees
Must ask you, "May we go on growing, please?"

It is beneath your mild but searching eye
That char-maids purge the House with mop and
besom;
To you the Peers uplift a plaintive cry
To have their pews repaired, and you appease 'em;
Or, should you choose to doubt
If they deserve it, then they go without.

Some men rely on Grace and some on Works;
You shine in both; a subtle air of fitness
Under your nobly-groomed exterior lurks,
And even Tories take delight to witness
Your perfect self-control,
Your limpid Lulucidity of soul.

O. S.

MY DRAMATIC DÉBUT.

You may have seen a letter which was recently published by an important London journal, signed "One of the Great Unacted." It was mine. Unsuspected by the simple souls of Brickville, I have written and submitted to the so-called actor-managers of London, under whose senseless and emasculating sway the genius of our younger playwrights is being slowly but surely crushed out of existence, several plays of undoubted though unacknowledged merit. Inept adaptations of unpleasant Continental dramas, wholly unsuited to the purer atmosphere of the British stage, and mutilated and bowdlerised till they have entirely lost what little original virtue they possessed, are daily accepted by the so-called actor-managers of the Metropolis, under whose senseless and emasculating sway— But I perceive that I am repeating myself and my letter. As you have doubtless read it, this is an unnecessary waste of time. I turn from the general to the particular.

One of these rejected addresses was couched in the form of a duologue, at once wise and witty and tender and true. For five years and four months it had gone the round of the principal managers in London, only to return to me, time after time, like the dove to the ark, its delicate plumage soiled and disfigured by thumb-marks, which, had they had their deserts, would long ago have been registered at Scotland Yard. Little did I think when it was refused for the sixth time that Mrs.

MASTERMAN, our Rector's wife at Brickville, would be the humble and unconscious means of its seeing the glare of the footlights. Little did I think— But that belongs to a later part of the story. For the present, I need only say that, when I yielded to Mrs. M.'s demand for my assistance in raising funds for a new churchyard, I concealed the fact that the play which I promised to produce, with the assistance of GLADYS, was my own. I was resolved that it should be judged solely on its own merits.

It was.

During the frequent arm-chair rehearsals which were necessary before we were word-perfect (the mere acting was a comparatively simple matter, as, like all good drama, my play acted itself), GLADYS once or twice expressed a fear that the Brickvillians might not see its real beauty. Hadn't we better, she asked, do something which their unsophisticated minds would be able to grasp? Surely there must be some play—

I assured her that, as far as my experience went, there was none, and that it would be all right on the night, she would see. And, though privately I shared her apprehensions, they proved to be quite unfounded. Six times we were called before the curtain, and only the obvious jealousy of the stage-manager—the Brickville butcher—prevented me from responding to an undeniable seventh appeal. But I found consolation in the somewhat bitter thought that, for each of the rebuffs which I had received in London, Brickville had given me a call.

After it was all over, Mrs. M. came up to me in her flamboyant manner (inclined, as I often think, to *embonpoint*), and tapped me on the shoulder with her fan.

"Splendid!" she cried. "Magnificent! How ever did you do it? You were both first-rate. I can't tell you how grateful I am. You must always act for me."

I smiled a deprecating smile, secretly enjoying my long-deferred triumph. "Did you really like it?" I asked. "Didn't strike you as being amateurish?"

"Not a bit!" she said. "I was just going to tell you. Some friends of mine in the audience saw the piece performed in London by professionals. And they didn't do it half so well as you and Miss GLADYS!"

GLADYS looked at me, and I looked at GLADYS, and we grinned, and while I was thinking of a really neat way of scoring off Mrs. M. without being too severe she took up her parable again.

"Of course," she said, "it was all the acting. Silly little piece, isn't it? I wonder who it's by. But you got such a lot out of it. You really must go on the stage, both of you." And she fluttered off to her next victim.

And then, somehow, such is the divine power of sympathy with which some women are blessed, I found that all unconsciously, seeking only to heal my wounded self-esteem, GLADYS had slipped her little hand into mine. Mrs. MASTERMAN's failure to appreciate the fine and subtle qualities of my play had brought about the complete understanding with GLADYS which I had long sought in vain to compass by more direct methods. And so, though, like all true artists, I abhor the banal convention of a happy ending, my own story is brought to a close to the sound of wedding bells.

There is only one subject on which GLADYS and I are not agreed. She persists in thinking, as I confess I did myself at first, that Mrs. M. lied about her friends in the audience. But I am not so certain. After all, I seldom visit a London theatre. It seems to me more



THE OPEN-MINDED SENTRY.

LORD ROSEBERY. "PASS, FRIEND. ALL'S FAR FROM WELL!"

THE OLD ALBION STORE



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Miss Gushington. "DOESN'T HE PLAY DIVINELY?"

Colonel Fitz-Foozle (suddenly waking up). "ER—WHAT'S HIS HANDICAP?"

than likely that one of the managers who read my duologue, suddenly realising that he was incapable of "visualising" my play in manuscript, produced it experimentally, without saying anything about it. Then, when it fell flat, as of course it was bound to do considering the incompetence of the young and untried actors to whom it was no doubt entrusted, he returned it to me with the usual polite but lying formula. Now if I were one of the so-called managers under whose senseless— [Thanks! Ring off, please.—Ed.]

THE PHEIDIPPIDES LEGEND.

"MARATHON SCHOLAR."—Many thanks for your offer to correct *Mr. Punch* in the matter of PHEIDIPPIDES. If you will kindly forward a quotation from any reputable historian of the time proving that PHEIDIPPIDES did not run from Marathon to Athens with news of the victory—whether any one else did or not—he (*Mr. Punch*) will be happy to inspect the passage. Meanwhile, the PHEIDIPPIDES legend, as immortalised by ROBERT BROWNING (you have heard of ROBERT BROWNING?), will serve as well as most other legends dating from that period.

"The Navy cannot be further weakened by these terrible exhibitions of personalities. Far better that there should be a clean sweep, involving the disappearance from the scene of all those involved, guilty as well as innocent."—*Daily Express*.

Getting rid of the guilty as well is quite an idea.

"The public meeting held in the Town Hall last night cannot but be regarded as otherwise than disappointing."—*Natal Mercury*.

The editor appears to us to be hedging.

LINES TO THE LAST STRAWBERRY:

SURVIVOR of the season's crimson rout,
Whose comrades have incarnadined my platter,
Late laggard of July, and just about
To pass away into a pinkish batter,
I pause to dash
The tear-drop from my eye, before I mash!

I shall not feel, I think, such fond regret
When dying roses make the lawn look squalid,
Nor when, too soon, across the slackened net
The last white orb of summer has been volleyed,
As now I do
Soft spheroid, in eviscerating you.

What garden was it, languorous with scent,
Where first the morning sun began to mottle
Your homely features in the heart of Kent?
And ere they packed you in the leaf-lined pottle
On what low bed
Of patent compost did you hide your head?

I cannot say. But, anyhow, the stream,
The still, white stream of Lethe laps you closely;
The sifted sweetness mingles with the cream;
You perish, but you shall not perish grossly;
A form so fat
Deserves some pomp—Great Heavens, what was that?

Vile ingrate! Scarlet hypocrite! Is this
The way you treat the fervour of a poet?
What madness of the gods, what Nemesis
(You looked the nicest of the lot, you know it)
Has made me sing
The mausoleum of a Creeping Thing?

SALAMIS SIDE-LIGHTS.

[Contributed by our Extremely Sporting Correspondent, Author of "Marathon Memorabilia," "Marathonia," "Mince-meat from Marathon," etc., etc.]

THE Salamis Race, which is due to take place on Friday at Henley, will bring to a fitting conclusion the series of International aquatic contests upon which the eyes of the sporting world have been fixed for the past few days.

The Origin of the Race.

As all my readers know by this time, this race is called the Salamis Race because it commemorates the famous eight-oared crew, stroked by one PHIDIPPIDES, which rowed from Salamis to Athens to announce the news of the great Greek victory over the Persian fleet, the distance between the two places being approximately the same (if we allow for the difference in the Greek calendar) as that which will be negotiated upon the Henley course on Friday.

The world's best crews are competing, they are in splendid condition, and international rivalry is acute. Though it is too early yet to venture to name the winner, I may safely predict that the winning crew, whichever it may be, will take a lot of beating.

The Course.

But, first, a few words as to the course. Below will be found a map of the Salamis Route.

[We much regret to say that our Extremely Sporting Correspondent has (by some error) sent us, instead of a plan of the Salamis Route, what appears to be a chart of the District Railway between St. James' Park and Hammersmith. As this can be seen at any Underground station, we forbear to reproduce it.—EDITOR.]

The course is in excellent condition, the surface being delightfully smooth; all the competing crews are enthusiastic about it, and are loud in their praises of the trouble the A.R.A. have taken to prepare it. On the whole, a wonderfully level route has been chosen, hills of any steepness having been carefully avoided.

Where to See the Race.

That the whole course will be lined with spectators goes without saying. I have, with some difficulty, prepared a list of trains and trams to the different points on the route, and—

[Our Correspondent has been too conscientious. The simplest way is to drive or train to Henley, walking

or rowing from there to the desired position.—EDITOR.]

Time Table of Race.

The times at which the leading crew may be expected at the different points named—

[Seeing that, if the Daylight Saving Bill should pass before the Salamis Race is rowed, all these times would become extremely misleading, we have decided to hold them over.—EDITOR.]

"Who's Who" of Crews.

Long Boat and Pony: Sensational Story.

CANADA.—The Canadian long boat (or, as we should say, "light ship"), is much fancied to win the race. The crew of the "long boat" have not been training with the Canadian runners at the Stadium, but have been rowing at Henley, where they have accomplished some sensational times, on several occasions arriving at the winning-post before their coach, who was upon a pony.

CAMBRIDGE.—The oldest of the competitors. Slightly on the wrong side of six hundred and seventy. Best suited by firm going and dry surface. Much fancied to win.

LEANDER.—The only Greek entry which has any chance of success. Its victory would be extremely popular at Athens. Much fancied to win.

BELGIUM.—With a high-springing action, this country, upon which the Belgians pin their faith, should be well up in the front. Much fancied to win.

Salamis Smatterings.

A herring won the last Salamis Race.

There is great diversity of opinion as to what is the best nourishment to take during the race. All agree upon the value of a wet sponge passed over the head and neck at intervals during the contest. Luckily, there is plenty of water obtainable for this purpose.

The original Salamis course was over salt water. At Henley the water is fresh. To avoid any suspicion of unfairness the Committee has explained the nature of the difference to the foreign competitors.

Curiously enough, the last Salamis Race was won by a herring. This is the first recorded instance of such a thing happening.

It is considered unlikely that any of the competitors will mistake the route.

A. A. M.

THE BATTLE OF AVOIRDUPOIS.

[In the final of the Olympic Tug-of-War the City Police pulled over the Liverpool Police. The light-weight of the former team is stated to have scaled 14 stone.]

WHEN the foaming sea-god thunders
On the mute marine parade;
When the home-bound Vanguard
blunders
And the kerb is badly frayed;
When the bull-whale seeks revenge in
Battle for his consort slain;
When one sees a donkey engine
Drive a crane—

Things like these convey a notion
To the human weakling's mind
Of colossal power in motion,
Bulk and majesty combined:
Pulses in the heart are shaken
By those mammoth powers at play.
Much as by a tonic taken
Thrice a day.

But of all titanic tussles
That can sound the soul's abyss,
Was there ever match of muscles
Worthy to be ranked with this?
What were all the Hellene's hobbies,
What the pagan wrestler's scope,
When compared with Briton's
bobbies
On a rope?

Milo with his beefy dinners,
Zeus-engendered Heracles,
All the roll of classic winners
Would not take the boots of these;
Evermore in moments idle
I shall muse upon the scenes
Where they stamped their fratricidal
Small eighteens.

And at eve, when ROBERT drowns
Softly at his usual post,
While the careless world carouses,
I shall drain a silent toast
To that deathless tourney proper,
Where, before a gaping throng,
Copper made immortal copper
"Pass along."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

["A New York publisher has lately been sending round the American Press a brief biographical notice of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, in which it is mentioned, among other things, that she is a granddaughter of 'the famous Dr. ARNOLD, who wrote the Tom Brown stories.'—Westminster Gazette, July 20.]

THE announcement that a new novel is shortly to be expected from the pen of Miss MARIE CORELLI may serve as an excuse for reminding our readers that it was her gifted ancestor, ARCANGELO CORELLI, the famous musician, who composed the well-known opera entitled *Mefistofele*; or, *The Sorrows of Satan*.

Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, whose novels and stories dealing with sea

life have achieved so wide a popularity of recent years, is, we understand, a collateral descendant of the illustrious Miss ANNE BULLEN, whose remarkable romance *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, first brought her to the notice of KING HENRY VIII.

The late R. L. STEVENSON, though he spelt his name differently, was, we are assured on the best American authority, a grandson of the famous engineer, ROBERT STEPHENSON, to whom Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING dedicated his volume *Menai Inventions*.

Although it has been positively stated in some of the best American papers that Sir WILLIAM S. GILBERT is distantly connected with GILBERT WHITE of Selborne, we have good authority for asserting that this interesting allegation is unfounded. On the other hand, Mr. PERCY WHITE, the first large edition of whose new novel has been entirely exhausted, undoubtedly bears the surname of the gifted naturalist as well as that of BLANCO WHITE the eminent poet, a fact which is in itself strong presumptive evidence of hereditary genius.

An extraordinarily interesting discovery has just been made by Mr. VOLNEY P. SLOCUM, the literary paragonist of *The Pittsburg Clarion*. It is to the effect that *East Lynne* and many other novels were written by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, the gifted vocalist and wife of the renowned conductor who presides over the Queen's Hall orchestra with such magisterial prestidigitation. The same writer has also placed it beyond a doubt that Mr. FRANK R. BENSON, the illustrious tragedian, is the author of *Through a College Window*, *The Upton Letters*, and the "Dodo" books.

Mr. W. H. HUDSON, the famous naturalist and author of *The Purple Land*, has written to the *Athenæum* to contradict the statement of the *New York Bookie* that at an earlier stage of his career he was known as Hudson the Railway King.

WOLFFE'S CHANNEL

SWIM COMMENCED.

"Westminster Gazette" poster.

Our geography is rusty, and we do not clearly remember where this channel is. But we are not surprised that the swimmers are beginning to try other channels for their energies, having been so frequently beaten by the English Channel.



New Owner (who has just bought schooner-yacht). "LOOK 'ERE, MCPHEESON, YOU'LL 'AVE TO 'AVE THAT PILLAR REMOVED BEFORE MY WIFE COMES DOWN. SHE'LL WANT TO SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE."

McP. "WEEL, YE'LL HAE TO MAK A STEAMER O' HER, FOR THAT'S ANE O' THE MASTS!"

THE POSTMAN.

HAD it been an ordinary letter, the fellow would have just slipped it inside the letter-box and said nothing about it. But, you see, it was not an ordinary letter. People who write ordinary letters do not write them to me, either because they think that I am too æsthetic to tolerate the colour of a penny stamp, or because they cannot bring themselves to make the necessary outlay, or because they do not know my address. I rarely, if ever, receive letters from people outside the Services; in fact I may say that my only regular correspondent is the Army and Navy, whom I met over a deal in socks. One is perhaps a small number for a complete circle of friends, but I venture to think that there is more in my one friend than in twenty of your everyday acquaintances. My friend is the sort of creature who knows a bit about everything; and a friend who can and does tell you all about the

quality and price of all known things and draw pictures of most of them is a friend whose correspondence is worth having, even though he is only a Stores.

Now, my letter-box is built especially to fit my correspondence. It will only admit the ordinary-sized letter, and the people who write the ordinary-sized letter do not write it (as I have said) to me. Therefore the Postman cannot put my letter into the box, but must give it to me personally. That he cannot do if I am not here; so that, when I am away, my friend cannot write to me, a fact which saves him trouble and me disappointment. Hence the four knocks on the door and the Postman waiting without.

"Come inside, won't you?" I said to him.

"Now that is really nice of you," said the dear old fellow (as I thought him then) with tears in his eyes. "I have called on 487 others this evening and not one of them has even answered the door."

"The door should not ask questions," I said in my jocular way, as I led him through into the sitting-room. Once ensconced in our chairs before the fire where the July log was blazing, "How do you like being a Postman?" I asked him, more to start the conversation than with a view of eliciting scandalous chit-chat.

"Oh, so-so," he answered. "How do you like not being a Postman?" and from that we passed on to such other topics as a Postman and a non-Postman would naturally discuss together. "If you were to guess," he said, "how many letters were delivered in a year. . . ."

"I should," I interrupted, "guess wrong."

"But delivering a letter," he continued, "is not the simple job you suppose it to be. Ours is a difficult and responsible position, which requires a great deal of tactful discretion. Take this block of flats, for instance. The minute my rat-tat. . . ."

"I beg your pardon."

"I beg yours," he said.

"Let each keep his own," I suggested, "and consider the mutual transaction as complete."

"The minute," he pursued, "there is heard the double knock, which no other than a Postman can give and than which a Postman can give no other, everyone in the building expects a letter. 'There's BANKS, you say to yourself; he's a decent sort of fellow, let's give him one. Then there's CLEAVER—he's got as much as is good for him already; and I gave Miss SAUNDERS one yesterday. FRASER means well; give him a postcard. HEBBLETHWAITE doesn't; give him a bill.' And so on."

"Why, then," I said a little crossly perhaps, "do you nearly always leave me out?"

"Well, you see, old man," he said apologetically, "if I give you a letter in the morning, you go back to bed and stay there reading it when you ought to be getting up, and, if I give you one in the evening, you stay up reading it when you ought to be going to bed. As you are always out for the afternoon delivery, what is a man to do?"

"Have a cigarette," I said, "and take it that you are forgiven."

"Thanks," he answered, putting his hand in his bag; "have a letter."

I blessed him for the kindly thought and gazed casually at the half-penny stamp. "Ah," I said, "from the Army. Do you know him?"

"Army?" he said. "Let me see. Doesn't he live with the Navy down Victoria way? Oh, yes, I know him fairly well; I call on him about five times a day."

"Excuse me opening it?" I asked in my best manner.

"I would excuse you willingly," he replied, "did the letter not happen to be open already."

"For once, old Thing," I laughed, "you are wrong. For this time only by some curious chance they have licked the flap."

"Indeed?" he said curtly, examining the envelope, which was obviously closed. "Then you owe me a penny."

I was too much hurt to argue with him, so paid him the penny with frigid politeness, telling him at the same time what I thought of this petty extortion. He saw I was upset and tried to pass the whole thing off as a joke, but it became plain that it was no joke when he refused to give me my penny back. There were words, and the upshot of it all was that I told him that I should not in future be at home when he knocked. He answered with passion that he should never knock again if he could possibly avoid doing so, and gave me back (as became a gentleman and a Postman) as much of my cigarette as he had not smoked.

* * * * *

Since that eventful evening he has always brought old Stores' letters when I have been out and has forced them under the door. I hate to think what would happen if someone were to address to me a good-sized parcel.

AMUSEMENT.

FOR the tenth time I laid aside the volume by Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Under other conditions I might have managed it; but this afternoon it was impossible. The rain grew worse as the glass rose higher. For the tenth time I endeavoured to find something new in *The Daily Telegraph*: I even read the advertisements. I walked round the pictures again, and again read the funeral card that was stuck in the mirror: SARAH ANN THURSBY, aged 59. A very easy age at which to die, I thought it. It was a wonder that she had lived so long. Her end was peace, anyway.

The rain was worse than ever, and the glass higher than ever. An old man was crossing the road under an umbrella, which so dripped that he was wetter in one part of his back than he would have been all over had

he carried a walking-stick. What was I to do? The train did not go for two hours yet; and a time comes when old *Tatlers* and old *Sketches*, celebrating plays long since dead, are less entertaining than nothing. Why had I not Mr. GLADSTONE's gift of going to sleep at any moment? One should cultivate it.

I wondered if HAYES had insured himself against this weather, and, if not, how he was taking his luck. I opened a cupboard in the hope of finding another book, but it contained only a pack of cards and some bagatelle balls. I looked out of the window again. The sky grew lighter with that lightness which, while on some days it means a clearing up, on days like this means worse rain. The gramophone in the bar began to sing. I turned again to Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

At this moment the door was knocked and the servant-girl came in carrying a book. "Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. WINTER sends you the Visitors' Book with her compliments, and hopes you may be amused by it."

Amused! Delightful word. I had thought never to be amused again. I took the book.

Have you ever examined the Visitors' Book of a country inn, either for amusement or with the cold eye of criticism? It is appalling. That is the only word I can think of, and I use it deliberately. Appalling. The beasts of the field become intellectual beside the facetious commentators and even serious commentators of these volumes, which, it must be remembered, exist in their thousands in this country alone.

"Dr. and Mrs. SILVESTER much enjoyed their stay at the White Hart, which they prolonged by two days owing to the beautiful weather."

"Lord DORKING and the Earl of PECKHAM can speak to the freshness of the White Hart eggs. No election brand here. Now we shan't be long."

"Mr. LIPSCOMBE and the members of the Roydale Botanical Society made a Hart-y meal."

"The Roydale Botanical Society understand chestnuts anyway!"

E. THOMAS."

"The Ten Boozers" arrived from Pulverhampton in time for lunch, and very soon made the joint look silly, especially His Nibs."

"Mr. and Mrs. BLAND have just concluded their fifth annual visit. Everything perfect as usual."

"ALLY SLOPER, BILL BAILEY, and WEE MACGREGOR wish long life and happiness to Host WINTER and Mrs. WINTER."

"Mrs. and Miss VAUGHAN, of The Cedars, Balham, have much enjoyed their stay. Everything at the White Hart is a treat."

"Everything is A 1 at the White Hart. Ask Emmie and Vi if they like raspberry jam. Not much, I don't sink."

THE SOFTEST OF THE FAMILY."

"It is a great pity that people use this book for the purpose of airing their would-be wit. The practice is in danger of causing others to think too lightly of Mrs. WINTER's excellent fare and unremitting kindness. H. ANSTRUTHER-STAPLES."

"Arf time, cockey!

B. MARJORIBANKS-CHOLMONDELEY."

"Mrs. WINTER served us a first-class tea at very reasonable cost at very short notice. In fact, I might say it was summarily served. We mean to come again."

DAVID JOHNSON."

And so on, for hundreds of pages. I read and read, and it got wetter and wetter as the glass rose. Was I amused? I don't know. But the time went, and at least I was not edified. But what a world!

A GUILBERTIAN SITUATION.

[Madame YVETTE GUILBERT, writing in the *Westminster Gazette* of July 21, strongly advocates the divided skirt, and concludes: "From the day on which women will become capable of using their feet and their fists, equality will be gained. . . . Ladies, cultivate muscle, for by muscle only will you conquer."]

"LADIES who, athirst for progress,
Strive your fellow slaves to free,
Let the Amazonian ogress
Ever your exemplar be.

Futile is the fret and bustle
Of the valiant Suffragette
Unaccompanied by muscle,"
Cries the prophetess YVETTE.

Followers of PETER KEARY,
That portentous publicist,
On the need of being cheery
Must ferociously insist.

But the cult of mental hustle
For the Feminist is vain;
She must cultivate her muscle
More severely than her brain.

Man at present is the stronger,
But his reign cannot endure.
Woman, trained a little longer,
Will the upper hand secure.

And in many a hard-fought tussle,
Constables, though stout and tall,



Officer (to new recruit doing "sentry go" for the first time). "NOW MIND YOU LET NO ONE GO BY WITHOUT CHALLENGING THEM."

Recruit. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. DON'T YOU WORRY. THE SLIGHTEST NOISE WAKES ME UP!"

Must, against superior muscle,
Like so many ninepins fall.

In the past her mode of dressing
Made her sickly, weak and pale,
Though it may have proved caressing
To the senses of the male.

Now, abjuring frocks that rustle
With a feminine *frou-frou*,
She must concentrate on muscle
And divide her skirts in two.

"Can anyone suggest a good opening for a small boarding house near London?"

The Queen.

Why not try a door? Much better than any of these fancy coal-shoots.

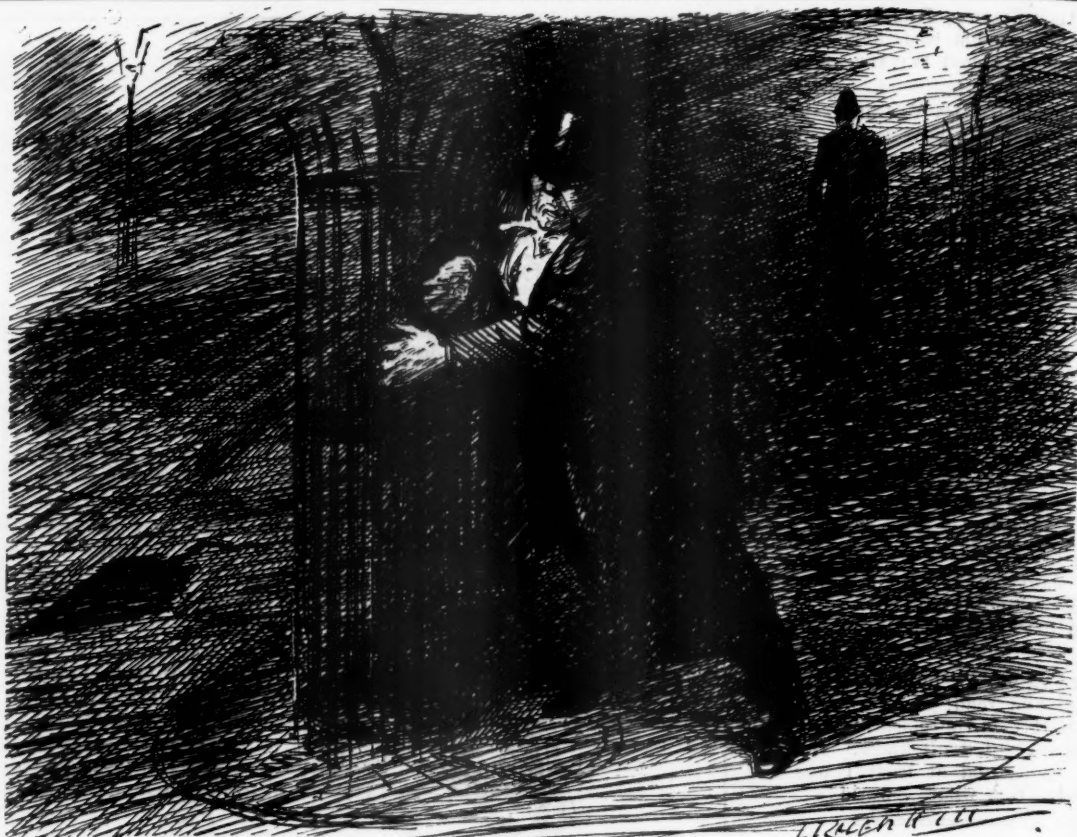
What Dog Collars are for.

"Mr. Pearce (the Clerk): How old is the dog?—Constable: About four months. He had teeth?—Oh, yes. And he could bite?—Yes. Well, that is the object of having a collar with the name and address on it."—*Daily Telegraph*. Dog-fanciers whose puppies are backward in their teething should make a note of this.

A SIGNBOARD at the Franco-British Exhibition directs visitors to "The French and British Sections of Food and Drink."

Section of Drink (British).—A split.

Section of Drink (French).—*Vin coupé*.



Belated Reveller (after feeling his way many times round). "LOCKED IN! LOCKED IN!"

THIS CONCERNS YOU!

(In the manner of the *New Journalism*.)

ARE you reading "The Cow with the Crumpled Horn?" An odd title—some might call it a catch-half-penny title—but it is the name of the most remarkable romance that has been given to the readers of any journal during the past week; a romance, and yet not so much a romance as a story of real, live, struggling, palpitating people—people you know, people you meet every day of your life, people you can't avoid meeting. There is, for example, *Bingley Baines*, the great financier, who controls the money markets of the world, and who is about to

Engineer a War

between San Marino and Sweden in order to raise Spitzbergen railway stock half a point. There is *Cedric Poopington*, the young and ardent philanthropist and reformer, who leads the middle-class millions of London in their wild rush into Essex to annex small holdings—one of the most soul-stirring, gasp-compelling,

and yet wholly lifelike episodes in modern fiction. Then there is that beautiful enigma, the *Countess of Carpentaria*, the

Richest, Merriest Widow

in Europe, a puritan, with the wiles of a *MESSALINA*, half saint, half siren, wholly woman. Best of all, perhaps, you will like to meet *Perdita Popkins*, the pemiless governess, whose beauty becomes the object of a cult in Paris, Vienna, Petersburg, and Penge, and whose motto is yet "All for love, and a little bit for myself." Just ordinary, actual people—weak, well-meaning, aspiring, sinning, palpitating people, who lunch at the Carlitz and wear diamond tiaras like ourselves.

"A Palp in every Par"

is the verdict of a bishop who was privileged to peruse the proof sheets. Begin it to-day; you won't be able to finish it for months and months.

Expert Advice.

"White was the next to leave, Crawford bowling him with a ball that he had much better have left alone."—*Evening News*.

A GOODWOOD MEETING.

Do you forget that Goodwood Day
And all the vows we vowed,
As we together strolled away
Far from the madding crowd?
How wistfully you shook your head
As, when our fingers met
In one last lingering clasp, I said,
"Will you forget?"

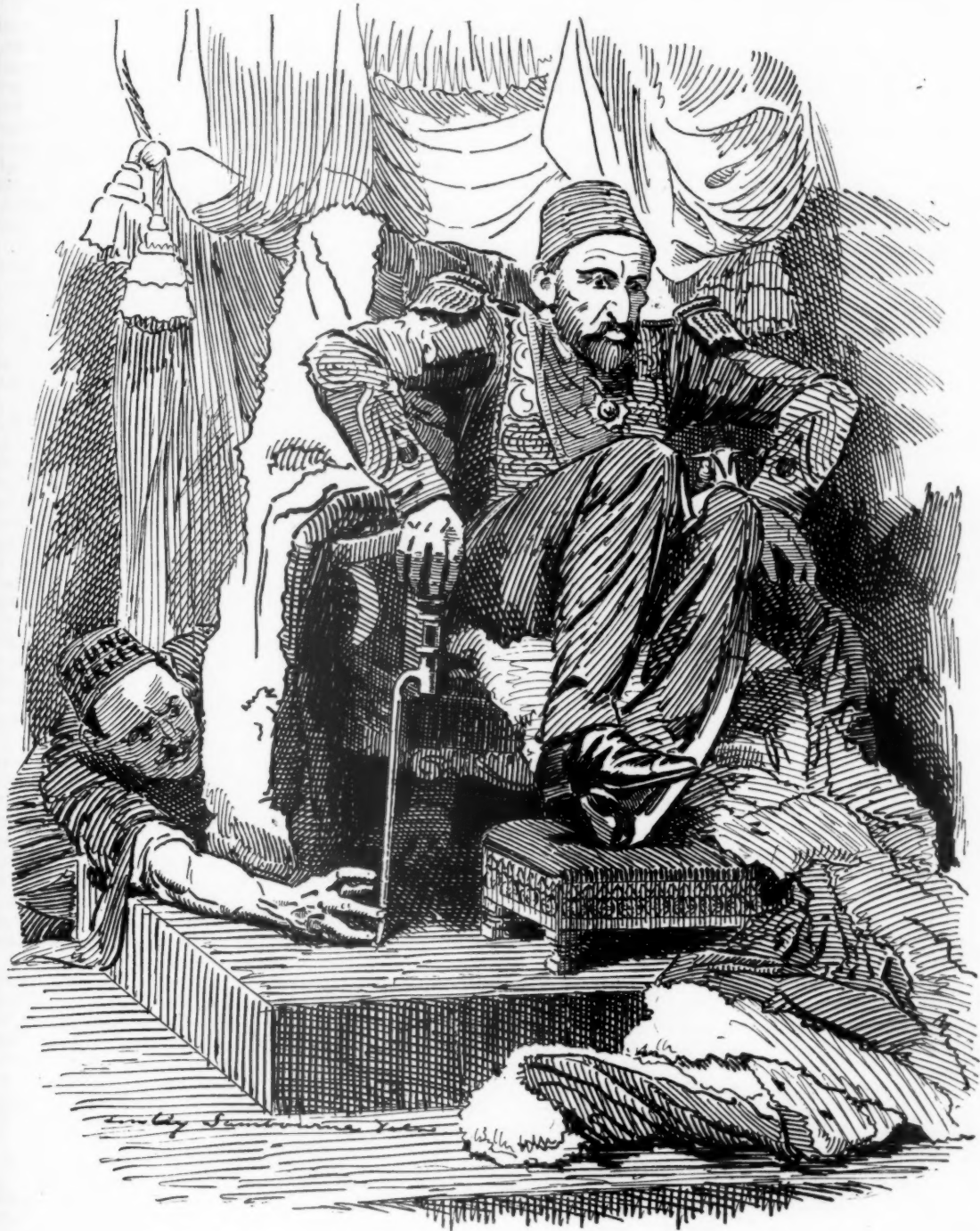
Do you forget the dream you had
About a number up,
That haunted you, and made you mad

To plunge upon the Cup?
And though I swore dreams always
lied,

And warned you not to bet,
"A pony on for me," you cried,
"And don't forget!"

I put that pony on for you,
Though much against my will;
The dream, of course, did not come true,

And I am wondering still
If you regard the vows you made
As lightly as your debt;
For I begin to be afraid
You do forget.



THE THRONE PERILOUS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 20th.—One of the nights when the shabbiness of red leather benches lamented by Viscount RIDLEY is hidden by crowded assemblage. At last the frozen-out gardeners of the legislative field, the coroneted unemployed, have work to do. Old Age Pensions Bill, read a first time the other day in presence, and with consent of, five Peers, comes up for second reading. WOLVERHAMPTON, youngest of Viscounts, making maiden speech in moving the stage, dexterously dragged in a tribute to Don José, "the Onlie Begetter" of the scheme.

This meant to be awkward for noble lords opposite who denounce measure as iniquitous in conception, ruinous to prosperity of the country, dangerous to existence of Empire, inasmuch as its drain upon public purse will necessitate reduction of amount appropriated to Imperial Defence. Fundamental principle of politics that circumstances alter cases. What's one man's nourishing meat at a certain epoch is deadly poison at another. Thus in another place, in debate on application of guillotine rules to Licensing Bill, we had PRINCE ARTHUR crushing PREMIER with quotation of uncompromising denunciation of the practice, delivered by him on former occasion;

ASQUITH retorting by reading from same record passage in which PRINCE ARTHUR extolled the guillotine as a beneficial, indispensable factor in legislation.

A pretty comedy, amusing at first, apt to pall by reason of constant repetition through revolving years. By-and-by, characters exchanged, we shall have Prime Minister PRINCE ARTHUR having rigged up the guillotine, reading extracts from ASQUITH's speech of last Friday in support of his case; Leader of the Opposition H. H. ASQUITH responding with quotation of PRINCE ARTHUR's withering denunciation of the practice. If plot and play a little stale, the grave air of conviction on part of principal performers never varies.

Whilst noble lords, excelling each other in denunciation of Old Age Pensions Bill, redressed the balance

by voting for the second reading, HAROLD COX in the Commons poses Government with awkward question. Cites case of Mr. JAMES WALKER, age fifty-five, recently charged with bigamy at Huddersfield Police Court, it being alleged that he had gone through form of marriage with eleven women.

"Will he," queried Cox (on behalf of his hon. friend Box, temporarily absent), "be entitled, on attaining the age of seventy, to an Old Age Pension? If not, under what provision of the Bill will he be excluded from the reward intended for veterans of industry?"

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, discreetly taking refuge behind fact that the case is *sub judice*, declined to discuss it, nevertheless, there it

Gratitude has no place in politics. Otherwise he would have halted on his way out to shake PRINCE ARTHUR warmly by the hand. It was he, whilst Leader of the House, who introduced this thrice-blessed machinery, failing which all legislation would to-day be impossible.

At half-past ten the blade fell, cutting through a thicket of redundant amendments. On division taken in crowded House, Clause 1 was added to the Bill by 348 votes against 140.

ASQUITH has introduced new tactics in generalship. Formerly—notably in the giant days of Mr. G., who, with more than fourscore years on his back, carried Home Rule Bill of '93 through Committee single-handed—Minister in charge of important measure personally conducted it. One of the Law Officers, peradventure an Under-Secretary, was told off in attendance; but in the main it was a one-man job. ASQUITH has got together a finely selected team, ready at a sign to step in and reply to successive points. It includes Admiral McKENNA, HERBERT SAMUEL, who, starting well, is daily improving, and LULU. Among the younger men, this an incomparable trio of debating power.

On opposite Bench PRINCE ARTHUR in constant attendance. Has passed a Licensing Bill himself; knows all its ins and outs. Watchful, wary,

dexterous, he fights with his back to the wall all through the summer night. WALTER LONG, BONAR LAW, and SON AUSTEN chip in from time to time. Practically on the Opposition side it is a one-man fight.

At the outset SON AUSTEN got a rather nasty tumble. With righteous indignation denounced what he described as proposal of the Bill to reduce to the unit licences in country villages. HERBERT SAMUEL said the Bill contained no such proposal. Across the Table he quietly handed a copy, indicating the lines dealing with the case.

Through awkward pause SON AUSTEN studied the text. No doubt about it; someone had blundered. Would he admit his error, apologise and resume his seat? Not he. He turned upon the INFANT SAMUEL and hotly complained of interruption.



"YOUNGEST OF VISCOUNTS."
(Lord Wolverhampton.)

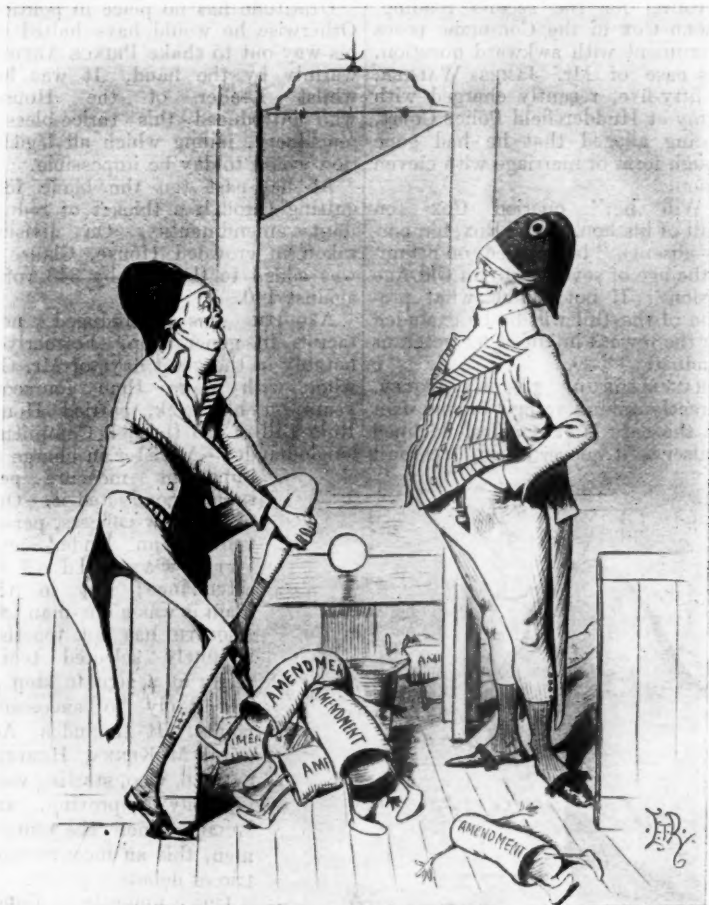
stands. Type of innumerable difficulties that will attend working of proposed Act.

Business done.—Young WEMYSS' motion designed to shelve Old Age Pensions Bill finding only 16 supporters in House of 139 Members, Bill read a second time without division.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—What a month ago seemed to be the impossible has been accomplished. To-night Clause 1 of Licensing Bill, perhaps the most important of the lot, got through Committee.

"It was the riding that did it," remarked the late Mr. PALMER, of Rugeley, commenting on the verdict of wilful murder and the consequent sentence of death.

"It was the guillotine that did it," the PREMIER might have observed as he folded up his paper and left Treasury Bench.



"AFTER YOU WITH THE GUILLOTINE!"

Citizen B-I-f-r (to Citizen A-s-q-th). "My dear comrade, duty compels me to hold you up to execration as an inhuman monster, but between ourselves it absolutely makes my mouth water to hear the dear old thing come scrunching down! You're a perfect marvel at it, my boy!"

Opposition, taking the cue, loudly cheered.

"We only ask," said PREMIER, interposing, "that the right hon. gentleman should read our Bill before he criticises it."

Here Ministerialists broke in with strident cheer.

SON AUSTEN had gained his point. Amid the angry scene his blunder was overlooked. But only temporarily. The House, to certain extent a business assembly, thinks that, after all, there is something in the PREMIER's insistence on essential preliminary to discussing a Bill.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Licensing Bill passed through Committee. Remainder shelved till Autumn Sitings.

Friday.—Some men are never satisfied. Members to-day enjoy privileges and comforts unknown to predecessors of so short a time back

as twenty years. LULU, most popular of First Commissioners, has marked his short reign by various improvements. As for the Kitchen Committee, under Chairmanship of JACOBY, it has wrought wonders. Think of the shilling dinner: Soup, fish, choice of two entrées, joint, game in season, tarts galore, rich choice of cheese, and bread at discretion.

True, the quails are small. SARK, turning the thing over to-night in quest of scraps of flesh, says he understands how in ancient Palestine two sparrows were sold for a farthing. But what would you? There are limits to the possibilities of a shilling, even in JACOBY's dexterous hand.

Now, here comes HARWOOD wanting a verandah built over a portion of the Terrace, so that in wet weather Members may meditate on

the spectacle of the storm-swept Thames.

"We like," he said, "to enjoy fresh air, even when it is raining."

This a novel view of the business for which Members are sent to Westminster—to sit on the Terrace and enjoy fresh air, wet or shine.

"I may remind my hon. friend," retorted LULU with grave sarcasm, "that there is abundant supply of excellent fresh air within this Chamber."

Business done.—Report stage of Irish Universities Bill.

A TRIAL TRIP.

WHEN quite young I made a model fire-escape, an ambulance, a torpedo destroyer, a Thames dredger, an electric tram, a toy lathe, and a half-plate camera.

"Why don't you make a microscope?" said JORKINS one evening as we were giving the dredger a run across the dining-room carpet.

"Done!" I replied. "I will. I will make it in chapters."

CHAPTER I.

The Eye Piece.

The Eye Piece is, as everyone knows, situate in a pleasant residential locality at the extreme north of the instrument. When examining a caterpillar's collar stud or a spider's spinning jenny, it will be the first thing that strikes one's eye. Hence, I suppose, its name. Mine consisted of two lenses, which I picked up dirt cheap at a second-hand book-stall.

The object of the Eye Piece is to prevent children from falling down the tube of the microscope and so injuring the objective.

CHAPTER II.

The Tube.

Unlike most other tubes, the Tube of the microscope has no intermediate stations. I christened one end of mine Shepherd's Bush, and the other Bank. When a dandelion's foreleg got in at the Shepherd's Bush end it travelled right through (growing larger and larger), until the man at the Eye Piece called out "Bank!" Then it got out.

CHAPTER III.

The Mechanical Stage.

The Mechanical Stage is that part of the microscope specially devoted to dramatic productions. It is here we place our troupe of highly-trained rhizopods, our comedy trio of cheese-mites. It is worked on the Two-



Minister (much gratified). "AND SO, SAUNDERS, YOU THINK THAT WE MINISTERS OUGHT TO GET LARGER STIPENDS."
Saunders. "AY. YE SEE WE WAD GET A BETTER CLASS O' MEN!"

House system. As soon as one turn has finished, a twist of the milled head brings on another, and number one waits in the wings for the Second House.

CHAPTER IV.

Having described my microscope in detail, I will now give a short account of her speed trials. They took place one Sunday evening. I was the commodore, JORKINS the stoker, and SYMPSON watched for the Admiralty. Having broken a bottle of dry ginger ale over her bows, SYMPSON said we might proceed to test her engines.

GRAND FINAL EPISODE.

The Drop of Water.

Selection by the orchestra—*A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

The first object to be examined was a drop of pond water. JORKINS had gathered it, and assured us that it teemed with microscopic life. "Then, hard-a-port," I shouted, and we dropped it on the mechanical stage.

"What do you see?" I asked SYMPSON, who was at the Eye Piece.

"Nothing," replied SYMPSON.

"Put her two points to windward," I called out to JORKINS, who had now taken off his coat.

"What do you see now?" I asked.

"Water," replied SYMPSON.

"Good! Anything else?"

"No—yes—It's a thing with a fat body and a—mouth and a tail."

"That's a porpoise," I said.

"Hard-a-port."

"Now there's a long thing with any number of legs."

"Southend pier," I said. "We shall be in choppy water in a minute."

"Don't," cried SYMPSON. "Now there's a—ugh—"

"A ground swell," explained JORKINS.

And SYMPSON, who is a martyr to *mal-de-mer*, went below.

"JORKINS! Up in the conning-tower," I gave the order.

"Ay, ay, skipper," cried JORKINS, who was now covered with grease and perspiration.

"Light on the port bow," he suddenly called out.

"What does she look like?"

"A rakish-looking craft with a big head and ninety-seven legs."

"Margate jetty," I said. "Run her close in and reconnoitre."

Suddenly we ran aground.

"Full speed aster-r-rn," I shouted, and I rushed to the steering-gear.

Our drop of water had evaporated.

THE END.

A Simple Arithmetical Problem.

Mr. TILAK, the Indian Nationalist leader who published seditious articles in his newspaper *Kesari*, made an address to the jury lasting six days. He was fined £66, and sentenced to six years' transportation. Even an innocent man might have received that sentence in the circumstances.

So near and yet so far.

"Starting from Sandgate, near Calais, J. Wolfe will to-morrow make another attempt to swim across the Channel."—*Daily Mail*.

Unhappily even this encouragement did not bring him success. But it was a nice thought, all the same.

PROVERBIAL NEGLECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have a real grievance. It occurred to me last Sunday week, and I have been trying to write about it ever since, but— Well, the fact is they have been putting rape in my seed-pot lately and I simply have no time for anything. To-day they are late in feeding me—so here goes.

I had just been uncovered and had hopped from the ring, where I sleep, down to the perch, where I live. Before springing on to my seed-pot I glanced out of the dining-room window. A robin was looking for his breakfast in the laurustinus. "Poor thing!" I said, and cracked ninety-three rape seeds; then, "Fancy having to turn out on a rotten morning like this." Next I started on the water-cress. Simultaneously the robin discovered a long worm. "Heavens!" I cried. "This must be The Early Bird." Full of excitement I rushed to the edge of the cage to catch another glimpse. But the robin had retired with his *petit déjeuner*.

The world seemed very empty, and I remained quite still for several seconds—thinking—thinking. At the end of that time I found I had a grievance. So have all the other canaries, if they only knew it.

Dear Mr. Punch, why don't they put us into proverbs? There are thousands and thousands of canaries (besides linnets and bullfinches and other cage-birds) in these islands alone—and not one proverb among the lot of us. Not one. Look how many the other birds have—the bird in the bush—the bird that wouldn't be caught with chaff, and lots of others. Even a wretched stray cat is better off than we are. And as for dogs, bears and tortoises—why, I am perfectly sick of hearing about them.

Of course, you say you don't want any more proverbs. Don't you, though? Things are always happening that the proverb-makers never

thought of. Supposing you just miss a railway accident through staying for an extra glass of gingerade? Neither "Taking a horse to the water," nor "A stitch in time" quite fits the case, does it? So that you see you do want one or two more—really good ones.

It's no good leaving the cage door

A green canary should not bathe. That is another one. I don't know exactly when you ought to say it, but if your canary is green, that helps the point.

Paint its cage yellow and your canary will disappear. This suggests a scientific problem that should keep canary-owners awake for many a night and incidentally benefit the colour-artist.

The hand that gives the groundsel gets the song. This should cover a bare patch or two in life's daily round, though I am afraid it is a bit like "Virtue is its own Reward." Still most people would rather talk about canaries than virtue. Always cater for the masses.

A blind canary will eat lead shot. Do not take a blind canary to the theatre. Both of these may be funny, but not, in my poor opinion, in very good taste.

In conclusion I should like to tell you of one I thought of in my bath yesterday. It is short, yet so full of meaning. It seems to bring before us, in a few simple words, all those grand mysteries of Life and Death. It runs as follows:—*A stuffed canary does not sing.*

What do you think of that?

Dear Mr. Punch, I should feel very grateful if you would publish this letter. People ought to know what a lot of good-wearing proverbs we could supply them.

I am, yours truly,

PETER

("London Fancy").

P.S.—There are heaps of others.

HOLIDAY NOTICES

A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

open after the canary is dead. I thought of that the other morning. It sounds nice, and might come in well when a cheque is returned dishonoured.

A canary that is not fed to-day

To-morrow will have flown away.

That is poetry. A mistress might use it now and then during spring cleaning to urge on an unwilling maid. Or the maid herself might quote it when giving notice.

Referring to the new war balloon, "Dirigible No. 2," *The Evening News* says:

"It creates on the mind of the spectator the impression of a colossal German sausage."

We have heard of "footprints on the sands of time," but this seems to be quite a new impression, and we tremble to think of the mental state of London after the new balloon has made a trial trip over the metropolis.



Dowager. "SO YOU ARE COMMENCING A PRACTICE HERE. YOU'RE RATHER YOUNG, AREN'T YOU?"
Young Medico. "OH—ER—WELL—I ONLY EXPECT TO START ON CHILDREN FIRST, YOU KNOW."

G.P.O.

Mr. *Punch*, always anxious to please and assist, has collected a few suggestions in response to the Postmaster-General's pathetic plea for a scheme that shall benefit his revenues as successfully as did the Limerick Craze:—

Charge a shilling for permission to view Mons. WALKLEY at work in his room. IMRÉ KIRALFY.

Establish penny postage to Lapland. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Persuade Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON to begin writing letters again.

EDITOR, P.M.G.

Purchase the proceeds of the Buckingham Palace waste-paper basket every day and sell them to tuft-hunters and flunkies at an exorbitant figure. DIOGENES.

Establish penny postage to Spitzbergen. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Induce some rich paper to libel the Postmaster-General—by saying, for example, that his express messengers exceed the speed limit—and then claim heavy damages.

W. H. LEVER.

Make it possible for other persons

besides gloomy and cynical Post Office clerks to sell stamps.

COMMON SENSE.

Invest the capital of the Post Office Savings Bank in the Coliseum.

OSWALD STOLL.

Open high-priced reading-rooms for the perusal of other people's Poste Restante letters.

PAUL PRY.

Establish penny postage to Minorca. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Charge an entrance fee for the inspection of the bumps (candles, one shilling each) of the wonderful clerks who find out the puzzle addresses and send an account of this triumph to the papers.

BOSTOCK.

Establish penny postage to Tierra del Fuego. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Move into the country and let me have St. Martin's-le-Grand for a restaurant.

JOE LYONS.

Establish penny postage to Stromboli. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Go through the registered letters.

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.

"IRISH KILT AT WESTMINSTER."—*The Standard.*
The Standard's attempt at local colour is excellent, but nothing is said as to who kilt them.

The Brutal English.

From a German picture-postcard:

"363. ENGLISCHE KRIEGSSCHIFFE.
 No. 10. H. M. S. 'Loocaster.' Armoured
 cruiser, 9,800 ts."

"One saw the hand that was raised to cheer
 fall limply by its owner's side."

Manchester Guardian.

But what about the voice that was
 going to pat the winner on the back?

"The final of the 400 metres flat race—which
 is a trifle less than three yards short of a
 quarter of a mile—was the principal event . . .
 Another tape had been stretched about a yard
 further on to give the winner a chance of
 breaking the quarter-mile record."—*Daily Mail.*

Why not another tape 100 yards
 further on for the half-mile record?

The Yorkshire Evening Post makes
 mention of an accident to a man
 whom it describes as a "cotton
 singer," and in this connection we
 may say that we once knew a man
 whom we should unhesitatingly
 describe as a "rotten singer."

From an advertisement in *The
 Staffordshire Sentinel*:—

"Several smart lads wanted . . . Lads
 must be respectable or useless."

It seems a terrible alternative.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

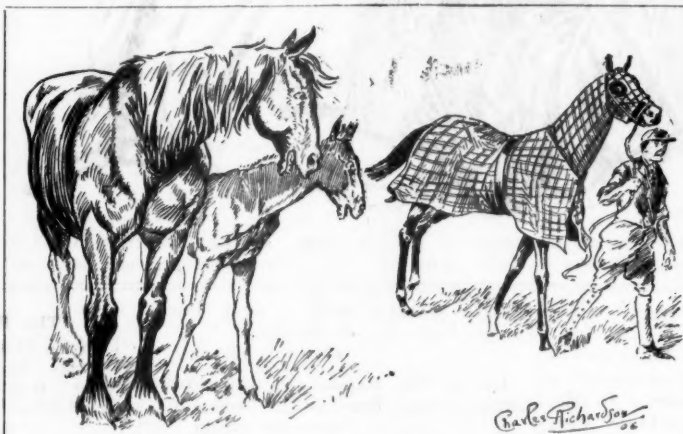
Love's Shadow (GRANT RICHARDS), by ADA LEVERSON, is a most refreshing sketch, and I only wish that a few more woman-writers had her joyous sense of humour. The story is not much in itself, and its construction is rather desultory; the author, indeed, seems to have written a new chapter just whenever a fresh idea came into her charming head. But her dialogue is a pure delight. Of the heroine, who describes herself as a "bachelor girl," we are told that she had not enough of the Bohemian quality to warrant that description; "she was too plastic, too finished." I am sure Mrs. LEVERSON has no more notion what this contradictory sentence means than I have: but I easily forgive her for the sake of the courage which she shows in letting the girl make her own running along the course of true love. The fun that is made out of *Bruce Ottley*, of the Foreign Office, is perhaps a little exaggerated and certainly tends to grow discursive. But his patient wife, who sees through his foibles but forbears to take advantage of her insight, is a noble example of restrained humour on the part both of the lady and her creator. By the way, how is it that *Lord Selsey*, who cuts out *Cecil Reeve*, his nephew and heir, in the affections of the widow *Eugenia*, is only twenty years older than that nephew? *Cecil's* father (*Lord Selsey's* younger brother) must have married at a very precocious age.

But this is mere captiousness. Mrs. LEVERSON's book marks a great advance upon her previous work, and I hope she will not miss the appreciation which she has thoroughly earned.

When young *Neville Arnott* fell in love with *Pauline* (CONSTABLE), a lady with a past, there was a good deal of fluttering in the Arnott dovecote, and the wise mother-bird promptly winged her way to Switzerland, there to talk to the siren, as woman to woman. *Pauline's* husband was a bad lot, and she had divorced him. Also she was an actress, and some years older than *Neville*, who was engaged to a nice little bread-and-butter miss at home. Mrs. *Arnott* put it to *Pauline* that for all these reasons she was no fit mate for the pride of the Arnotts, and *Pauline*, far from contradicting her, offered to make her young lover believe that she really was as black as she had been painted. The conventional youth (Eton and Oxford) obediently and blindly walked into the trap. He returned to his *Evangeline*, won a by-election for the Unionists, compared with which *Pudsey* was a moral victory for the Liberal Party, and was on the point of settling down as a prosy married M.P.—when,

one unlucky day, he went to see *Pauline* in a French play. He guessed from her performance that she had sacrificed herself to save him and please mamma; had his head cracked with a decanter, of all vulgar weapons, by an admirer of the lady; was jilted by *Evangeline*, and, after all, accepted by his other love, only to learn that she had received her death-sentence from the doctors. As a rule I enjoy the novels of Mr. W. E. NORRIS, but this one I find a trifle heavy, in spite of the comic interludes of a terrible old lady with an ear-trumpet who had an inconvenient habit of thinking aloud. There is good work in *Pauline*, but as a whole it seems to me to fall a little short of the high standard which we generally expect from Mr. NORRIS.

Mr. LOUIS J. VANCE's story, *The Black Bag* (GRANT RICHARDS), begins, as all good romances should, in a London hotel; but it is not long before the villain is sneaking out by a back door to avoid the police, and the hero and heroine are driving to Bloomsbury in a hansom. On page 60 they two are, with the exception of the body of an unknown man, alone in an empty house; and if there is one thing more romantic than a London hotel and a hansom cab it is an empty house. But *Philip's* happiness, for he is by this time in love with *Dorothy*, is short-lived, for by page 107 the boat was—this is official—gathering impetus as it momentarily diminished in the night's illusory perspective; the boat, that is, which was conveying the villain and the girl aboard the brigantine. *Philip* was at the



The Foal. "Oh, Ma, is that gee going for a ride in a motor?"

wharf to see them off, not being aware that the other man really was the villain; and *Dorothy* went quite willingly, under the mistaken impression that he was her father. However, *Philip* finds out his error and gives chase. Up till now he has not even tapped his hip-pocket significantly, far less shot anybody; but at Antwerp he boards the brigantine, collects all the revolvers (I am never happy until the hero has all the revolvers) and makes off with the *Black Bag* and *Dorothy*. It is then the villain's turn to give chase—his effort is even more exciting. Mr. VANCE knows exactly how to do this sort of story, and I recommend him enthusiastically to all who are not familiar with his methods. I forgive him for making his hero American, seeing that the latter talks English and has his adventures in Europe. If *Philip* had got the bulge on a club-footed snipe in Fifth Avenue, it would have been another matter.

"The Old Lamp at Lord's again brightly burns. Its lustre has been momentarily hidden by the shreds and patches that percolated the rind of secrecy that those who were striving to run the Triangular Tests endeavoured to set up."—*The Observer*.

The writer must get his left leg across more for this stroke,

CHARIVARIA.

SIGNOR DORANDO PIETRI, it appears, is by calling a confectioner. This, we suppose, accounts for his doing so well on a baking day.

It seems that he was not fascinated by his brief experience of the Stage. He is said to have even refused a part in a piece which he was assured would have a long run.

The Grand Vizier, FERID PASHA, who quite recently received from the KAISER the Black Eagle, has been replaced by a new Vizier of pro-British sympathies. So the Eagle turns out to have been prophetically right in putting on mourning.

In reply to a grateful telegram from his army, the SULTAN OF TURKEY stated that "he had long desired to grant the constitution." Oh, ABDUL!

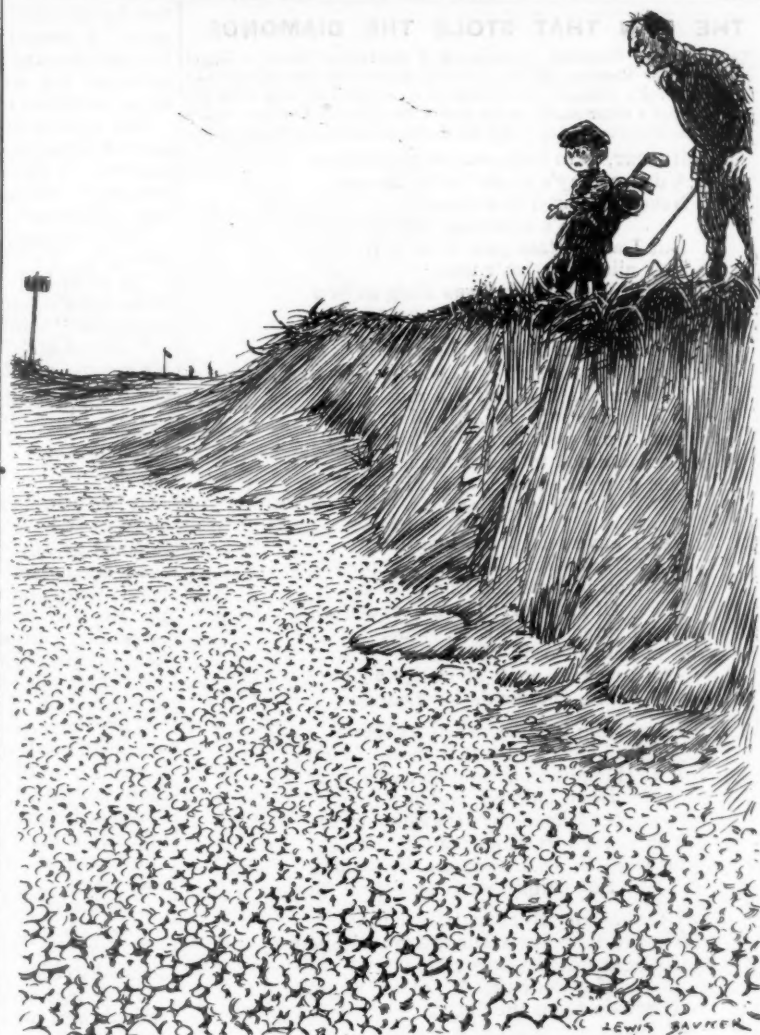
The Under-Secretary for the Home Office, speaking on the Old Age Pensions Bill, apologised for the fact that the age-limit was at present as high as 70. "You must remember," he said, "that the Bill imposes no small charge upon the resources of the nation." There was never any fear of our not remembering this fact.

Meanwhile the Bill has given a distinct fillip to the Manhood Suffrage agitation, for it is obviously only fair that those persons who are to receive pensions should be in a position to give effect to their views as to the amount of the same and the period at which they are to become payable.

As several articles entitled "The Ideal Public House" have appeared on the subject of Lord LAMINGTON's Bill, we are requested to state, in order to prevent false hopes from being raised, that the Bill does not propose to make it compulsory for every publican to supply customers with free drinks.

It is suggested that the Crystal Palace shall be turned into a Museum. We should have thought it would take up too much room in any Museum.

In the opinion of a Stuttgart professor, music is the best agent for making the hair grow. We think, however, that the Professor has jumped to a hasty and wrong conclusion. Much of the music one



"DID YOU MARK IT, BOY?"
"WHERE IS IT?"

"AY!"
"ON THIS YER BEACH!"

hears nowadays makes one's hair stand on end, and this gives a deceptive appearance of growth.

Miss MAUD ALLAN, who is contributing the story of her life to *The Weekly Dispatch*, was once, it appears, kidnapped by Red Indians. Their costume seems to have made a lasting impression on her.

"Yes," said the manager of the latest exponent of the Almost-Altogether Dance, "of the Press notices I received there was only one unfavourable." "And what was the tenour of it?" "Why, it said that there was nothing in the performance to which anyone could take exception."

Solicitors, it is now stated, are to be wigged as well as gowned, "an eminent firm of wig-makers" being on the point of producing a headgear which, it is mysteriously announced, will be easily distinguished from the hall-mark of the barrister. While we have no wish to give away the secret, we would mention that a rumour is current, and is causing some concern in Chancery Lane, to the effect that the solicitor's wig will be red instead of grey.

Answer to a Lady Correspondent:—We believe that the best way to pack your hats is to obtain from the local ironmonger a large round tin bath for each of them.

THE MAN THAT STOLE THE DIAMONDS.

[To Mr. RUPERT GUINNESS, Commander of the London Division Naval Volunteer Reserve (H.M.S. *Buzzard*, moored off the approach to Mr. Punch's Offices). Mr. GUINNESS is reported to have been the object of a bitter attack on the part of Mr. HERBERT BURROWS, in the course of the latter's appeal to the Socialist Electors of Haggerston.]

RUPERT, I'm told you've never done
A decent day's work 'neath the sun,
Never perspired in any one
Of life's laborious furrows;
But I am certain (see *Who's Who?*)
This allegation isn't true
Which (they allege) was flung at you
By Mr. BERTIE BURROWS.

That bulwark of the public weal
Says "Man must work, or beg, or steal,
To earn the matter for a meal
To stuff his Little Mary at;"
And, since you always shirked a job
And shunned to beg the casual bob,
One course remained, says he,—to rob
A toiling proletariat.

Yet I have read that, long before
Your *Buzzard* flanked the Temple shore
And you became the Commodore
Of civil tars that manned her,
You figured in the Eton eight,
And helped to lift the Ladies' Plate,
And twice secured, at welter weight,
The Diamonds for Leander.

From time to time, when I observe
Your waistcoat's more than ample curve,
I've thought what courage, what a nerve
Hanc agitavit molem;
And now I hear our HERBERT swear
You never turned an honest hair,
Or won the Diamonds on the square,
But simply went and stole 'em.

Bear up, my RUPERT; never mind,
Though men like HERB are gravel-blind
To labour of the larger kind,
The work that's not for wages;
Your efforts on the L.C.C.,
Nobly performed without a fee,
Shall stimulate our heirs and be
The envy of the ages.

O. S.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER STORY.

At the base of the cliff he sat sketching. Behind him the granite wall rose forbiddingly—up, up, and again up, and yet up again. The tide swirled ominously round the rocks—like a tiger licking his lips before his lunch.

Yet he noticed it not, for a vision of ethereal beauty had swum before his ken. He knew her at once for the Summer Number Girl, for she had liquid violet eyes, and she wore no shoes, stockings, sleeves, or neckwear. However, a Directoire hat made up for these deficiencies. A pink freckle on her lissom neck set his veins dancing with liquid fire. Where the sun had kissed why should not he?

A tiny scream—instinct with graceful abandon—rent the air. She had slipped on the rocks! To his dying day he will remember that sickening scrunch as she sat down suddenly on a colony of periwinkles.

She was thirty yards away, but in a single bound he

was by her side. She had fainted—her ankle had given way. A horrible indecision made a moment waver out into an eternity before his eyes. Ought he to chafe her ankle or her wrist? In the end he decided that the latter would be more genteel.

Her eyelids opened like two April flow'rets, revealing eyes of liquid violet, then closed modestly like two timid oysters. "Thank you," she murmured, and the unconventional camaraderie of her words sent a thrill of exaltation to his brain.

"Not at all!" he replied with almost passionate intensity.

"I must have slipped," murmured the Vision. Even in his intoxicating rapture he could not help noticing that she never "said" but merely "murmured."

"Not at all!" he repeated; then he could have bitten his tongue off at the audacity of the remark. Suppose she were to resent it?

But his indiscretion was quickly banished from thought.

"The tide!" she panted. "It's rising! We're cut off!"

It was so. The tide was swirling menacingly around them. One wanton wavelet touched her toe. She blushed and drew it under her skirts.

In an instant he had slipped off his scarlet cummerbund, tied it into a lasso, and cast it up at the merciless granite wall behind them. Twenty feet above a tiny projection glinted in the sunlight. The noose caught—held—tightened. To clasp her in both arms and to swarm up the cummerbund with the other was the work of a moment.

They were on a ledge some two inches wide, looking out wild-eyed upon a waste of waters. On the far horizon a tramp steamer flitted a puff of smoke mockingly towards them. And still the tide rose. . . .

Again he cast up his cummerbund another thirty feet, and drew her into temporary safety in a crack of the cliff that just afforded a hold for one foot. And still the tide rose. . . .

"It looks jolly awkward," he breathed, feeling that he was voicing an eternal truth.

"Yes, isn't it?" she murmured; and her words seemed to him an ample reward for æons of purgatory.

Fifty feet above them a single root of samphire tantalised him with its offer of safety. Alone, he might have leapt and caught it, but with her in his arms he felt that the risk was unthinkable.

They must perish together unless . . . unless . . . An avenue of safety suddenly flashed upon his mind! It was horribly prosaic, but for her sake he felt that no sacrifice could be too great. It must be done.

"Why not take the lift up the cliff?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It will cost us twopence," she murmured; "and I've lost my purse."

"May I pay for you . . . always?" He was gazing passionately into the depths of her liquid violet eyes. They loomed up before him like the coloured bottles in a chemist's window.

She lowered her eyelids, down, down, down. They reminded him of the blinds closing down o'er the chemist's shop. Then she trembled deliciously.

He hung on her words in an agony of apprehension. "You will be my hero . . . always," she murmured. "Then I can never be your husband?" he demanded fiercely.

"No!" she answered sadly, "not if you and I are to keep our pride of place in the Summer Numbers!"



A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

MR. PUNCH (to PEACE). "GLAD TO SEE YOU, MADAM; BUT I WISH YOU COULD HAVE COME A LITTLE EARLIER—WHILE THE OLYMPIC GAMES WERE ON."

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1800



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1800

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1800

Au
 By
 Well
 me
 Gold
 Full
 Wea
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 Thus
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Small Boy (in an awestruck whisper), drawing his mother's attention to the gorgeous socks of the young blood opposite). "MOTHER, MOTHER, LOOK! THAT'S AN ESCAPED CONVICT!"

A WANDERER IN WALES.

Crossing o'er the English borders
By my worthy doctor's orders,
Well equipped with home-spun raiment,
Gold, to make immediate payment—
Fully armed likewise with divers
Weapons—fishing rods and drivers,
Niblick, putter, cleek and baffy;
Thus I went to call on Taffy.

Disappointments not a few
Lent my trip a sombre hue.
For I never saw CORELLI
At Llandudno or Pwllheli;
Did not see SHAW take a header
In the sight of all Llanbedr;
Did not run against MACKINNON
Wood, M.P., by Llyn or Ffynnon;
Did not meet with DONALD TOVEY
On the links of Aberdovey;
Failed to recognise Count HAYNAU
In the environs of Blaenau;
Or encounter Baron WRANGEL
In the streets of Llanfihangel;
Did not pluck the wild persimmon
On the summit of Plynlimmon;
Did not hear the voice of "MABON"
On the platform of Ruabon;
Never saw, worst blow of all,
RAVEN-HILL at Raven Fall.

Subject to these reservations
Wales, throughout my divagations,
Answered all my expectations.
Ordered specially to "slack it,"
And avoid all needless racket,
Soon I found that Cambria's railways
Were the very best of snailways.
Further, that this land of quiet
Harmonised with varied diet.
Thus I sampled fair Portmadoc's
Admirable shrimps and haddocks,
And appeased a mighty twist with
Mutton pies at Aberystwith;
Lunched off lamb and peas and
lettuce
At the hostelry of Bettws;
Mingled ham and eggs and shandy-
Gaff beside the Mill of Pandy;
And partook of beer and trifle
On the cairn that crowns Yr Eifl.

For the rest my Welsh impressions
Justified my prepossessions.
Though the trippers' ways at Bar-
mouth
Much reminded me of Yarmouth,
Vocalists I heard at Bala
Worthy of Milan's La Scala.
Though the Merioneth "Terrier"
Should be more to make us merrier,
Still the walls of Harlech stand
Frowning over mead and strand;

Still the ancient songs that stirred
Heroes to the fight are heard;
Still the old enchantment clings
To the ruined halls of kings;
Still amid her hills and vales
Throbs the unconquered heart of
Wales.

The Church Times begins an
article upon "Church Finance"
boldly thus:

"This is a large problem. This is a difficult
problem. But it is a problem the consideration
of which can be deferred no longer. At every
turn it presents itself, and then the temptation
is to talk platitudes, to wish vaguely for reform
while implying that reform must wait for the
millennium, and so to pass on hastily to another
subject."

Unfortunately it ends (on the third
column) in this way:

"We have no space left wherein even to
indicate remedies. Possibly we may find an
occasion of returning to the subject."
How well it understands!

Echoes of the Marathon Race.

"He went to South Africa during the Boer
war and there learnt to run."
The Daily Chronicle (on Mr. Hefferon).
There must be a better way of putting
this, if one could only think of it.

THE HOLIDAY GUIDE.

"WHERE are you going for your holidays?" asked BEATRICE, who always wants to know more than is good for a sister-in-law.

"I don't know," I said sleepily.

"Isn't it nearly time you began to think about it?"

"My dear, I've been thinking about it for weeks. Don't be cross with me."

"You haven't even decided *when* you're going, have you?"

"Oh, yes, I have."

"When?"

"As soon as I've decided *where* I'm going. . . . Is that for me or for Baby? If it's for me, it's too small."

BEATRICE stitched in silence for a little while. Then she put down her work and began to talk seriously.

"Why don't you go abroad?"

"I can't go alone," I said; "I should probably get stolen. You wouldn't like it a bit if the postman turned up one morning with an ear of mine in a little box, and you were asked for ten thousand pounds for the rest of me, and twopence anyhow for the overweight."

"Don't be absurd."

"I'll go if you'll let me have JOHN. You know, I always think they'd eat JOHN first. He is fatter than I am. I should point that out."

"I'm afraid you can't have JOHN."

"Oh, if you're going to be selfish about it—"

"What county did you think of, if you stay in England?"

"I don't know. I like all the counties. This is so sudden."

"Why not Cornwall?"

"Yes, why not Cornwall? Only . . . Well, what I feel is that if I go to Cornwall I am sort of casting a slur upon all the other counties. . . . 'Casting the Slur'—you know, that would have made rather a good field event at the Stadium. I suppose America—"

"MARY says Northamptonshire is lovely."

"Now that really is nice of MARY," I said enthusiastically. "Northamptonshire has it. I shall qualify for the county. Hang Cornwall."

"Really?" said BEATRICE excitedly.

"Yes. I leave it to you and MARY to find me a nice place there."

"I'll write to MARY to-night." She got up and moved towards the house. "I suppose you don't want to be too near a town?"

"Not too near. But so long as it's quite close to the sea, I don't really mind. I want," I went on dreamily, "to lie on the top of a cliff and smoke, and listen to the waves, and watch the rabbits playing on the sands below. I want—"

BEATRICE came back to my chair suddenly.

"I should like to shake you," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Northamptonshire isn't near the sea, as you know quite well."

"I knew we should find something

"I was born in Dorset."

"You dear! Then I shall certainly make a pilgrimage. Now, where shall I stay?" I looked longingly at the map. "What about Tumuli? That looks a jolly little place."

"Osmington," began BEATRICE, "is—"

"Oh, here's Tumuli again. That will make it very awkward. My letters will all go wrong. Two in the same county is absurd. Oh, look here, they're all over the place. Why do you— Oh, I see."

"As I was saying—"

"I've got it! Look there—'Inn.' Right on the sea, too. Now, if we only knew the name of it we'd write to the landlord. Or we might cut that bit out and paste it on the envelope, with 'The Landlord' written just above."

"JOHN won't mind his map being spoilt," said BEATRICE. "Not a bit."

"Then will you do it for me? I never know what to say to landlords."

BEATRICE folded up the map and looked at me.

"You're simply too—"

"It's you who wanted me to decide," I protested. "I was quite willing to go on thinking. Now you're trying to back out of it."

"Oh—oh, very well. What are your particular requirements?"

"That's it exactly," I said in admiration. "That's the sort of word landlords love. I'm no

good at them at all."

"Well?" said BEATRICE, nibbling her pencil.

"First, a big breakfast."

"The food must be ample," said BEATRICE to herself.

"Is 'ample' strong enough?" I asked doubtfully.

"Quite."

"Well, you might add 'particularly at the morning meal,' or something like that. Don't let's spoil the whole holiday for a ha'porth of ink."

"All right. What's the next?"

"Oh, well . . . Yes. . . . I don't know that there's . . . I said about the breakfast, did I? A big breakfast, and no feather bed, and—Well, you might just ask if they can do porridge. That's really all. Three weeks in August probably. . . . Oh, I knew there was something I'd forgotten. 'P.S. What about plate and



How OUR VILLAGE SPORTS ARE AFFECTED BY OLYMPIC IDEAS.

linen?" You always say that when you go away. I don't know what it means."

"Oh, I think that will be all right. Well, I'll send it off to-night. I daresay I can find a way of addressing it without cutting up the map. It's close to Osmington. You've quite decided on it?"

"Quite," I said sleepily, and closed my eyes again.

But I've been thinking since that I'm rather an ass. I believe "Inn" is a catch like "Tumuli," and that it will turn out to be the name of a town. It's hardly likely they'd go and stick all the pubs into a small map like that. If so, we shall look rather fools.

In fact, I really think I shall have to go abroad after all. You can hear quite well with one ear, I believe, and if you let your hair grow the disfigurement is nothing to speak of.

A. A. M.

"LADIES IN PARLIAMENT."

(Extract from a Debate on the Nationalisation of Laundries.)

Mrs. McNag (Gretna Green). . . . But there is worse behind it. A traitress to her sex is egging on those who would not otherwise dare to raise their heads against the righteous demands of an enlightened and all but unanimous sisterhood. (Hear! hear!) Yes, we glory in the "sisterhood of women"! How the Chancelloress of the Exchequer can reconcile it with her conscience . . .

Mr. Polkington (Prime Minister). I beg to rise to . . .

Mrs. Polkington (Chancelloress of the Exchequer). JOHN, sit down. I will see to this myself. I am responsible for the nation's money. Mrs. McNag, you are no lady. (Loud Opposition cries of "Order! order!")

Mrs. McNag. As the right honourable member has infringed the regulations of the House by addressing me by name, I feel at liberty to give her a piece of my mind. A woman who has the bad taste to wear a mauve silk dress with *passementerie d'asperges* and *ruches* of *pâté de foie gras* is . . .

Mrs. Polkington. At any rate, I never wore a pink hat trimmed with *escargots d'or* and birds of paradise. (Uproar.)

Mrs. McNag. You haven't the taste of an oyster.

Mrs. Polkington (bursting into tears). JOHN, how can you sit there and hear me insulted by this female?

Mrs. McNag (also in tears). Am I



Auntie. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, ALAN? GOD HAS SENT YOU A DEAR LITTLE NEW SISTER!" Alan (already fairly well off for toys). "OH, I SAY! ISN'T DOD SPOILING ME?"

to be called a female to my face? (Loud cries of "Mrs. Speaker," "Withdraw," etc.)

Mrs. Speaker. I think we are all agreed that the honourable member is no female, and I hope that the Chancelloress of the Exchequer may, when less agitated, see her way to withdraw the expression.

Mrs. Polkington. I am quite willing to withdraw. The House will kindly bear in mind that I had great provocation, and I may add that my cook gave me notice a few hours ago, which has greatly shaken my nerves.

Mrs. McNag. I accept the apology, and take back what I said about the mauve dress and the oyster. The Chancelloress has the taste of many, many oysters.

THE New Zealand post brings us the report of *The Eltham Argus* ("with which," we feel bound to add, "is incorporated *The Kupuanga Mail*") on the second reading of the Prevention of Crimes Bill, as cabled from London on June 14.

"Mr. Gladstone," says *The Eltham Argus*, "stated that the Government would provide the machinery necessary for bringing every kind of good influence to bear on Parliament, teach them trades, show them what fools they had been, and equip them for a new start in life."

We have often suspected that some of the bitterest home truths uttered in the House of Commons are kept back from us by a corrupt London Press; and we are glad our New Zealand contemporary has had the courage to reveal a very sinister state of things.

THE THORN IN THE BUSH.

(A Complaint from the Exhibition.)

On city of the dazzling domes,
And pleasantries by genies planted,
Wherein the happy tourist roams
And ought by rights to feel
enchanted;

I've done my best
To feel that zest
Your gushing little guide-book takes
for granted.

I know where every trade is wooed,
Where every cloistered walk or
glen is;

I've hung upon a bridge and viewed
(While counting my remaining
pennies)

Electric boats
Pop out like stoats,
And murmured, "This is fairyland
(or Venice)."

In vain! it was no earthly use.

It seems the half-inspired creators,
Whose airy intellects produce

These palaces and hire the waiters,
Have no regard
For me the bard

Who cannot stand a tumult of spec-
tators.

Just as I seemed to have it hot
(That glamour that the scribes
reported),

Some visitor defaced the spot
Where only Fancy should have
sported,

The fine effect

Was simply wrecked

By amatory pairs who crooned and
courted.

But take away the selfish mob,
Remove the mere erotic sillies,
And I'd have gladly paid a bob
For porticoes like carved lilies;
So rare a shade

They might have made
For me to wander in alone with
PHYLIS!

SEASIDE RHAPSODIES.

(To suit all tastes.)

Northgate.—Brilliant sunshine to-
day in the morning; the Mayor's
"At Home" in the afternoon. Sea
somewhat choppy in parts, but
smooth places still obtainable. Penny-
in-the-slot machines are being well
patronised by visitors. Curiously
enough, wretched weather is being
experienced at Westbourne.

Westbourne.—Sunshades are being
used here to keep off the sun.
Thousands of visitors watching the
tide come in. Performance twice

daily. Northgate seems to be unfor-
tunate in its weather just now. It
never rains there, they say—but it
pours!

Teymouth.—Glorious sunshine,
cool breezes, and a sea like glass.
Beach black with babies. Heavy
excursions expected to-day from
Northgate and Westbourne, where
the weather seems to have broken
up for good.

Eastsea.—Delightful weather con-
ditions as always. Sun, 4.30 A.M. to
7.30 P.M. (Free). Band of the Boys'
Brigade in the Terrace Gardens (6d.).
The influenza victims who arrived
yesterday from Northgate, West-
bourne and Teymouth are rapidly
recovering.

Highstairs.—24 hours' bright sun-
shine. Rainfall nil. Cool breezes
from all quarters. Sea to suit cus-
tomers. Daily Mail on breakfast-
table, 5.30. The fund inaugurated
by *The Highstairs Independent* for
the sufferers at Northgate, West-
bourne, Teymouth and Eastsea now
totals several pounds. Umbrellas
and mackintoshes are still required
for their relief, and will be acknow-
ledged in the columns of *The Inde-
pendent*.

THE ADVERTISEMENT;

OR, A SCHOOL FOR LIARS.

"How to let the cottage for
August?" I said. "Why, adver-
tise, to be sure."

"What a good idea!" said
ELEANOR. "How clever you are,
uncle!"

"I could have told you that,"
said HUMPHRY.

"Yes," said ELEANOR, "but you
didn't. Cleverness consists chiefly
in saying the right thing at the right
time, doesn't it, uncle?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"A stupid man," ELEANOR went
on, rather incautiously, I thought,
"who says the right thing at the
right time is cleverer than a witty
man who keeps silent."

"The case exactly," said HUMPHRY.

ELEANOR, who never sees irony,
beamed upon her husband.

"Let us draw up the advertise-
ment," I said hastily. "How many
rooms?"

"Let's see," said ELEANOR.
"Four bedrooms, counting the attic,
one sitting-room, one kitchen, larder,
wood-shed, bicycle-house. How
many is that?"

"Strictly speaking," said HUM-
PHRY, "it is six and an attic."

"It would never do to say that,"
I said.

"Must one give the exact num-
ber?" ELEANOR asked.

"Certainly not," said HUMPHRY—
"not in a clever advertisement. It
was for such difficulties that the
word 'roomy' was invented."

"Or 'commodious,'" I added.

"Yes, or commodious," he agreed.
"The advertisement should begin:
'To let, for the month of August,
roomy cottage—and so on.'"

"Do you think it quite fair to call
it roomy?" ELEANOR asked. "You
know how we hit our heads some-
times."

"Isn't it 'roomy'?" HUMPHRY
asked.

"I don't know," ELEANOR ad-
mitted. "It depends on what you
mean by 'roomy.'"

"If," said HUMPHRY, "by 'rainy'
you mean appertaining to rain, by
'roomy' you mean appertaining to
a room. A house possessing only
one room thus becomes 'roomy.' It
is an excellent word."

"Oh, HUMPHRY," said ELEANOR,
quite convinced, "how clever you
are!"

"Very good so far," said I
quickly. "Now, how do we go on?
Isn't it a drawback to have no bath-
room?"

"Couldn't we just say 'bath'?"
asked ELEANOR, who was very rapidly
descending to the low moral level of
the house-agent. "Something like
this: 'Roomy cottage, with all need-
ful offices, bicycle-house, bath,
etc.'?"

"Well," said HUMPHRY, "I'm-
blowed. And you have been calling
uncle and me clever. We're not in it."

ELEANOR shone with joy.

"In this advertisement here," I
said, reading from a paper, "they
mention cricket and golf."

"That's all right," said HUMPHRY.
"We can add 'Cricket and golf.'"

What's to prevent us?"

"Only that there isn't any," said
ELEANOR.

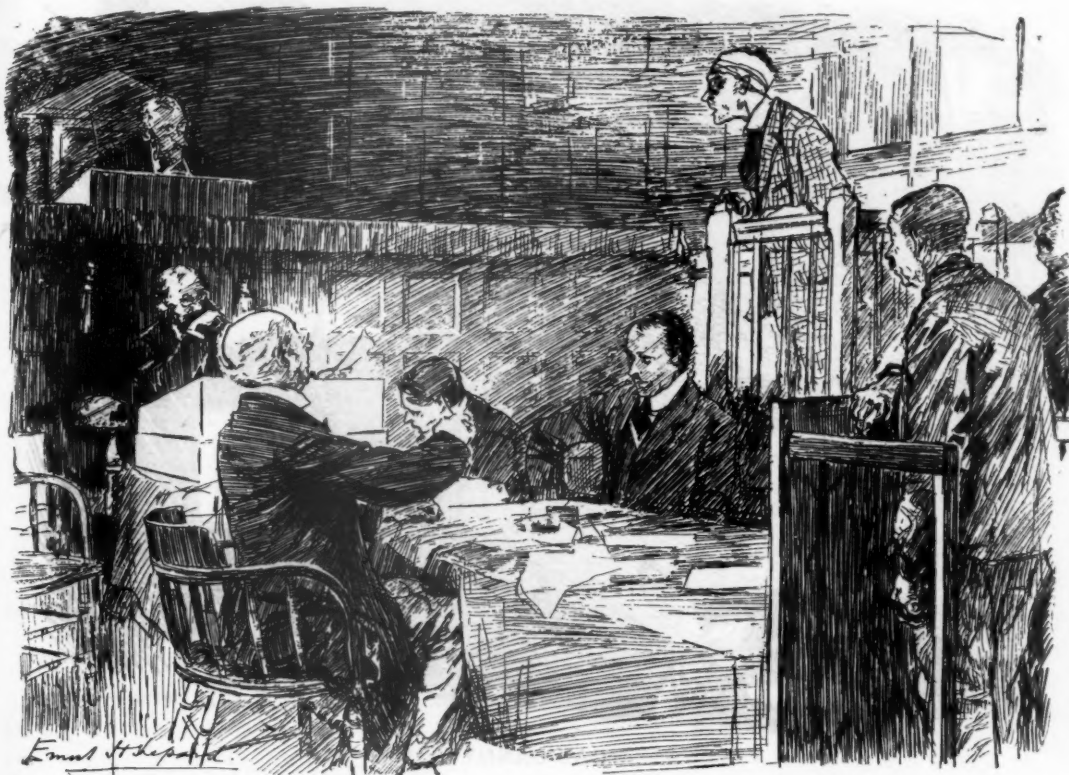
"There's cricket in the village on
Saturday afternoons," said HUM-
PHRY. "Why not mention it? And
one could putt on the lawn if one
wanted to. I think as a matter of
fact that the words 'cricket and golf'
ought to be added to all advertise-
ments just as a symmetrical ending."

"Very well," said ELEANOR. "But
could we say 'good fishing,' too?"

"No," said I, "you couldn't.
You will get into enough trouble as
it is. How far are you from the
station?"

"Two miles and a quarter," said
HUMPHRY.

"A very bad distance," I said.



Magistrate. "You say you slapped the defendant on the back and called him a brick. What happened then?"
Complainant. "He threw himself at me."

"One should never be over two miles in an advertisement."

"Why say the distance?" HUMPHRY asked. "Why not say merely 'within easy distance of station'?"

"Because you're not," I replied.

"But two miles and a quarter would be quite easy in a motor-car," ELEANOR said. "You merely say 'easy distance,' and every one has a motor nowadays."

"Splendid!" said HUMPHRY.

"Jesuit!" said I.

"Then it now reads," said HUMPHRY, "'To let, for the month of August, roomy cottage in Kent, with all needful offices, bicycle-shed, bath, etc. Golf, cricket. Within easy distance of station.' I don't think that's quite enough."

"Here's one here," I said, reading again from the paper, "that says 'Fruit and vegetables.'"

"Oh yes," ELEANOR cried, "that's very attractive. Of course, let them have the fruit and vegetables."

"There won't be any," said HUMPHRY. "There's nothing but parsley and herbs and apples. The apples aren't ripe till October."

"But some people," said ELEANOR, "like green apples. Don't you remember how Mr. THISTLETHWAITE did? And parsley is a vegetable, isn't it?"

"Quite right," said HUMPHRY.

"Fruit and vegetables."

"Is that all?" I asked with some sarcasm.

"Look and see," said HUMPHRY.

"Well, here's one," I said, "that mentions a garage."

"The bicycle-house!" cried ELEANOR.

"No," said HUMPHRY. "I think that would be deception. Everything else has been all fair and square; but to call the bicycle-shed a garage is a little bit too strong. No, uncle, you must not tempt us. No garage."

"Tempt you!" I replied. "I like that!"

"Well, uncle, we should not have thought of it but for you," said ELEANOR, who is as fickle as April.

"It was tempting, in a way, wasn't it?"

"Very well," said I, laying down the paper, "I have done with it. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"But what about the rent?" HUMPHRY cried. "We must fix that."

"Rent moderate," I said shortly.

I was tired of it.

"Oh, uncle," ELEANOR exclaimed.

"Why moderate? How can we get to Holland on it if it's only moderate?"

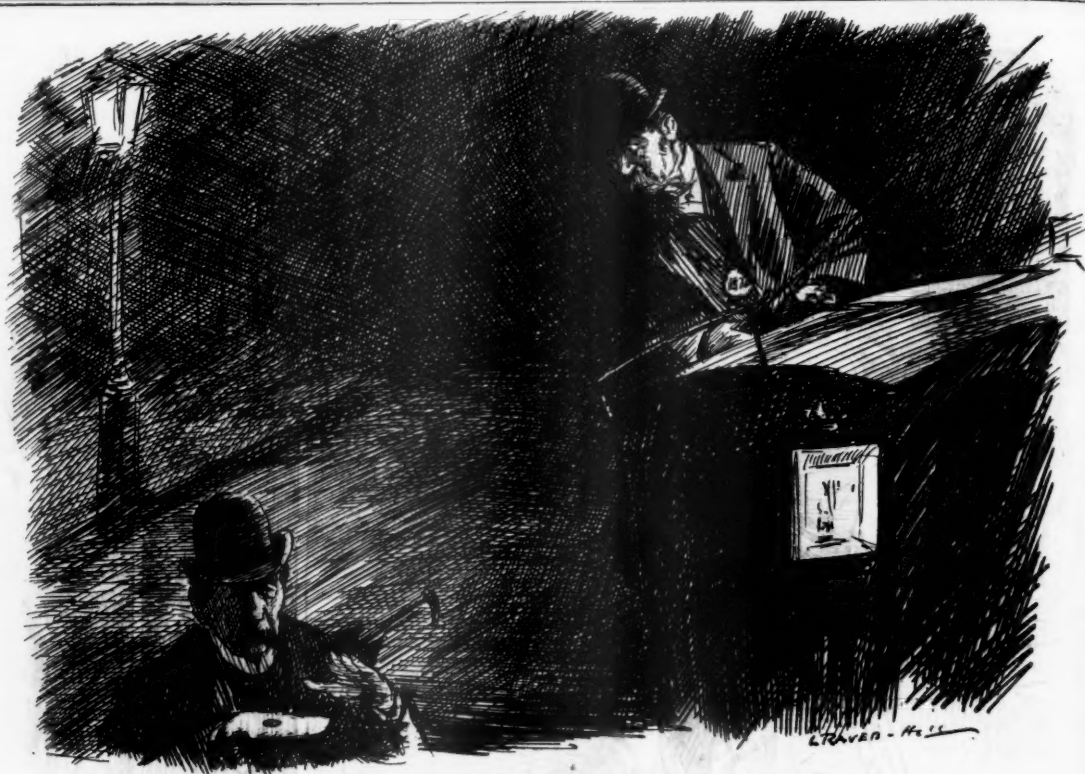
"Well, we must say moderate, anyway," said HUMPHRY. "Once they have nibbled we can fix the amount. They won't nibble at all if we don't say moderate. That's the point, as uncle says."

"I said nothing of the kind," I replied hotly. "What I said was I was tired of the whole d—whole thing."

"Oh, uncle," said ELEANOR, "don't be unkind. You are so useful. We could do nothing without you."

Hereupon ELEANOR sat down and copied out the advertisement just as it had been compiled, save for the mention of a garage, and it went off to the papers that very night.

Jolly for the poor beggars that bite. Sure to have a large family. But what awful liars of nephews and nieces an uncle can have!



CA' CANNY!

The McSkinner. "TWA SHILLIN' TO GANG TO HOLBORN! NAY, NAY. BUT—WEEL—I'LL TOSS YE, DOUBLE OR QUITS."

Sporting Cabby. "WELL—I'M GOIN' THAT WAY ANY'OW—SO 'ERE GOES. 'EADS!"

The McSkinner. "HEADS? WEEL, YE'VE WON. SO I'LL JIST HAE TO WALK!"

THE USE OF THE WHISTLE.

THE dance over, I placed myself delicately in a taxicab and ordered the fellow to drive me to my eligible residence. Upon arrival I alighted (as who would not have done?), and as I paid the fare to the taxicabman I could not help noticing that a discussion was pending between us. As I always come off worst in discussions, whatever the topic, I stepped up to my front-door with alacrity and admitted myself cordially and without hesitation into my front hall. I left the cabman deliberately winding his engine, as one that desired to give a man every chance of relenting and returning to increase the bonus.

Just inside the hall I met a man whom, upon cross-examination, I discovered to be a burglar. In his professional enthusiasm he had abandoned his weapons of defence, and I noticed with horror that he too seemed to be gathering himself together for a discussion—moral, probably, and socialistic. So I re-

sorted to a subterfuge. "After all," I said, "the legal element in the matter is not altogether negligible. Let us procure an Expert." Thereupon, retreating to the doorstep, I blew once, and, reminding myself with pleasure of the report of the Police Commission, I blew again upon that whistle, without which no householder (be he casuist or not) is complete. "Let us have three Experts," I said, and blew once again.

There was a short, sharp silence. The Dialectician of the Doormat regarded me curiously from his side of the lintel. I maintained my position on the step, mute of malice and trusting that my experts would not tarry in their coming. I felt now less inclined than ever to carry through single-handed an argument which showed every sign of being a violent one. At moments like these one's senses are alive to the smaller details. My eye feasted itself upon the burglar's neckwear, and discovered in his scarf a shade of green hitherto unsuspected. My nose detected, sensible through a widely-

distributed atmosphere of alcohol, the aroma of my own whisky, and lastly my ear listened attentively to the sound of a rapidly approaching motor.

With a feeling that warmed the cockles of my heart and loosened the stiffness of my facial muscles, I heard the car pull up at my doorstep. Much as I have always admired the Police, I hardly expected them to come to my assistance in an electric brougham. I turned round to greet them, and the burglar, not to be outdone in politeness and the better to watch the proceedings, stepped past me on to the pavement.

It was no electric brougham that met our anxious gaze. It was not even a private automobile. It was merely an empty taxicab. It was, in fact, the taxicab. "Thank you," said the burglar, with genuine gratitude, "thank you a thousand times for this most generous thought"; and to the taxicabman, as he packed himself and his congested bag into the loathsome machine, "White-chapel, please, WILLIAM."

Thus the two controversialists passed out of my life.



THE PHILANTHROPIC HIGHWAYMAN.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE. "I'LL MAKE 'EM PITY THE AGED POOR!"

THE PHILANTHROPIC HIGHWAYMAN

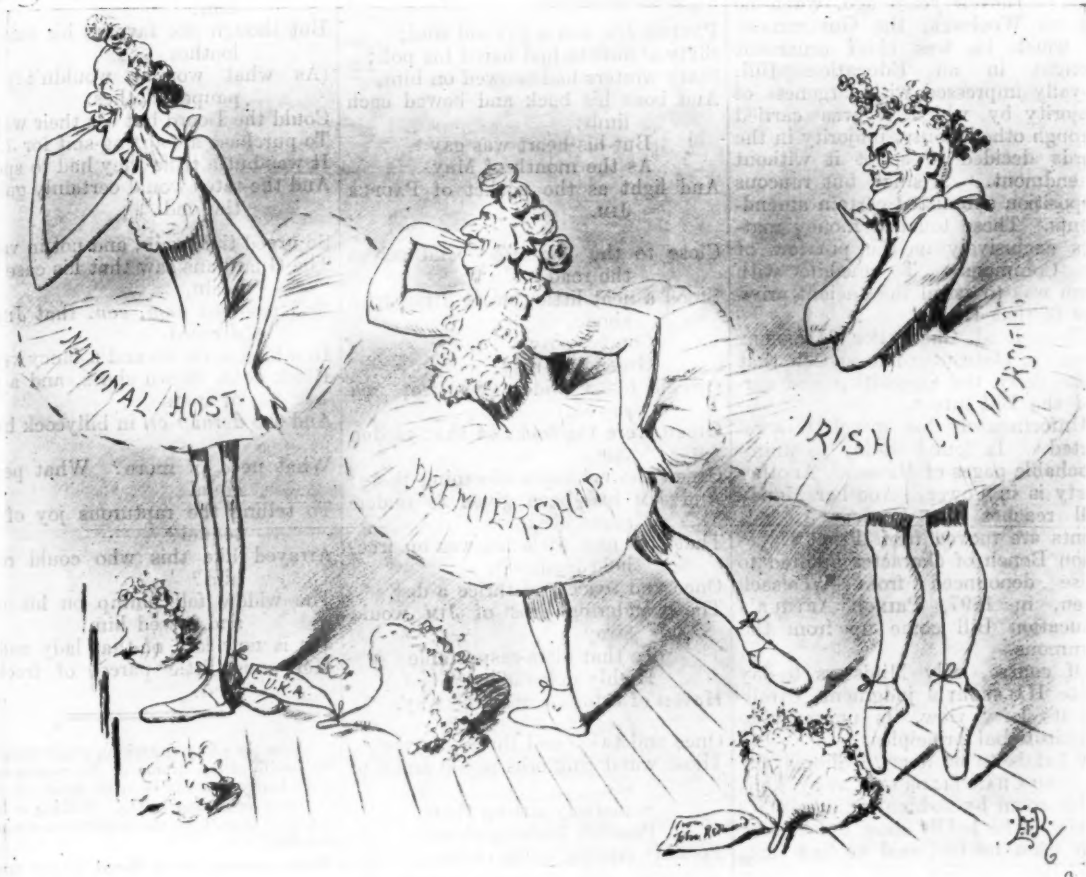


THE PHILANTHROPIC HIGHWAYMAN

By JAMES H. BROWN, Esq.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



SUCCESSFUL CORYPHÉES OF THE SEASON.

SIGNORINE LULU, ASCUITTA, AND AGOSTINA BIRRELLI COME FORWARD WITH SOME CONFIDENCE AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

House of Lords, Monday, 27th July.—“The Government come to the House of Lords and thrust Bills down your Lordships’ throats one after another.”

Thus CAMPERDOWN, on proposal to take second reading of Irish Universities Bill. Phrase a little ambiguous. Striving to realize the picture suggested, one is not sure whether it is the Bills that, one after another, are thrust down throat of noble Lords, or whether, one after another, noble Lords are taken in hand and have Bills administered to them.

A small matter; does not affect forcefulness of the fancy. The case is certainly hard. Month after month the Lords have had no work to do. Now Ministers plump down upon them measures by the

bushel. They will be required to crowd into this single week their consideration of multiform labours which the Commons have spread over months. By way of aggravation, the important Bill set down for second reading to-day has not been circulated. Peers are invited to pass a critical stage of a Bill they have never seen, whose provisions are a matter of hearsay.

True, it has been before the other House and the country for months. Newspapers full of reports of debates in Commons, with leading articles thereupon. By going into Commons’ Lobby any Peer might obtain copy of the Bill at the Vote office. That a low utilitarian way of looking at things. In accordance with ancient tradition and etiquette, the Lords know nothing of any legislative pro-

posal until it has been presented to notice through their own channels. In theory they knew no more about the much-debated Bill than if discussion actually carried on across the way had gone forward in Saturn.

These matters must be understood before full realisation of the enormity of the Government’s fresh attempt can flood the shocked mind. With a Liberal Government in office, CAMPERDOWN’s life is full of anxiety. Has arrogated to himself the character and position of watchdog at the door, on the look-out for fresh attacks by an iniquitous Government on a blameless Assembly. Small wonder if in excitement following on discovery of fresh outrage there is something ambiguous in his bark.

Business done.—Irish Universities

Bill read a second time without division.

Tuesday. — HALSBURY in what he would describe as "a sort of" hole. Eleven years ago, when he sat on Woolsack, the Government of which he was chief ornament brought in an Education Bill. Loyal impressed with largeness of majority by which it was carried through other House, majority in the Lords decided to adopt it without amendment. A small but raucous Opposition submitted certain amendments. These touched money matters exclusively in the purview of the Commons. To meddle with them was to assail the ancient privilege of that House.

Thus Lord Chancellor HALSBURY ruled, in statesman-like speech that broke down the Opposition and carried the Bill intact.

Unfortunately his speech was reported. Is found to-day in unimpeachable pages of *Hansard*. Another Party is in Power. Another Money Bill reaches the Lords. Amendments are moved from Front Opposition Bench of character kindred to those denounced from Woolsack when, in 1897, PRINCE ARTHUR's Education Bill came up from the Commons.

Of course, wily Ministers to-day quote HALSBURY's judgment, extolling its lofty view, its unassailable constitutional principles.

What is to be done? Should the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR stay away, kept to his room by sudden indisposition? or should he boldly show up, declare that what he had said he had said, and that neither wild horses nor motor-cars should drag him off the lofty plane of constitutional law he mounted at an earlier time in other circumstances?

HALSBURY did neither. Ignoring references to his historic dictum, he declared it "time for the House of Lords to assert their rights, and to show whom it might concern that there is in the land one institution that will insist upon the privilege of free discussion uncontrolled by the Ministry of the day."

Burst of applause followed. Amendments similar to those formally denounced by LORD CHANCELLOR as affecting privileges of Commons carried by overwhelming majorities. Bill hurried through Committee. Home on stroke of midnight.

Business done. Commons vote trifle over 45 millions completing supply for financial year.

Saturday.—Both Houses adjourn for Autumn Recess.

THE WOOLIN' O'T.

(Being the true history of a romance which has just been enacted at a Workhouse in Buckinghamshire.)

PAUPER JIM was a gay old soul;
Sixty summers had bared his poll;
Sixty winters had snowed on him,
And bent his back and bowed each limb;
But his heart was gay
As the month of May
And light as the pocket of PAUPER JIM.

Close to the "House" and across
the road
Stood a neat little, sweet little, trim
abode,
Comfy, cosy,
Green and rowy,
Owned by a widow who sat and
sewed.
Green were the leeks in that garden
fair,
Green the cabbages blooming there;
And JIM had been given to under-
stand
That this nice little lot was on free-
hold land.
Once and twice and thrice a day
The wandering orbs of JIM would
stray
To that ultra-respectable
Highly delectable
Haven of refuge across the way.

Once and twice and thrice, maybe,
Those wandering orbs would smile to
see
Somebody sitting there,
Possibly knitting there,
Possibly sipping a cup of tea.
Whenever this spectacle caught his
eye
JIM THE PAUPER was heard to sigh;
For he loved that elderly widow and
He did not object to the freehold
land.
Now and then his heart stood still,
And down his marrow there passed a
thrill,
As he fancied he caught an answering
sigh
And the "Come hither" look in the
widow's eye.

JIM's white locks began to curl;
He warbled a song to his grey-haired
girl.
But who—oh, who could hope to woo
In a pauper's jacket and trousers, too?
Show me the swain could achieve
success
Clad in a hideous workhouse dress!
JIM knows well that the female heart
Loves not a little the tailor's art,
So he takes his courage in both his
hands

And before the Guardians, lo, he
stands.

Swiftly the case is explained by JIM:
The widow has certainly smiled on
him,
But though she favours his suit she
loathes
(As what woman wouldn't?) his
pauper clothes.
Could the Board but see their way
To purchase a courting-suit for J.,
It was but a trifle they had to spend,
And the rates would certainly gain in
the end.

So urged the swain, and not in vain:
The Guardians saw that his case was
plain,
And resolved *nem. con.* that JIM be
dressed
In a blue satin tie and a fancy vest,
Black coat, brown shoes, and a pair
of spats
And the *dernier cri* in billycock hats.

What need of more? What pen is
equal
To telling the rapturous joy of the
sequel?
Arrayed like this who could resist
him?
The widow fell plump on his neck
and kissed him.
JIM is now lord of that lady and
Her snug little parcel of freehold
land.

"Here the pleasure-seeking public delight in
the health-giving aroma of the marine ozone
and a happy time can be spent amid the swish
of the never-resting waves. Bathing is freely
indulged in without the restrictions of conven-
tionality."

This appears in a local paper under
the heading "Newbiggin's Charms."
We do not quite know what the
second sentence means, and find the
writer more intelligible when he re-
marks that

"The perriots did not find the sands salubrious
to their finances, and with the nobility, peculiar
to the Arab, they struck their tents, and
departed silently in the night."

We assume that these were talking
perriots—always a risky investment.

We learn from *The Evening News*
that the Suffragettes have been
teaching some school-children the
following martial song for a parade:

Asquith, Gladstone,
Cabinet Ministers all;
Fifty thousand Suffragettes
Determined to have their way,
All of them doing their level best
To bring about Votes for Women;
So give your vote for a woman's sake,
And keep the Liberal out.

Clearly a protest against the "man-
made laws" of metre and rhyme.



SECOND SIGHT.

Terror (who, with a friend, has been doing some very reckless shooting at rabbits). "I HOPE WE'LL ALL HAVE GOT OUR EYES IN BY THE TWELFTH, DUNCAN."

Duncan. "DO YE ALLUDE TO OUR AIN EEN, SIR, OR GLASS EEN?"

DISCURSIONS.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

THE first-class carriages happened to be few in number and somewhat crowded, so the two ladies, after zig-zagging feverishly up and down the platform for a minute or two, decided at the last moment to enter a smoking compartment occupied by three men. The three men all moved at once in order to transfer their hats and newspapers from the vacant seats, and the two ladies plunged into a vortex of collisions mitigated by excuses. Both ladies were flustered but triumphant. One was young and fair, and conveyed a general impression of being dressed in grey and having little silk bags hanging from her wrists. The other was ample, and her dominating note was tight black silk. She was more mediæval than her companion, and there were suggestions of a Yorkshire terrier being concealed about her person, stray canine gleams, as it were, of a black snout and wisps of hair lovingly addressed as "Tiger" and promptly thrust back into obscurity. Finally we all seated ourselves—I ought to have mentioned that I was one of the three men invaded—and the ladies began to talk to one another.

"Was it a bangle?" said the elder.

"Well, not quite a bangle, you know. You might call it a bracelet. There was a pearl with some dia-

monds, and the clasp was— Where's my dressing-bag? I'm sure I saw it on the platform. The porter must have— Oh, thank you. I didn't see it on the rack. I never knew such a bag for getting lost."

"But what did he say?" insisted her companion.

"Oh, he. I forget what he said. Something silly, of course. There's Tiger again. You mustn't let that dog show so much. They'll be wanting a ticket for him. They're too absurd about dogs on this line. Where's my—" She broke off in great agitation, tapped herself all over, opened various little bags, and found her watch peacefully ticking in its place on her breast. "Fancy finding it there," she said. "I thought I'd left it on the toilet table."

"Watches," said her friend, "are more nuisances than they're worth."

After this the conversation dropped to a whisper for a few moments. When it rose again the subject had been changed. "Of course," said the grey lady, "she tried to catch ALGY. Men are such perfect fools. She's four years older than he is, and"—she touched her head—"not a hair of it her own."

"Bald?" asked the stout lady.

"Quite bald in front. I went into her room once when she was dressing, and caught her putting it on. Poor old ALGY. He isn't fit to go about without a keeper. Go back, Tiger, naughty dog."

Tiger having been re-interred, the conversation continued:—

"Did he lose his temper?" said the stout lady.

"Well, you know what men are. He said, 'Meringues again,' and I said 'Yes, meringues.' Then he said, 'I can't bear meringues. I've often told you so;' and he took one off his plate and threw it into the fireplace. It was there at breakfast next morning. I told the housemaid not to touch it."

"Is it there still?"

"No. The cat must have eaten it."

At this moment the train began to slacken speed.

Soon it stopped, and porters were heard shouting that all tickets were to be ready, please.

"Where's my ticket?" said the grey lady.

"I've got mine," said her friend.

"You've got mine, too."

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then, where can I have put it?"

To this there came no answer, and the ticket-collector entered the carriage. Three men and one stout lady handed over their tickets at once, while the lady of the meringues went hunting for hers. Two silk bags were drawn blank twice, and their miscellaneous contents emptied over a seat. There was a handkerchief rolled up into a ball; there were two scent-bottles, some gold safety-pins, a pair of gloves, a veil, a purse containing an assortment of small change, two postcards, a fountain pen, a gold locket and a card-case—but no ticket. Then we all joined in. I took up the cushions one after another, and two stock-brokers risked apoplexy in searching under the seats. At last the ticket was found on the window-sill.

"It's the wrong half," said the collector; "and there's the dog—a shilling. Five-and-six altogether. Thank you, mum. Yes, you can write to the Superintendent," and he banged the door.

"It's a very rude line," said the stout lady.

Clapham's Contribution to the World's Thought.

"The farthing is too small to be useful," writes a Clapham resident. "Why not abolish it and substitute for it a three-farthing piece? A farthing change could then be more readily given."—*Daily Mirror*.

We have worked this out very carefully with a mechanical calculator, but can make nothing of it. If any other residents in Clapham have ideas about anything we hope they will be satisfied to exchange them with each other.

ANOTHER MENACE FROM THE LICENSING BILL.

"THE same as usual, I suppose, sir?" said Mr. LEACH, dropping both hands into the pocket of his apron.

I respect LEACH. He is a little bald man, who years ago invented a never-failing hair restorer. That is clear proof of an unselfish nature. And more than that, he is an artist who can boldly dare the most extensive undertakings in hirsute expression. He can engineer a fuz-buz that shall guarantee a perfect mastery of all that is most intricate in CHOPIN. He can arrange the flowing locks of melodrama in a manner to make you weep. He knows to a nicety how to trim just at the turn of the

wave, and give assurance of unostentatious literary merit with a promise of polished gems of style hanging on a slender thread of interest. He can train a long wisp from a left-side parting to form a sort of bower over a barren skull, and mingle with the foliage on the other side. Nothing can move it—short of poetic frenzy or taking off the hat in a high wind. For these reasons, with unwavering confidence I have these many years entrusted to LEACH the superintendence of my head.

"Quite the same as usual, LEACH. You know exactly what I like," said I, taking my seat in the sacrificial chair.

"Exactly," repeated Mr. LEACH, with a bow that included the scissors and comb. Then, as he deferentially adjusted my head to get at the poll, he sighed deeply.

There is a cleanness of attack about LEACH's snip-snipping, together with the assurance of great power in reserve. These give a sense of security and induce repose. It is usual with many people under these

soothing influences to close the eyes. Then as one's thoughts wander the voice of the barber undergoes transformation and becomes a running brook. Only now and then a phrase stands out from the flow of words—but fraught with a strange power of hypnotic suggestion. The hopeless melancholy of LEACH, the profundity of his sigh, gave the impression of a great imprisoned soul struggling under the limitations of human life.

"Cheer up, LEACH. Cheer up," I murmured.

LEACH shook his head. "Ave you perused the particulars of the new Licensing Bill?" he inquired.

"Not carefully."

"It is clear to see you 'aven't put your money in a brewery, sir."



New Curate. "WE HAD A GOOD NUMBER AFTER ALL, MRS. MUGGINS."

Mrs. M. "YES, YER REVERENCE. ON SUMMER EVENINGS FOLKS GENERALLY GOES OUT TO ENJOY THEIRSELVES; BUT IT WAS QUITE THE OTHER WAY TO-NIGHT."



Rich Aunt. "SO SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SEE MORE OF YOU AND ADOLPHUS THIS AFTERNOON. I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD RATHER A DULL TIME."

Poor Niece (humbly anxious not to offend). "INDEED, INDEED, DEAR AUNT JANE, WE EXPECTED NOTHING ELSE!"

"Never."

"I 'ave."

For a minute, but no longer, there was silence. Then LEACH became argumentative.

"There's many haspec's to this subjec', sir. I've got all my 'alfpence—out of the shop"—snip, snip—"in brewery shares. But say you've laid up yours in a better place, that's not to say you've got no hinterest in that Bill. I hestimate myself that one out of two 'as a hinterest in that Bill. Look at malt, I say. Who grows barley? Where 's your farmers and your labourers then? Look at dray-'orses! Look at barmoids! Then there 's 'ops—look at 'ops—an' traffic—all your railway shares. Look 'ere, sir, I wish I 'ad the Prime Minister in this chair. I 'd cut 'is 'air!"

"Now take the question of publicans, and look at 'em in another light. Why should publicans be chose out to be hinterfered with? Publicans must have clean sheets. You and me, sir, we 'ave no need to 'ave clean sheets. Who knows about you and me—that is, if they don't 'appen to know? Now, say you've been in trouble, sir, and in the 'ands of the law. Can you become a publican? Not at all. You can be or remain in the perfessional classes, but to 'old a licensed 'ouse is out of reach. Or take myself, sir. Suppose it was only five shillings and costs or seven days in my case. Could I become a publican? No. I could cut 'airs. I may move in the best society, and no reference made. But 'ave my name on a signboard, I can't. Therefore, looking at it with the heye of reason, I say, publicans are the pick of the commercial basket. The haristocracy of the trading community. They are bound to be—'aving clean sheets, as they 'ave. And I only wish I 'ad 'im 'ere—I 'd cut 'is 'air!"

"Or take the subjec' of Temperance. Can you make a man temperate by Hact of Parliament? You can't. If I can't get it open, shan't I get it sly? Of course I shall. It's the wrong way about, sir. Put on a penalty, ses I, so heavy as you like for a breach of the law, but leave a man free. Legislation is not Nature, sir. Let Nature put on the penalty. Now, say, like this, sir. You stop out a bit late of a night—no 'arm—but you fall in with a few friends, we'll say. You come to me in the morning. 'LEACH, I 'ave a 'ead on me,' says you. 'Then I s'pose you've earned it,' says I. 'Well, perhaps I 'ave,' laughs you. Then I turn to and shampoo you so fresh as a daisy. There's nothing like a shampoo, wet or dry, for a 'eadache. So there you 'ave it all. The whole scheme complete in a nutshell. The 'armless wrong—the penalty—the remedy. Would I set aside the penalty what warns? Not me. No. I only hact the ministering hangel. And I just wish I 'ad 'im in this chair, I 'd—"

"Ow 's that, sir?"

I opened my eyes. A hand-glass, deftly held, revealed—

"Good gracious, man! What *have* you done? You've made me look like a ticket-of-leave man. You've ruined my appearance for a month."

Orestes making oblation at his father's tomb did not undergo so close a crop. LEACH saw it and wept.

"'Tis a clear case of mistaken—mistaken hidentity," he stammered. "I was carried away, sir. I never mixed 'eads before—never. But I thought I was cutting the Prime Minister's."

Surely no sane man can support a measure with consequences so unforeseen.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF Mr. R. C. LEHMANN has any superiors among rowing-coaches, they must be very few; and if there are better masters of lucid diction, they can't be very many. Anyhow, I know of no other living connoisseur, in either kind, who so well combines the twofold qualifications which go to make the excellence of *The Complete Oarsman* (METHUEN). Students of the art of rowing will have no need in future to take preliminary risks in a boat; they can acquire perfect oarsmanship in their arm-chairs with the help of Mr. LEHMANN's printed instructions and photographs. As the poet sang:

What RUDIE doesn't know of rowing
Cannot be very well worth knowing.

And he was right, though it is true that the said RUDIE had previously got him elected into the Leander Club.

Mr. LEHMANN traces back the history of English rowing styles to KING ARTHUR's day; but without pedantry. Indeed, there is a fine reserve of strength in his simple declaration: "I pass now from Tristram to *Bell's Life*." But the book is not for specialists alone. The chapters on "Famous Crews and Memorable Races" are as thrilling as any tale of heroic adventure. And a fine spirit of sportsmanship runs through the volume, as befits the work of an ardent amateur. He is all for the Game, as distinct from personal achievement. And, indeed, in rowing, more than in all other games, the first necessity is combination, the sacrifice of individualism to uniformity of style, and this perhaps largely explains why professionalism is confined almost entirely to the one-man business of sculling.

Mr. LEHMANN's book has made a timely appearance; and I could wish that at least one passage in it had been laid to heart by a certain section (who shall be nameless) at the Olympic Stadium, where it was much more needed than it is ever likely to be among the good sportsmen who meet at Henley:—"The real thing, after all is said and done, is the game itself—that and the spirit in which it is played. Compared to that, victory or defeat in any particular race is a trifle." Mr. LEHMANN has good right to say this, for the rowing world recognises the fine cosmopolitan work he has done for the advancement of the game that he loves the best.

When I first heard someone talking about *The Last Shore* (CHAPMAN and HALL) I thought for a moment that G.B.S. had been at it again. But when I got the book I found that, though its title (as pronounced in the best circles) recalled the name of our only dramatist, the hand that wrote it was the hand of Mr. VINCENT BROWN. The latest *SHAW* and *The Last Shore* are, however, alike in this, that they both deal with certain aspects of the married state. Or rather, to be precise, Mr. BROWN's book is about the unmarried state. In

the course of a violent quarrel between a brutal husband and a friend whom he fancies to be in love with his wife, the husband tumbles down a back-stair and cracks his skull. The horror of this tragedy so plays on the mind of the survivor that, though he and the widow make no bones about setting up house together, they agree to dispense with the customary formalities. Besides her pseudo-husband, the lady has a wicked lover and a devout lover. The wicked one—who has the makings of a poisoner—falls into the pit that he had digged for another, and is asphyxiated. Whereupon the devout gentleman, who had been running a waiting race, comes with a rush at the finish (I have just returned from the Stadium), and carries off the lady to the bosom of Mother-Church with the full consent of the third party. It is not always true that all's well that ends well, and, though the book has its points, it is rather sombre stuff.

Criticism of a culinary dish is sometimes offered in the formula that it is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. *The Japanese Spy* (GRANT RICHARDS) is neither a record of travel, a political disquisition, nor a good work of fiction.

Mr. LANCELOT LAWTON, attempting to combine the three methods of treatment, has produced a book of prodigious length, and of a dullness which is relieved only by marvel as to whither we are going now, and who's who in the muddled action. The best parts are those devoted to description of social life in Japan. In this Mr. LAWTON is literally at home, and he would have been more successful had he been content to write a chatty narrative un-

cumbered by a slight thread of fiction.

Bess of Hardendale, by THEODORA WILSON WILSON (HUTCHINSON), is a strong novel, well written and interesting. Miss WILSON doesn't allow her story to maunder into byways or to drift into obscurity. She keeps a firm grip on it, and makes it obey her. Her characters are real flesh and blood, not wraiths dimly seen through a mist of impressionism. Children, of course, have been changed at birth in other stories before this, but Miss WILSON gives a freshness to the plot, and the reader excuses it for the sake of the mother who passionately desired a boy and whose life is saved by the substitution. All comes reasonably right in the end; but I can't help thinking that Mr. *Harden* might have been allowed to live out his six months of life instead of being prematurely killed by a dog.

We understand that the next volume of the "Men of the Hour" series will be entitled, *Dorando and Sierier*; or, *The Two Winning Posts*.

"Board in country cottage near gold links."—*Daily Mail*.
"Cottage, near bone collar-stud" is what we have always been on the look out for.



Artist (who has been bothered by rustics breathing on him all the morning). "MY GOOD FELLOW, I ASSURE YOU THAT YOU CAN SEE THE SKETCH WITH MORE ADVANTAGE FROM A LITTLE DISTANCE!"

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HALDANE, we are informed, intends to persevere with his Territorial Army scheme in spite of the resolution passed at the Peace Congress against toy soldiers.

Soldiers serving at Aldershot whose term of service will expire shortly have been invited to join a class of instruction in motor-car driving. Seeing that the men have already been trained to kill, the idea seems an admirable one.

"We hope," says *The American* of New York, "that Canada will keep on growing, and keep on getting richer, for one of these days she is going to be a part of this great country, and fly the American flag." This is great encouragement, and Canada, we hear, has decided to keep on pegging away.

CARPENTER, the American who fouled Lieutenant HALSWELL at the Stadium and was disqualified for that reason, is to receive a consolation cup from his New York admirers. We had an idea all along that CARPENTER's action was not incorrect under Tammany rules.

According to the Constantinople correspondent of *Die Zeit* there has been another abortive conspiracy to kill the SULTAN. Over a hundred officers were to attend at the Selamluk, and, at a preconcerted signal, to fire at the SULTAN's carriage. "when it was believed that at least two or three of the bullets would take effect." If this estimate of Turkish marksmanship be a correct one, it would appear that the proposed Army reforms will not come a moment too soon.

"Has the SULTAN been assassinated?" asks a sensational paper. Scarcely ever, we believe.

With reference to the charge of cruelty to elephants in the Indian village at the Exhibition, we would mention that it is an open secret that the tiger which takes part in

the tiger hunt in the same performance leads a dog's life.

"The true explanation of sleepiness in church," says the *Revue Scientifique*, of Paris, "is that the auditor unconsciously hypnotises himself by concentrating his gaze for a long time on a single object." The parsons always declared that it was not the sermon.

A Swedish woman who had been asleep for thirty-two years woke up last week. It is thought that one of Messrs. PICKFORD's motor-vans did it.

Several medals which had been won by Mr. EDWARD DOBSON, J.P., a former champion amateur lightweight boxer, have been stolen by burglars. It may not generally be

death among musical artists is being strenuously repudiated, and a mass meeting of musicians who have not died from this cause is, we hear, to be held in Trafalgar Square at an early date.

According to an American newspaper, a ten-year-old Chicago child named DORIS SMITH can repeat the whole of "The Merchant of Venice" by heart. This is surely a dangerous weapon to place in the hands of so young a person.

"It is said that there are a quarter of a million golfers in the United Kingdom and a statistician has calculated that on the basis of each one travelling a hundred miles a year by train in the pursuit of his game, they thus collectively make a journey of twenty-five million miles once a year."—*Evening News*.

What calculators these statistic fellows are! $100 \times \frac{1}{4} = 25$. Not many of us could have worked that out at the first shot, not in millions, at any rate. We are glad, by the way, that the golfers don't travel 25,000,000 miles more than once a year. To do it five or six times would leave them so little leisure for the game itself.

The correspondent of *The New York World* at the recent review on the Plains of Abraham speaks

of "two squadrons of North-Western mounted police, the pride of Canada. They sat their saddles like minotaur."

The type seems to have come on a good bit since the old Cretan days.

The Boston Herald gives a prospectus of the big game shooting that is to be placed at Mr. ROOSEVELT's disposition by a Mr. McMILLAN of Mombasa:

"Among the large quadrupeds that abound in this vicinity are elephant, rhinoceros, zebra, antelope . . . egrets, lions, tigers and wolves." We shall look to see one of these four-footed egrets in "Princess ALICE's" hat when next she makes a royal progress through our Metropolis.

Puff-Puff.

"Mme. Melba is not a *prima donna* content to let the steam of operatic endeavour pass by unheeded."—From a review of the operatic season in "The People."



PAINFUL DREAM OF AN UNDECIDED TOURIST.

known that such medals are of great use to housebreakers. They wear them when engaged in business in order to persuade fractious householders that a struggle would be hopelessly one-sided.

The announcement that a new Great Ant-eater has reached the Zoo has caused something like a panic among its favourite food, and thousands of ants are leaving the country every day.

Miss MAUD ALLAN regards as absurd the excuse given by Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., last week that he could not appear in certain proceedings because his clothes had perished in a fire.

The statement in the Registrar-General's Blue-Book that alcoholism is one of the most potent causes of

A LAWLESS PEACE.

THE hour incites to jocund song;
From tent and cabin, hut and cave,
Issues the happy, careless throng
To wallow in the teeming wave;
The sands are black with boisterous folk:
The infant sports with spade and bucket;
And LIZA on her lissom moke
To 'ARRY's "Chase me!" answers "Chuck it!"

Nor are the spirit's needs forgot;
A coloured minstrel's supplies,
With music made to touch the spot,
Laughter and tears and amorous sighs;
There is the Pierrot, wan with paint,
The Nigger, burnished like a scarabee,
To cause the ladies' hearts to faint
With songs of youth and love and Araby.

Similar draughts of bliss inflate
The Briton's waistcoat where he flogs
Some harmless pool from ten to eight
Or paints the moorland over dogs;
He has an air of ale-and-cakes
Whether with infinite fatigue he
Surmounts the Matterhorn or takes
His axe by railway up the Righi.

What is the source of all this joy
"In widest commonalty spread"?
(Had I been in the *Mail's* employ,
"Far-flung" is what I must have said).
Is it perchance the change of scene
Allowed by intermitted labours
That makes us wear so glad a mien
And even almost love our neighbours?

'Tis that; but there's a deeper cause:—
Full in our thankful hearts we feel
How sweet the legislative pause,
How potent for the public weal:
No further need to fume and chafe
Now while the House is hushed and sleeping,
And England's health once more is safe
In Permanent Officials' keeping. O. S.

OUR DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

EVER ready to encourage dramatic talent, *Mr. Punch* has been offering a prize consisting of a Daylight-Saving Watch that contains a skip-and-jump movement as required under the coming Act—for the best handling of a dramatic theme. The problem set was as follows:—She rich, He poor—in love with one another—but the money stands in the way of their getting married. Solution required.

After profound deliberation the judges have awarded the palm to *Mr. ARTHUR WING PINERO* for his effort entitled

THE FAMILY SKELETON.

[The scene is a drawing-room in the Midland town of Dumpborough. A family council is being held to settle the question of marrying Her. In order that the audience may know how matters stand, the family history is being retailed to a Census gatherer.

Uncle Edward William (handing the Census Man a paper, and jerking his thumb at the various members of the family as he runs over the items). That's me, and that's my brother JOHN HENRY, and that's my sister

ELIZA ANN, and there's our aunt CHARLOTTE JOHANNA, and over there's our niece ISABEL, my ward.

The Census Man (making a note). Spinster.

Uncle Ed. (with a chuckle). She won't be for long! When she comes of age next year she'll have ten thousand pun to her name. [Exit the Census Man.

And now to decide 'oo's to be the lucky man. JAMES TIDMAN, I think; he's got a tidy little soap-boiling business, and he'd know how to put the money out to advantage.

Isabel. A smug hypocrite!

Aunt Eliza. Ho, ho! Hoity-toity! I don't know what girls are coming to nowadays! Why, he's Grand Master of the Order of Ancient Buffaloes.

Isabel (calmly). I will not marry him. Mr. WAYMARK is the man I love.

Uncle Ed. (horried). WAYMARK! A fellow earning three pun a week at doctoring, and not even collecting it! The family's not going to stand a missalliance like that! I suppose he's been hanging round you trying to get a look in at the money?

Isabel. Mr. WAYMARK has not done me the honour of asking me to marry him. It is this wretched money that is standing between us. I wish it had never been left to me!

Great-Aunt Charlotte (from a back corner of the room). It never was.

[General consternation.]

Uncle Ed. Oh, come now, Aunt, a joke's all very well—I like a little joke myself at times—but this is too strong!

Great-Aunt Charlotte. It never was! All these years I've held my tongue, but now I'll speak out. Your father was never properly married, ISABEL.

Aunt Eliza (sententiously). Then the money ought rightfully to come to us! I never did think it proper for a young girl to have all that left to her.

Great-Aunt Charlotte (to Aunt Eliza). But that's not all. Your father, too, committed bigamy when he married your mother. I found his first marriage lines in between the leaves of our *Shakspeare* only yesterday.

Uncle John. What a cunning place to hide them in! Then where does the money go to?

Isabel. The lawyers must advertise and find out. We must right the wrong.

Uncle Ed. Oh, come, ISABEL, we mustn't do that! Think of the scandal! Where'd my business go to if this got about Dumpborough? We must 'ush it up. Of course your ten thousand pun will have to be divided up equally amongst us. And perhaps (generously) we'll give you a couple of hundred between us. Look here, ISABEL, you say nothing about this, and you can marry young WAYMARK if you want to. And I tell you what, I'll get him a situation as Medical Officer of 'Ealth to the town. There's plenty of pickings in that post. Give us a kiss, lass, and settle it!

Curtain.

Highly commended was the attempt sent in by *Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW*:—

SHAMPOO AND OTHER SHAMS.

[The scene is a private room in a high-class hairdressing establishment in Bond Street. She, Lady NINON PORTCULLIS, is being shampooed by Him, a hairdresser's assistant, and a very Shavian young man.

He. Professionally speaking, your hair is abominable.

She. Candour is cheap!

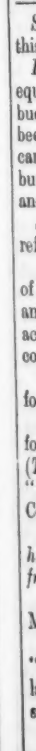
He (unabashed). But I love every strand of it. It is curious how love overrides the professional judgment.



THE SALT-WATER CURE.

SHAH OF PERSIA. "GO ON IN, ABDUL—JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING. YOU CAN ALWAYS COME OUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT."

SICK MAN OF EUROPE. "YES, I KNOW. BUT ONE GETS SO WET!"





A HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHT.

Em'ly (in command). "NOW, MARY JANE, PULL UP YER STOCKING—STICK YER 'AT ON, AND—GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT MOTOR!"

She. I am wondering why I let you talk to me like this.

He (drying her hair). Why shouldn't I? I am your equal in birth—my great-grandfather was a Regency buck. I am more than your equal in education—I have been to a Polytechnic. I am far cleverer than you—I can build up a dozen styles of coiffure and you can't build up one fit to be seen in. Moreover, I have a vote and you haven't!

She. Would you think me very old-fashioned if I referred to my rank and my income?

He. It would pain me—I should hate to suspect you of being conventional. It is true that you have rank and money, but I shouldn't refuse to marry you on that account. As a Socialist I have too much pride and courage to let a mere matter of that sort part us.

She. People might say that you were marrying me for my money!

He. People might say that you were marrying me for my brains! But let us test the opinion of "people." (Throwing open a window.) I will call up the first "man in the street" that passes. . . . Hi! Hi!! Come up!

She. Oh, he mustn't find me like this. (She knots her hair roughly into position and throws off the towel from her shoulders.)

A Policeman (entering hastily). What's the matter? Murder?

He (calmly). Worse than that—marriage. As the "man in the street" we want your opinion. This lady and I are in love; she is rich and of high social standing; I am poor but brainy; ought I to brave public

opinion by marrying her? Would it be likely to ruin my prospects?

The Policeman. Well, I'm blown!!!

He. Come—your opinion, constable!

The Policeman (slowly recovering). Is either of you married already?

He. No.

The Policeman. And you aren't lunatics?

He. We three are the only sane people in Bond Street.

The Policeman (judicially). Well, the Law's got nothing to say against it. If you two people really love one another . . .

He. Ah, the true British sentiment. It smacks of roast beef and a black coat on Sundays. My last scruple has vanished, NINON! I will marry you. You cannot fight against me.

She (resignedly). I suppose one can't help the inevitable happening; that is always a comfort if things go wrong. But remember, I shall keep the purse!

He (going over to her and whispering). Meanwhile, would you mind tipping the constable half-a-crown for me?

Curtain.

[Exercises sent in by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM and Another to follow in our next issue.]

The Editor of *The Fishing Gazette*, writing on "Sea Angling" in *The Daily Mail*, recommends, as the best "fly" for bass, "a silvery little bit of soleskin made like a whitebait." Of course you have to catch your sole first, and we have found that the best worm for this is the wing-liver of a sea-anemone made like a minnow.

THE SPEECH.

"I HAVE finished my speech," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE as he entered the dining-room. "I wish you'd listen to it. Only no nonsense, mind."

"All right," said JACK. "Go ahead!"

"It is with mingled feelings," Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE began, "that I rise to my feet to reply to the far too kind and flattering remarks about me . . ."

"But, father," said AGNES, "you haven't heard them yet."

"No, of course not," said her father; "but that's quite a safe opening. They're sure to come. HASTIE's speech is certain to be fairly greasy. How could it be otherwise?"

"Of course," said JACK. "Go on, father."

" . . . the too kind and flattering remarks about me," Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE continued, "which have fallen from the lips of my old friend Mr. HASTIE, our worshipful mayor."

"Oh, father," said BERYL, "do you really mean to say 'fallen from the lips'? It's so horribly stilted."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE, "it's a regular form of words. How would you put it?"

"I should say, 'which have been uttered,' or something simple and direct like that," said BERYL.

"I don't mind that," said AGNES. "What I object to is calling that impossible Mr. HASTIE your old friend. You know you've always barred him."

"My dear, have I? He's a very good fellow at heart."

"Yes," said JACK, "they always are—at heart—that breed."

"My dear children," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE, "you are very young. When you are my age you will know that you must not be so critical. I intend to call HASTIE my old friend whatever happens. Besides, for all practical purposes he is."

"He did all he could to help in your defeat at the last election," said JACK.

"Well, that was a matter of political conviction. I can't punish him for that."

"Political grandmother!" said JACK. "Anyway," said AGNES, "you needn't go out of your way to butter him up."

"Well," said her father, "suppose for a minute that I said exactly what I felt, how do you think it would come out? What kind of

a figure should I—should we all—cut? I now resume," he added, clearing his throat. "Since public speaking is not my forte—"

By the way, AGNES, is it 'forte,' or 'fort-e'? I notice people say 'pianofort-e' a good deal."

"I should say 'forte'—one syllable—if I were you," said AGNES.

" . . . Since public speaking is not my forte, I propose to say only a very few words—"

"Hear! Hear!" said JACK.

"It has been a very great pleasure to me to hand over to the Corporation this piece of land."

"Oh, father," cried BERYL, "how can you say so? It wasn't a pleasure. You had to do it to keep Redlands."

"Well, my dear, it was a very great pleasure to us all to keep Redlands, so the phrase is all right. By handing over the land we had pleasure."

"Yes," said AGNES dubiously, "I suppose that's true."

"And I hope," Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE continued, "that it will serve a useful and (may I add?) delightful purpose in its new career as a Bilmington lung. That's rather good, I think."

"What's good?" said BERYL coldly.

"Why, the word 'lung.' Meaning an open space."

"Why not say 'open space,' then?"

"My dear child, how could I? Look at the tameness of it—as a Bilmington open space."

"Quite as good as 'lung,'" said BERYL, "and more decent."

"Decent!" gasped the orator.

"Yes, decent. I consider the employment in rhetoric of the internal organs of the human body a serious blot."

"Human!" cried JACK. "Well, I like that. Why, pigs have lungs."

"One does not think of a pig's lungs," said BERYL. "Pig's trotters, I grant you, and pig's liver; but never pig's lungs."

"BERYL," said her father, "you are very young. When you come to my age you will realise that there are many occasions when an epigrammatic term is more effective than a plain and commonplace one."

"You will also learn," JACK added, "that the lung is never indecent."

"Don't be coarse," said BERYL.

"A few words," Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE went on, "may not be inopportune—"

"Out of place," suggested BERYL.

" . . . inopportune," Mr. BROOK-

WYLLIE continued, "'concerning the history of the aforesaid plot.'"

"Oh, father," cried AGNES, "not 'aforesaid plot.' That's like a lawyer's document."

"But how the dickens," said her father, "is one to refer to it? I can't say 'lung' again."

"No, certainly not," said BERYL.

"This part has given me more trouble than all the rest of the thing put together," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE. "How on earth those writing fellows manage it, I can't think."

"Say 'this piece of ground,' or 'the piece of ground in question,' father," said BERYL.

"Very well. 'Piece of ground.' 'It came into the possession of my ancestor Sir HUMPHRY BROOK during the Commonwealth, being a grant to him by OLIVER CROMWELL for services rendered in the Parliamentary cause.'"

"Better go slow with that," said JACK. "Old Lady CATT will be present, and she's a Jacobite and all the rest of it. Sends a wreath to Whitehall every year, don't you know?"

"Oh, please don't offend Lady CATT," said AGNES. "At least, not till the Pageant is over. She offered to put us up all the week, and that will save all kinds of trouble."

"But it is the only interesting part of my speech," said her father.

"Never mind, dad, cut it out," said AGNES. "It's much better to speak badly than well. People think more of you. They're suspicious of fluent speakers. Just say you are very much honoured and so on, and sit down."

"I don't think I ought to," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE. "I've taken a lot of trouble over this speech, and it will be expected of me. People will go away disappointed if I don't deliver it, and that won't be fair. One must be fair and kind."

"True kindness," said BERYL, "is not to make speeches at all."

"Oh, come, my dear," said her father, "it's not so bad as that. Think what we should have missed: DEMOSTHENES and CICERO and CATO and—and—BURKE and GLADSTONE."

"Yes," said JACK, "and BROOK-WYLLIE. Go on, father, and don't listen to them. Only I would skip OLIVER CROMWELL if I were you."

"Very well," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE. "Then I'll go back to the study and cut out OLIVER CROMWELL; but I'm sure it will disappoint them horribly. If you young people were only a little older, you'd know."

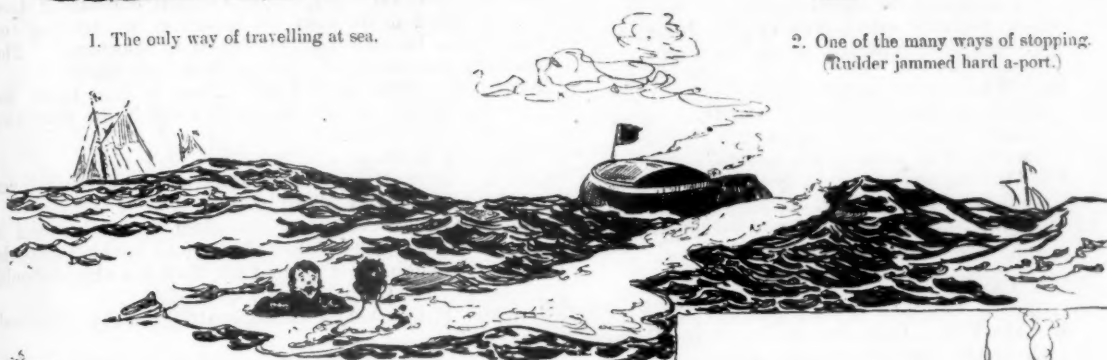
A MOTOR-BOAT TRAGEDY.



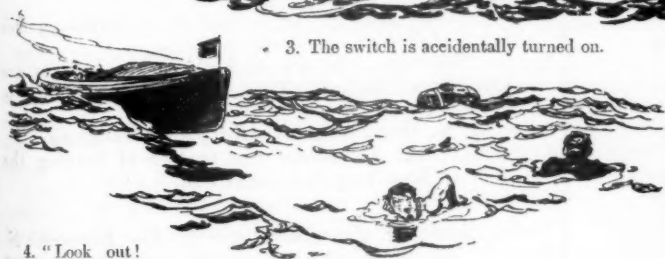
1. The only way of travelling at sea.



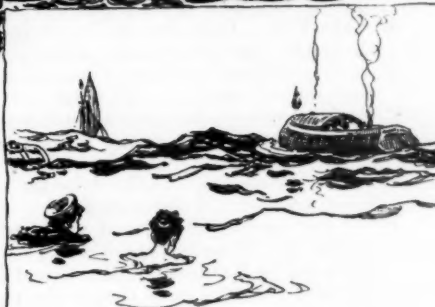
2. One of the many ways of stopping.
(Rudder jammed hard a-port.)



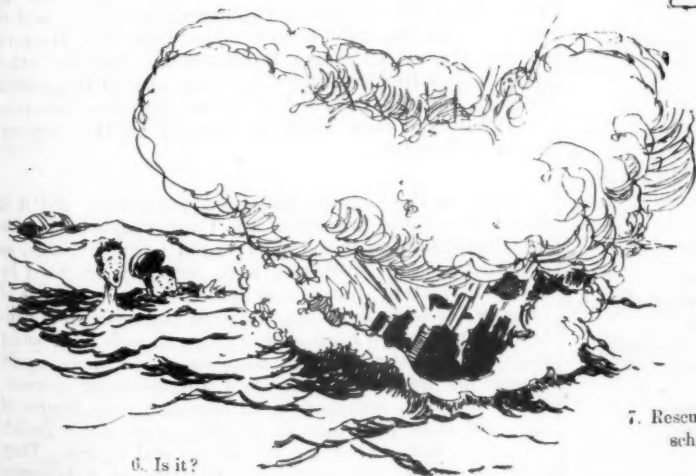
3. The switch is accidentally turned on.



4. "Look out!
Here she comes
again!"



5. She's run down. Now's the time to
catch her!



6. Is it?



7. Rescued by a girls' high-
school excursion.

Amos Townsend

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

THE HOLIDAY PROSPECT.

SHALL I travel to far Honolulu,
Blest Island of mountain and palm,
Though numbered with those as a rule who
Prefer that the sea should be calm?
Shall I bound on its breast as a sailor,
Inhaling the luscious ozone,
In a nautical suit that my tailor
Evolved from ideas of his own?

They tell me *Aloha* is delightful,
When sung by Hawaiian quartettes;
That the largest hotels are all quite full
Of the smartest and wealthiest sets;
That the surf and the rides through the passes
Are fine, and the starlit lagoons,
Where you float with a crew of picked basses
To warble appropriate tunes.

Shall I hie to Yosemite's gorges,
Where Sequoia gigantea * stands,
Reminiscent of juvenile orgies
On clarets of picturesque brands?
They tell me that everyone goes there
To fish, or take photos, or climb;
That one always meets people one knows there;
That the scenery's simply sublime.

Yes, I feel it's my duty to scan yon
Sierras, but then there are things
At Lake Tahoe, Palm Beach, The Grand Canyon,
Encenada and Arrowhead Springs,
That they tell me are just as enthralling,
And each one unique of its kind.
Good heavens! the number's appalling!
I wish I could make up my mind.

Time was when I viewed the Atlantic
With a vastly inflated regard;
When Ramsgate still charmed a romantic
And grossly ill-recompensed bard;
When a trip to Southend on the *Throstle*,
Of heaven seemed more than a glimpse,
As one gaily washed down with a wassail
Of stout a sixpenn'orth of shrimps.

Selection in those days was easy,
One packed a few trifles away,
Then bought a cheap ticket to breezy
St. Leonards or balmy Herne Bay;
Where, extended at ease on the jetty,
One gazed on the life-giving sea,
Till the cares of existence seemed petty,
And the one thing that mattered was tea.

But alas! for the sense of elation
A respite from servitude lends;
I shall never enjoy a vacation
As I did those delightful week-ends;
When we'd left the Swan Pier and were slipping
Past Greenwich, agog for the sights
And the sounds and the smells of the shipping,
And the fairway a-twinkle with lights.

Though I traverse the globe in expresses,
And the state-rooms of liners-de-luxe;

* The Californian "Big Tree."

Though for months at a time my address is
The ends of the earth, care of Cook's;
Though I sample hotels without measure,
And scatter largesse like a lord,
I shall never extract the same pleasure
Those holidays used to afford.

ALGOL.

DISCURSIONS.

BRANDY IN BASUTOLAND.

A WHITE Paper recently presented to Parliament contains a report of the proceedings of the Basutoland National Council, which met at Maseru in January and February of the present year under the Presidency of Mr. H. C. SLOLEY, the Resident Commissioner, and discussed matters of great moment. For instance, on Monday, February 3rd, "the Council considered Law No. 9, which dealt with the question of 'turning the door of the house' from one chief to another." The following interesting discussion then took place:—

MATSABISA: Who is to blame when a man turns the door of his house—the man himself, or the chief who receives him?

TSOLOANE: Both.

PATSO: The matter is almost as great a source of danger to the country as brandy.

PHILIP: If men turn from one chief to another and it is found that these chiefs have done nothing towards having the matter cleared up, then the chiefs should be punished.

QAMAKO: It is a very difficult matter for chiefs to deal with.

SEKAKE: Who amongst us is said to be breaking this law? Let him be named.

NKING: The men who are at fault in this matter are the petty chiefs. They are always turning to greater chiefs.

Reverend N. MPITI recommended plainer speaking.

JAMES MATETE: I consider the matter of turning the door to be a very important one.

Here, however, the matter ended. The Reverend N. MPITI's recommendation of plainer speaking was not followed up, and we are left guessing. I suppose "turning the door of the house" must be something like "crossing the floor of the House" with us. In Basutoland Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL would be said to have turned the door of the house from Mr. BALFOUR to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. On the other hand, Major RENTON, M.P., and a number of Haggerston electors have just turned it in the opposite direction. In Basutoland they would be blamed for this tergiversatory proceeding.

Later on the Council discussed witchcraft, and it is stated that "the opinion of the Council appeared to be that legislation on the subject would be unadvisable, as certain forms of witchcraft were certainly practised by universal custom; but it was denied that the practice of 'litaola,' or bone-throwing, involved the mention of individuals' names." I am glad of that; though I am bound to say that to throw bones, so to speak, *in vacuo*, would appear to be an aimless and uninteresting pursuit. When our own ancestors used to make little figures of wax and stick pins into them, they were never foolish enough to make what I may call general figures. They made them in the particular likeness of a favourite



Mr. Norman Brown (counting his possessions, animate and inanimate). "TWELVE, THIRTEEN — DEAR, DEAR! THERE OUGHT TO BE FOURTEEN! I SAY, PORTER, SOMETHING'S MISSING."
 Mr. N. B. "ER—YES. LET'S SEE—IT'LL BE MARKED 'N. B.' OR ELSE 'H.M.S. THUNDERER.'"

enemy, and always hoped for fatal results from the pin-sticking.

I pass on, however, to the tremendous question of brandy, which the Council debated on Saturday and Monday, February 1st and 3rd. We, too, have had our Licensing debates; but, unlike the House of Commons, the Basuto chiefs appeared to be all of one mind in the matter. A few extracts from the Basutoland Hansard will show the nature of the discussion:—

PARAMOUNT CHIEF: With regard to brandy, I drink it myself; but when I see its effects on others I can see that it is a bad thing.

JOSIAS: There is no use in chiefs saying they should put a stop to brandy-smuggling unless they bind themselves to stop drinking brandy.

Reverend C. M. SEBETA: One of the greatest evils of brandy-drinking is that chiefs cannot hear cases owing to being drunk. We shall soon ask that those who are drunk should not have the right of hearing cases.

Various chiefs having spoken in the same strain, the Council closed with prayer.

This was on Saturday, and the subject came up again on Monday, when MAKHAOLA opened the proceedings:—
 MAKHAOLA: I do not know what good these men, who even come into the Council after drinking, are as advisers. I do not drink myself, and can always attend to the messages of the Assistant Commissioner.

This remark was evidently regarded by the Paramount

Chief as being of the nature of a personal attack on himself. He at once retorted with some dignity:—

PARAMOUNT CHIEF: No one has ever found me incapable of doing business through drunkenness, but I occasionally suffer from headache.

Had this remark been uttered in the House of Commons it would certainly have been punctuated by "Loud laughter and cheers." In the Basuto Council, however, it passed without any comment whatever. It must be admitted that in thus pleading guilty to the minor count of headaches the Paramount Chief gave himself away.

Finally the Resident Commissioner wound up the debate with an excellent speech, in which he promised to do what he could to help the Basutos in this matter. He told them they must choose between national prosperity and drink, and also declared that he would "talk over this matter with the Paramount Chief before he leaves Maseru." I hope there will be no more headaches, and in the meantime I commend the whole of this debate to the notice of those who propose to speak in our own Licensing debates in the autumn.

The *Liverpool Echo*, describing some prehistoric remains lately discovered, states that "the femur bones of some of the skeletons exceeded in length by several inches the same bones in the arms of the biggest workmen."

We thought there must be something wrong about the construction of some of our workmen. No wonder we have so many unemployed.



CAUTION.

Village Postmistress. "AND WHAT ARE THOSE DASHES?"

Hodge. "OH, HE'LL UNDERSTAND THEY RIGHT ENOUGH."

Postmistress. "YES, BUT WE CAN'T SEND THEM BY TELEGRAPH."

Hodge. "WELL, THEY'RE THE PRICE O' THE PIGS. HE'LL UNDERSTAND."

Postmistress. "YES, BUT YOU MUST PUT IT IN WORDS OR FIGURES, ELSE WE CAN'T SEND IT."

Hodge. "MUST I? WELL, I'LL WHISPER IT TO 'EE THEN!"

Those Indomitable Engines.

"Every member of his" (the Prince of Wales's) "suite took a short turn at stoking. It was a very severe and eminently satisfactory test of the Indomitable's turbine engines."

Morning Post.

Companions of the Bath.

West End, Stoke.—Superior Apartments Vacant, bath; friends could join.

Staffordshire Sentinel.

The First-Class Cricketer's Ideal.

"The efforts of Johnson were so ably seconded by the other members of the eleven that at no time did there appear the slightest prospect of a definite result being arrived at."

Morning Post.

"WOMAN (strong), country preferred, wanted for breaking eggs."—Scotsman.

After this let us hear no more about woman as the weaker sex.

A PARTIAL PORTRAIT.

MR. HAROLD COX, M.P.

SOMEWHAT schoolmasterlike in mien,
Yet simpler in his speech than scholars,
Undeviatingly serene,
Artistic in his ties and collars—
Such is the style of HAROLD COX,
The man who gives his Party shocks.

Alone, alone, yet undismayed,
When any Party move is mooted
That will not tally with Free Trade,
Cox preaches CORDEN undiluted,
Regarding as a base defection
LLOYD-GEORGE'S dallies with Protection.

A thorough master of detail,
A perfect demon at statistics,
He never yet was known to fail
In castigating cranks or mystics;
And when an ignoramus chatters,
Cox tears his fustian into tatters.

When ASQUITH seeks in rounded phrase

To palliate some rash surrender
To Labour's menace, or essays
The rôle of Poverty's defender,
Cox bids him talk to the marines,
And gives the polished Premier beans.

Yet though his sentiments are strong
And though his irony is searing,
Such virtues to his speech belong
He never fails to gain a hearing;
Nor does he strive to be effective
By lapsing into crude invective.

Expert at diagnosing fools
Who grope in intellectual twilight
Or seek to sit upon two stools,
He radiates unceasing dry light
Upon the sophistry that snares
The minds of muddled doctrinaires.

Free from the tremors that assail
The vacillating opportunist,
Where Folly flounders like a whale
He smites it like a good harpoonist,
Delighting specially in digs
At all humanitarian prigs.

The efforts of the candid friend
Excited CANNING'S execration,
But HAROLD COX contrives to lend
The part a certain elevation;
For here at least the wounds are felt
To be in faithful earnest dealt.

Most Members treat with more respect

Their Party's whip, their Party's banner;

Few have a keener intellect,
A more alert debating manner;
And few would be more badly missed
Than COX, the Individualist.



AN OLD BIRD.

FIRST GUN (MR. ASQUITH). "SEEMS TO CARRY A LOT OF SHOT! I THOUGHT WE BOTH HIT HIM."
SECOND GUN (MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL). "I KNOW I DID." BIRD. "HA! HA!" [Exit.]



THE Grouse

THE Grouse is a common bird in the mountains of Scotland and Ireland. It is a game bird, and is much valued for its flesh and feathers. The Grouse is a very hardy bird, and is able to live in the most barren and desolate of mountains. It is a very shy bird, and is not easily tamed. It is a very useful bird, and is much valued for its feathers, which are used in the manufacture of hats and other articles. The Grouse is a very beautiful bird, and is much admired for its plumage. It is a very common bird, and is found in great numbers in the mountains of Scotland and Ireland.



Shooting Tenant (refreshing his memory by reading agent's advertisement). "LIMIT, GROUSE 300 BRACE."

Keeper. WAD THAT BE FOR THE LEASE OR FOR THE YEAR, SIR?"

Tenant. "YEAR, OF COURSE." (Continues.) "STAGS, TEN. THIS IS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING SOME TROPHIES QUITE OUT OF THE COMMON, AS WE UNDERSTAND NO STAGS HAVE BEEN SHOT ON THIS ESTATE DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS. IS THAT RIGHT?"

Keeper. "OO, AY, IT'LL BE SAX OR SEVEN YEAR SINCE THE LAST STAG WAS SEEN ON THE GRUND."

STRAINED RELATIONS.

SCENE—The Terrace at the Stadium Restaurant in the Franco-British Exhibition. TIME—About 8.5 P.M.

Mrs. Spettigue (a portly overheated matron with glittering grey eyes—to her husband, as they stand in the entrance-way). Well, THEOBALD, considering that I've been kept standing outside for half-an-hour in a long queue, for all the world as if the place were a soup-kitchen, the least you can do now they have let us in is to find a table to sit down at!

Mr. Spettigue (a wizened little man with an air of soured depression). If we wait here, they'll give us one presently.

Mrs. S. You never get anything in this world, THEOBALD, if you wait for people to come and offer it you. I see a table over there which will do well enough. Quick now—before anyone else gets it!

Mr. S. (as they arrive at a table laid for four). I don't

know if you're aware of it, DEBORAH, but this table has a card with "Reserved" on it.

Mrs. S. (seating herself, tearing the card into pieces, and throwing it under the table). It hasn't got it now, anyhow. If people reserve places, they should come in time to take them. But you've no idea of standing up for yourself, THEOBALD—you leave me to do everything. It was I who insisted on those people taking their places at the end of the line just now when they were trying to push in before us.

Mr. S. One of them said he'd engaged a table for four, my dear.

Mrs. S. Very likely he did—but it doesn't follow that he was telling the truth, does it? (Two young men in straw hats enter with their respective fiancées.) They've just come in—don't look round. Those two hussies with them are no better than they should be, I'll be bound!

Reggie (the leader of the party). Now we're all right! I chose a table close to the parapet. Hullo! I say. You remember the old tabby who wouldn't let me get

near the *commissionaire* chap at the door? Well, she and her husband have nipped in first and calmly taken our table. However, I'll soon have 'em out of that. (*Approaching Mr. SPETTIGUE*) Sorry to disturb you, Sir, but as a matter of fact this table is reserved for us—you will notice it is laid for four.

Mrs. S. THEOBALD, tell this young man that it is nothing to us if it was laid for forty. We got here first—and we intend to stay here.

Reggie (*to his friend*). This is a bit *too thick*. I'll see if I can find the manager. (*Returns later with the manager.*)

The Manager (*to Mr. S.*). Excuse me, but *ze gentleman* have engage *zis* table. I give you *anozer*, very nice, inside there—for two persons.

Mrs. S. Thank you—my husband and I are very comfortable where we are, we shall certainly not move—unless you choose to drag us away by main force.

Manager (*with a shrug, to REGGIE*). I am sorry—but viz such types, *vat* can I do? And to-night *ze* is so much crowd. I have no more any tables for four at present. If you like to sit here all *ze* same, I tell them to bring two more chairs. (*REGGIE consults his party—they decide to accept this arrangement; the chairs are brought, REGGIE being on Mr. SPETTIGUE's right, facing Mrs. S.*)

Mr. S. I should not have thought this table large enough to seat so many as six, should you, DEBORAH?

Mrs. S. Certainly not, THEOBALD—but if people will thrust themselves in like this, I suppose we must put up with the consequences. I always say the worst about coming to a place of this sort is the company one is brought in contact with!

REGGIE (*gloomily, to himself*). We're in for a rotten time, if I can't manage to shunt DEBORAH and THEOBALD! How would it be if I—I'll try it, anyhow. (*Aloud to Mr. S.*) Come, now, haven't you kept this up about long enough, Uncle THEOBALD?

Mrs. S. (*bristling*). "Uncle Theobald," indeed! THEOBALD, don't tell me that young man is any relation of yours!

Mr. S. Of course not, DEBORAH. (*To REGGIE*) I don't know what you're talking about, Sir, and I've no wish to know.

Reggie (*affectionately*). I wouldn't go on with it any longer, Uncle. Really, I wouldn't. I can't bear to see you and Auntie there—two of the dearest, merriest old souls who ever breathed—(*Mrs. S. glares at this description, while her husband regards him with a scowl of suspicion*)—you are—you know you are—I can't see you letting my friends here misunderstand you for a minute more than is necessary. If you won't tell them, I must!

Mr. S. (*hopelessly mystified*). Tell them—tell them what? I've nothing to tell your friends, Sir!

Reggie. Then you leave it to me, Uncle? All right. (*To his party*) It was like this. My dear uncle and aunt found out we were dining here to-night, and so Aunt DEBORAH—who never could resist a spree—suggested giving you all a pleasant surprise by joining the party. (*General surprise and bewilderment.*)

Mrs. S. (*to the party*). Don't believe a word he says! It's an absolute falsehood!

Reggie. I'm wrong. No, it was Uncle suggested that. And then, Aunt DEBORAH, you said, what fun it would be if you and Uncle got in first and pretended to be a cantankerous old couple who couldn't play the game for toffee. And jolly well you've done it, too, I will say! Anyone would have been taken in who didn't know what ripping good sorts you really were. But you mustn't let

your love of practical joking carry you *too far*, you know. Now own up, and be your own cheery selves!

(*Delighted applause from his party, who by this time have grasped the situation.*)

Mrs. S. (*crimson with rage*). Don't take the slightest notice of that young jackanapes, THEOBALD, or of those giggling minxes either. They are only trying to make us ridiculous! It is high time you thought about ordering some food. (*Taking the carte from a waiter*) I shall have *consommée*—and you had better have the same. And curried mutton and rice to follow.

Reggie (*tenderly*). Do, Aunt DEBORAH, do. But you'll have some fish first? Do try a little fish! To please me!

Mrs. S. (*furiously*). Are we ordering this dinner, or are you?

Reggie. Oh, I thought I was to be host—but, of course, if you insist—(*To the party*) Just like my dear Aunt and Uncle—always so hospitable! (*Leaning over Mr. S.*) If I might suggest, Uncle, I wouldn't have braised lobster—safe to bring on your gout—and isn't curried mutton just a little heating this weather? For Aunt, I mean. Do you mind if we have some chicken mayonnaise and Neapolitan ices instead?

Mrs. S. Have whatever you please. It's nothing to us!

Reggie. Awfully good of you, Aunt! (*To the others, in a stage whisper*) Simply rolling, both of 'em!

Mrs. S. Stop, waiter—you're sure you quite understand what you're to bring us?

Waiter (*rapidly*). *Consommée*, braise lobster, curried mutton, mayonnaise, rasberri tart, Neapolitan ices for seex—alright. (*He rushes off before Mrs. S. has time to protest.*)

Reggie. You do understand ordering a little dinner, Uncle! Are you looking for the wine list? (*Handing it*) Lager will do us quite well—you and Aunt DEBORAH, I know, never drink anything but champagne—that ain't a bad wine—but a little on the dry side, for Auntie's taste. A glass or two of champagne will buck you up like anything, Aunt. And you're coming with us on the Spiral Railway and the Flip-Flap, aren't you? I remember how you enjoyed yourself at Earl's Court last year. How many times was it you went down the Helter-Skelter Lighthouse? Fifteen—or was it twenty?

Mrs. S. (*rising wrathfully*). If you prefer to endure the impertinences of a pack of impudent young idiots, THEOBALD, remain by all means. But don't expect me to put up with them—for I will not!

Reggie (*rising*). Aunt, I implore you. If you must deprive us of your genial presence—at least—at least leave us Uncle THEOBALD!

His Party. Yes, yes—do let Uncle THEOBALD stay!

Mr. S. (*rising*). I am coming, DEBORAH—I have long felt that this is no place for us.

Reggie. I won't say good-bye. Perhaps, dear Aunt and Uncle, when time and curried mutton have brought you to a gentler mood, we may all meet and forget this unhappy family feud—on the Flip-Flap.

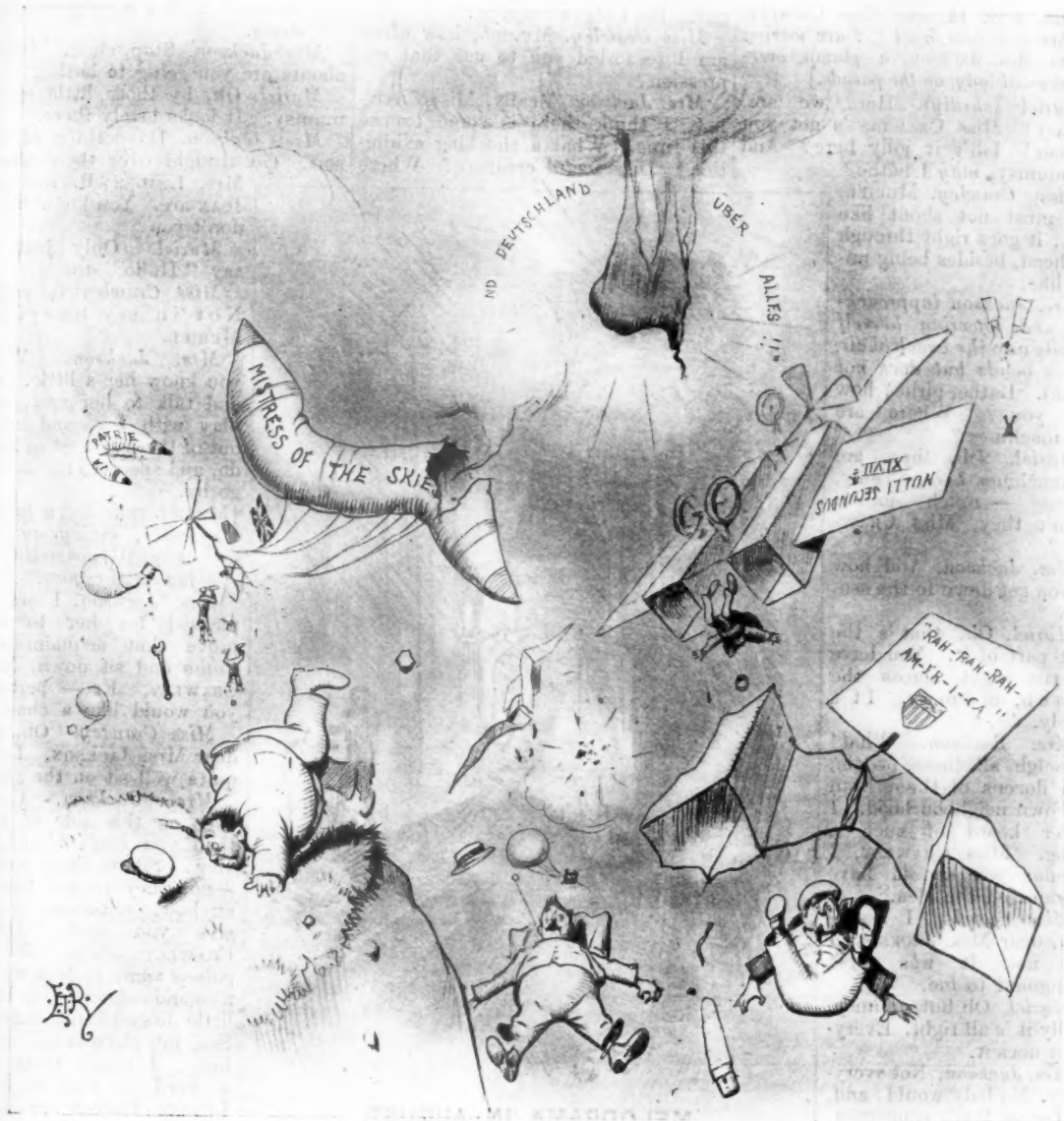
(*They edge their way past him, and retreat in some disorder.*)

Reggie (*pensively, as he takes Mr. S.'s chair*). Of course, I don't know—but I've a sort of feeling that Auntie and Uncle will never sit at my table again.

F. A.

Drastic Methods.

"—'s Shooting Powder for cutting Infants Gums per packet 15 annas."—From an Indian price list of Patent Medicines.



THE "CONQUEST" OF THE AIR.

(SHEWING HOW GRACEFULLY THE AIR ACKNOWLEDGES ITS DEFEAT.)

From a co-operative store in the North of England:

RABBITS
FRESH
DAILY.

MOURNING
WREATHS
TO ORDER.

"Home in vegetarian family for Christian, to take mother's duties; washing and extra cleaning given."—*Scotsman*.

We recommend for the purpose a new book by Mr. H. C. Woods,

which should supply all requisite instructions for "extra cleaning." It is entitled *Washed by Four Seas*.

"To-day's Forecast.—Easterly, light breezes, chiefly from the west or north-west."—

Birmingham Gazette.

If we must have East winds we should always choose for them to blow from the West, or even North-West.

"WANTED, perfectly quiet, light, airy ground-floor room Rat and vermin free."

The Daily Statesman, Calcutta.

We certainly think that there should be no petty extra charge for these trivial luxuries.

"West Kirby, Superior Apartments, with or without rooms."—*Liverpool Echo*.

When taking apartments we always insist that rooms should be thrown in.

ON THE BEACH.

[MURIEL, aged 14, and Miss CRAWLEY, her governess, aged 9 are waving to Mrs. JACKSON, a plump, overdressed lady, on the parade.]

Muriel (shrilly). Here we are, mumsy! Miss CRAWLEY's got you a chair! Isn't it jolly here? And oh, mumsy, may I bathe?

Miss Crawley. MURIEL, you must not shout like that: it goes right through my head, besides being unladylike.

Mrs. Jackson (approaching and lowering herself heavily into the beach chair, which bends but does not break). Bathe, girlie? how can you? Where are the machines?

Muriel. Oh, there are no machines here. Tents, mumsy — much jollier. Aren't they, Miss CRAWLEY?

Mrs. Jackson. And how do you get down to the sea, pray?

Muriel. Oh, that's the best part of it. You have to run right across the beach, mumsy. It's lovely.

Mrs. Jackson. What! Through all those people, and dozens of them from our own neighbourhood. I never heard of such a thing. Miss CRAWLEY, I wonder you should have encouraged the idea.

Miss Crawley. I assure you, dear Mrs. JACKSON, I did not. It was most repugnant to me.

Muriel. Oh but, mumsy, really it's all right. Every-body does it.

Mrs. Jackson. Not everybody. No lady would; and, as far as I am concerned, no lady's child shall either.

Miss Crawley. I felt convinced that would be your decision. Oh, look at that person going down to bathe now. How truly dreadful.

Mrs. Jackson (adjusting lorgnettes). Shocking creature. Who can she be? Why, I do believe — Yes, it is — Mrs. LOWE, the draper's wife at home. I wonder she isn't ashamed. But there's no telling what these underbred people will do nowadays.

Muriel. Well, I think she looks very pretty. It's such a sweet costume. But oh, mumsy — Miss

CRAWLEY—do look at this old fatty waddling down now with the little girl. Isn't she a sausage?

Miss Crawley. MURIEL, how often am I to forbid you to use that expression?

Mrs. Jackson. Really, Miss CRAWLEY, I think there is some excuse this time. What a shocking exhibition! Disgraceful creature! Where

depart and presently return, MURIEL in a wild state of excitement and a scanty bathing-dress.

Mrs. Jackson. Stop, child. Whereabouts are you going to bathe?

Muriel. Oh, by those little rocks, mumsy. It looks lovely there.

Mrs. Jackson. Do nothing of the sort. Go straight over there where

Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON and JOAN are. You know JOAN, don't you?

Muriel. Only just to say "Hallo" to.

Miss Crawley (sternly). Not in my hearing, MURIEL.

Mrs. Jackson. Well, you know her a little. Go and talk to her now, and play with her, and come out of the water when they do, and speak to me as you go by.

[MURIEL runs down to the water, giving an occasional pirouette of joy as she goes.]

Mrs. Jackson. I am so pleased for her to improve that acquaintance. Come and sit down, Miss CRAWLEY. Er — perhaps you would like a chair?

Miss Crawley. Oh, no, dear Mrs. JACKSON. I can quite well sit on the sand.

Mrs. Jackson. Come over on this side of me, then you don't block my view. Sit on those stones — no, they're not damp; anyhow, sea-water won't give you cold. [Miss CRAWLEY obeys with a pained smile.]

Now we're nice and comfortable. Dear little JOAN LEADER-RIPTON. See, my girlie is talking to her. I really must say a word or two to Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON as they come back to their tents. I don't think she quite knows me at home; but at the seaside we all seem

one big family, do we not? How happy they look in the water. I quite envy them, Miss CRAWLEY; don't you?

Miss Crawley. Quite, dear Mrs. JACKSON; but unfortunately sea-bathing does not agree with me. It upsets my liver, and stops my circulation.

Mrs. Jackson. Perhaps it's just as well. People are more likely to make friends with a child when she



MELODRAMA IN AUGUST.

Pathetic Voice from gallery—halfway through Second Act—as the solitary occupant of "more expensive seats" rises. "DON'T LEAVE US, STALLS!"

is the beach inspector? It ought not to be allowed.

Miss Crawley. Oh but, dear Mrs. JACKSON, do you see who it is? Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON and JOAN LEADER-RIPTON, of Croft Manor.

Mrs. Jackson (half rising in excitement). It is! Miss CRAWLEY, engage a tent for MURIEL at once, and help her to undress, or they will be out of the water before she is in it. [MURIEL and Miss CRAWLEY hurriedly

depart and presently return, MURIEL in a wild state of excitement and a scanty bathing-dress.]

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Village Schoolmistress. "AS FOR YOU, WILLY TOMPKINS, YOURS IS A DOUBLE OFFENCE. WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE UP YOUR APPLES WHEN THE OTHER BOYS DID?"
Willy. "PLEASE, 'M, I THOUGHT YOU ONLY WANTED ENOUGH TO MAKE A PIE!"

is alone. Where is my girlie now? I believe dear Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON is teaching her to swim. How very sweet of her!

Miss Crawley. I cannot distinguish one from the other, the sun is so bright on the water. No, surely this is MURIEL coming out by herself.

Mrs. Jackson. So it is. Foolish child. I told her not to come out till they did. She is getting very headstrong, Miss CRAWLEY. You really must be more careful with her. [MURIEL runs up, wet and whimpering.]

Muriel. Oh, mumsy, I was nearly drowned. I got almost out of my depth, and she pulled me back again.

Mrs. Jackson. Oh, how can I ever thank her? Miss CRAWLEY, she has saved my child's life. Noble woman! I must go down to her at once and thank her from a mother's heart.

Miss Crawley. Would it not be better to call this afternoon, and then you could leave cards?

Mrs. Jackson. It would; Mr. JACKSON shall come with me. Perhaps we can get it in the papers.

Muriel. No, mumsy. Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON wouldn't take any notice of me. I said "Hallo" to JOAN, and she said "Hallo" to me, and then her mother called her away at once. And I tried to let them see how many strokes I could take, and I got too far out, and it was Mrs. Lowe who pulled me back.

Mrs. Jackson. What, the draper's vulgar little wife? Pushing creature! I call that quite a piece of impertinence; don't you, Miss CRAWLEY?

Miss Crawley. I do, indeed. But she is always trying to scrape up an acquaintance with her class superiors.

Mrs. Jackson. I hope you did not speak to her, you careless child.

Muriel. I believe I said "Help!"

Mrs. Jackson. Well, she need not consider that an equivalent to an introduction. Please understand, Miss CRAWLEY, if MURIEL sees her in the street she is not to bow.

Miss Crawley. Certainly, Mrs. JACKSON.

Mrs. Jackson. You should never have gone near her in the water at

all. You placed yourself in a very awkward position. Miss CRAWLEY, you must bathe with MURIEL to-morrow, and keep her near the right people.

Miss Crawley. I am afraid it will upset me, Mrs. JACKSON, and the tents are a very long way from the water.

Mrs. Jackson. Nonsense; you'll soon get used to that. I cannot have my child running these risks. Besides, you may be useful to Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON, who has not brought her governess or maid, I believe.

Muriel. But I don't think I want to bathe any more, mumsy.

Mrs. Jackson. Of course you must bathe, you foolish child. But go and dry her now, Miss CRAWLEY; the child's wet through. Be careful with her hair. And to-morrow you can offer to dry JOAN's hair, too—it will restore your circulation after your dip.

Miss Crawley. Very well, dear Mrs. JACKSON. [Leads the shivering MURIEL sadly back to her tent.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I take up a novel and read right at the beginning "Through the open window the clear, sad cry of some night-flying water-fowl reached her. The elfin ring in it quieted her tumultuous thoughts," I naturally assume that the note of romance, like the widgeon's (or whatever it was), is going to be pitched fairly high. But in *Love and the Poor Suitor* (HUTCHINSON), the only unusual feature that Mr. PERCY WHITE has provided is the lady's name, *Sonia* (short for *Ausonia*), and, barring the fact that her husband is a struggling artist and that the book ends in Rome, there is really no justification for this heroic piece of nomenclature. The appalling poverty of life in a Hammersmith flat is the theme on which the plot turns, and there is a shadowy *tertium quid* in the person of *Lionel Musgrave*, a rich dilettante and critic, but as *Sonia* never felt the slightest interest in him I felt bound to imitate her example. Treated as a mild comedy, the story would go well enough, but Mr. WHITE evidently conceives it to be a full-blooded drama, and there I do not follow him. If Mr. *Musgrave* had been a little more enterprising and *Sonia* a little less placid, or if there had been any chance of her husband's really starving, I might have been stirred; but, as a matter of fact, poor suitor though he was, he stuck to his last, I should say his palette, with a diligence that was so praiseworthy as to be not a little dull.

Love the Harvester aims to bring,

In Mr. PEMBERTON'S well-known way,
The times when GEORGE THE SOMETHING was king
(Which of the four I can't quite say)
Into the light of the present day.

The volume (METHUEN) is nicely packed
With various sports of the good old brand,
Who crack their bottles and whips, and act
After the manner ordained and planned
For swains who sigh for a lady's hand.

There are villains, also, who mostly hail
From London City (abode of crime!)
Who weave foul plots, but finally fail
As always happened in that sublime
KING GEORGE THE SOMETHING-OR-OTHER'S time.

I have not before read Lady NAPIER OF MAGDALA as a novelist. *A Stormy Morning* (JOHN MURRAY) induces

in me the frame of mind for ever connected with *Oliver Twist*'s mood at meal time. As a story it is brightly told, the interest maintained to the last page. Lady NAPIER has a keen eye for character, and can draw it with a few light touches. She knows many women, but with the exception of her heroine, *Betty Fitzhugh*, a charming girl, she is not fortunate in her findings. Some of the portrait-paintings of woman—scheming, selfish, dishonest, at best frivolous—look dangerously like sketches from life made in circles of more or less intimacy. If Lady NAPIER does not love all women, she is at least alive to the beauties of landscape. Also she likes dogs. One of the best-drawn characters in a clever book is her four-legged confidant and companion "Johnnie."

In *The Cliff End* (GRANT RICHARDS) Mr. E. C. BOOTH has been more generous than discreet. His pen is so fluent that he has allowed his showers of metaphor and simile to become a deluge, and I regret this the more because he says many things which are well worth saying. In method he reminds me often of Mr. DE MORGAN; he is as leisurely, and shows as humorous a sympathy for all sorts of curious people, but he just lacks the charm which makes Mr. DE MORGAN'S discursiveness pardonable. You do not mind how long Mr. DE MORGAN goes on, but with Mr. BOOTH you are concerned to know when he is going to stop. The scene of *The Cliff End* is laid in a Yorkshire village, and Mr.

BOOTH has the touch which makes his characters likeable even when they are ridiculous. His gallery of minor portraits is full of admirable work, and if the hero and heroine—*Wynne*, a composer who was visiting the village, and *Pam*, a post-girl who spent her leisure in wanting to be a sister to her numerous swains—are a little commonplace, *The Cliff End* is, after all, a book which depends more upon its setting and its subsidiary characters than upon its main theme. As a novelist Mr. BOOTH has an equipment almost too ready to hand, and he has only to spare himself—and not, in golfing language, to press—if he is to fulfil the promise he has already shown.

A Galahad among the Pussies.

"Persian Cat, young, pure."—Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

"Then the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops Assistant were conducted to seats without the gates of the choir, and close to the pulpit, where they remained during the sermon."—*Westminster Gazette*.
Very decent of them!



Extract from Guidebook.—"The steamers pass so close to the Island of Havers that a biscuit can easily be tossed ashore from the deck."

FANCY PICTURE OF THE INHABITANTS OF HAVERS, WHOSE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE DEPEND ON THE CURIOSITY OF TOURISTS TO TEST THE ACCURACY OF THE GUIDEBOOK.

FIRST AID TO EDITORS.

THE silly season being with us, and promising to be unusually productive of the epistolary ass, *Mr. Punch* offers the directors of the great London dailies a choice of further succulent topics for their readers to munch upon:—

Should children be told all?

Is honesty the best policy?

Does one ever really know the time?

What is life?

Are we dead when we die?

Shall we let India go?

Are holidays dangerous?

Is marriage a success?

Should sauce for the goose be sauce for the gander?

Is there really anything of any importance?

Are things what they seem?

Ought we to bathe in water?

Is food deleterious?

Can one learn by experience?

Should newspapers cease?

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL newspapers gave details of the long private conversation which took place between the KAISER and his guest in the library at Friedrichshof Castle, and it has been suggested that, with a view to preventing correspondents from secret-ing themselves under sofas, etc., such rooms shall in future be searched by a vacuum cleaner immediately before an interview.

Meanwhile it is good to know that the Royal visit has gone far to improve the relations between the two countries. Indeed it is said that, to accentuate this fact, the KAISER intends to christen his next Dreadnought "König Edward VII."

A Continental contemporary, in reporting the review of the Channel Fleet by the KING in the *Victoria* and *Albert* mentions that HIS MAJESTY afterwards received Sir JOHN FISHER

on the *Victoria*, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD on the *Albert*.

From Marienbad comes the news that Dr. OTT found KING EDWARD in excellent health, but he undertook to cure HIS MAJESTY.

"England and America should march together," says a contempo-

ten centenarians have recently died there.

Within a week a white seal has turned black at the Zoo. This gives one some idea of the density of our dreadful London atmosphere.

The new Kent Control of Dogs Order, 1908, provides that no dog shall be allowed out between the hours of sunset and sunrise without being under proper restraint. Those who are in favour of a Quieter London are agitating for a similar order in regard to cats in the metropolis.

The epidemic of fires in country houses is, we hear, giving great satisfaction to the drapery trade. More attention than ever is now given by gentlemen as well as ladies to the selection of dainty night-wear.

An Italian nobleman, who is a widower for the seventh time, has, *The Express* informs us, erected a castle with seven towers at Biarritz in memory of his seven wives. It would be interesting to know whether the architect's design allows for the erection of further towers.

A report of the Board of Agriculture shows that the North Sea fish are gradually vanishing. It is thought that the silly creatures have been frightened by rumours of a coming war.

Sir IAN HAMILTON, in his report on the battle in which the Territorials took part, states that he had been advised to let a Regular Royal Engineer officer assist in building the bridge over the Avon, but he turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, he being resolved that the Territorials should "sink or swim on their own merits." Apparently, however, the Territorials did neither: they walked across the bridge.

Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT has now had an accident. He has broken his record.



Cabby (to decorative youth). CAB, SIR? (Pause.) OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO WALK ABOUT A BIT?"

rary. Running together was certainly not a great success.

In the course of three weeks no fewer than 80,000 persons have signed the "Gold Book" at the White City and received in exchange a certificate stating that they have visited the Exhibition. This, we understand, exempts them from further visits.

Brighton, for all its reputation as a health-giving town, evidently does not suit everyone. A Sussex rector, writing to *The Daily Mail*, states that

OUR DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

(Concluded.)

[It will be recalled that the problem set was as follows:—She rich, He poor—in love with one another—but the money stands in the way of their getting married. Solution required.]

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S innumerable successes on the London boards should console him to some extent for having gained only third place in our competition with the following exercise:—

THE DETRIMENTAL.

[The scene is the usual Mayfair drawing-room. She, the usual Society debutante, is leaning back amongst the usual sofa cushions. He, the usual Society young man, is leaning the usual elbow on the usual mantelpiece and throwing off the usual smart sayings.]

He (moodily). I'm going off to the Colonies—the refuge of the deservedly destitute.

She. Ah, no, you are worthy of better things than that!

He. If we all got what we were worth on this earth there would be no need for an under-world hereafter.

She. Won't you change your mind and stay? . . . (Hesitatingly and lowering her eyes.) For my sake?

He. Men are not allowed to change their minds—except politicians and millionaires. I'm only a pauper.

She. The peerage?

He. Fifteen lives stand between me and the Earldom, and most of them are hale and hearty. That's why your mother is usually out when I call.

She (banging a cushion). Money is hateful.

He (kicking the fender). Lack of it is still more hateful.

[A footman enters with the usual urgent letter for him.]

He (taking the letter). Excuse me. (Opens it, reads, and then lets it flutter to the ground.) Two uncles and four cousins gone—a yachting accident.

She (eagerly). Then you are rich now?

He. Only in my love for you. Nine lives still stand between me and a banker's smile.

Newsboy (shouting off stage). Spesh-hul! Orrrrrhbl Dssahhstr! Spesh-hul!

[He goes to window and buys a copy of the paper, opens it, reads, and then lets it flutter to the ground.]

She (tensely). What is it?

He. Two more uncles, one cousin, one second-cousin, one half-cousin, three nephews, and one half-nephew—the liner went down in mid-ocean. . . . That leaves me high and dry as the heir.

Her Mother (entering with a telegram). Have you heard the news? The old Earl . . .

He (taking the telegram, reading, and then letting it flutter to the ground). A boating accident. . . . So there's gold in sea-water after all.

She (whispering to her Mother). He succeeds to the title.

Her Mother. My dear boy, you have my very deepest condolences. I hope (archly) you will manage to spare a little more time to call on us in the future! You have always been a most welcome guest here!

He. Thank you. (Sotto voce) Sapphira!

(Curtain.)

"Honourable mention" is also accorded to a dramatist who writes under the pseudonym of "X." (Will he kindly send his name and address?)

THE BOOSTER.

[The scene is a farmyard in the Isle of Man. A milk-

maid is pumping real water from a real pump into a real milk-pail. A flock of real sheep passes across the stage. Exit the milkman, stumbling over a real hayfork. She, the farmer's daughter, enters, carolling blithely, with a dish of real peas to shell. He enters in farm-labourer's dress, and surveys her melo-soulfully for some moments.]

He (removing his hat elaborately). Good morning, Miss GWYNIFRED.

She. Good morning, QUILLIAM.

He. Can I help you with your task?

She (doubtfully). Oughtn't you to be turning out the pig-sty?

He. I ought to be, but I cannot bear to be turning out pig-styes when I might be near you.

She (aside). How noble he is! (Aloud) If my father were to . . . !

He (heroically). Let him! I would face even his wrath for your sake. For I love you, GWYNIFRED, I love you with the inmost fibres of my heart! Name the deed of daring to be done for your sake, and it shall be done.

She (bursting into tears). If only I dared . . . !

He. Dared what?

She. If only I dared to sacrifice my position! To become the wife of a poor labourer! . . . But, yes, I will, I will marry you, whatever the world may say! (Throwing herself into his arms.)

He (recoiling). Never! Never shall it be said that I let you sacrifice yourself for me! If there is any sacrifice to be made it is for me to make it! I will give you up, and go away to seek my fortune.

She (clinging to him). No, you shall not, QUILLIAM! If you love me truly, you will not be so selfish as to wound me by sacrificing yourself. It would break my heart.

He. In this world, dearest, the call of duty comes first. My duty is sacrifice, and I shall go through with it to the bitter end! 'Tis better that we should part.

She. Then I shall cast myself down from yonder cliff.

He (burying his forehead in his hands). What a terrible situation! Is there no solution to it? No way out?

A Postman (appearing at the gate). Is Master QUILLIAM QUATKINS about the house?

He (rising majestically). I am QUILLIAM QUATKINS. Speak out and fear not!

The Postman. Then I have a document for you. (Holding out an open document with a conspicuous red seal.) You have been elected Turncock to the House of Keys and Booster-General of the Isle of Man.

She (ecstatically). Oh, QUILLIAM, all my life I have longed to be a Booster's wife! How splendid for you!

He (to the Postman). Convey to them my acceptance of the posts. [Exit Postman.]

She. Nothing shall ever, ever part us now!

(She falls into his arms.)

1st Curtain.

[Her Father raises his hands in blessing from the doorway.] 2nd Curtain.

[The neighbours rush in through the gate and shake hands with them.] 3rd Curtain.

[A flock of real sheep troop on to the stage.]

4th Curtain.

[A herd of real cows enters and mingles with the joyous gathering.] Final Curtain.

[The stage is clear again but for the happy pair. He kneels down and kisses her hand. Real church bells ring out a merry peal.]

Absolutely final Curtain.



“DEAR” OLD ENGLAND.

ENGLISH HOTEL PROPRIETOR. “I CAN’T UNDERSTAND IT! I DO ALL I CAN. I CHARGE DOUBLE FOR EVERYTHING, AND GIVE THEM NOTHING TO DISTRACT THEIR MINDS, AND YET THEY WILL GO TO THOSE CHEAP PLACES ABROAD!”



Parson (discovering odd-job man working at the chapel). "WHY, GILES, I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOU CUT THE GRASS FOR THE DISSIDENTS TOO?"
Giles. "WELL, YOUR REVERENCE, I DOES SOMEIMES; BUT I DON'T USE THE SAME SCYTHE!"

COUNTRY v. CLUB.

DEAR JACK, if rumour speaks aright
And you've put off your annual flight
To Inverness until September,
And haven't gone to the Isle of Wight—
Come out of London's fumes and reeks,
O clubman of the pallid cheeks,
Desert Pall Mall and Piccadilly,
And stay with us for a couple of weeks.
We can offer you little except repose;
But beyond the paddock a trout-stream flows,
And in the lane that borders the garden
No scent of petrol affronts the nose.
Our style of living is not tip-top,
But you're neither epicure nor top,
And you shall have the prophet's chamber
As long as ever you care to stop.
I own that most of the reasons I give
To tempt you hither are negative,
But it is a boon that no fat stockbrokers
Within our six-mile radius live.
The boys are home from Rugby. HUGH
Already is quite as tall as you;
JACK goes to Oxford in October,
With hopes of winning a football blue.

MAUD's skirts are lengthened—she calls them
"trains";
Her hair, the most rebellious of manes,
Is now put up, and she gives good promise
Of passable looks as well as brains.
If you hanker after a life of ease,
We'll sling you a hammock under the trees,
Where little is heard from morn till even
Except the drowsy murmur of bees.
If games allure, our friend the Dean,
Next-door, has a capital bowling green;
Or MAUD will take you on at tennis,
And give you probably half fifteen.
There's cricket, too, in the village; COBB,
My coachman, trundles a curly lob;
Your godson JACK's a lusty smiter,
And I don't always get out for a "blob."
Well, come if you can, and let it be soon,
For, though the landscape is best in June,
You're not too late to see the glory
Of ripe wheat under an August moon;
To witness, unaided by costly mummery
Or wigs, or any sort of flummery,
The finest pageant that England offers—
The country arrayed in a garb still summery.

THE CHASE OF THE GROUSE.

[You may have read a lot of bright informative articles on this subject during the last few days, but this is brighter and more informative than any of them.]

A CLEVER cynic once observed—(N.B.—He didn't; but this makes a good start for any article)—that the only reasons for Scotland's existence were that it provided a home for Mr. CARNEGIE, seats for Liberal Cabinet Ministers, and forests for the grouse.

What a picture King's Cross Station presents a day or two before the Glorious Twelfth. (N.B.—The Great Northern station, not the Metropolitan. Many people wishing to witness the northern exodus, as it is called, have spent hours at the latter, to their great disappointment.) Fox-hunting is over, flat-racing has not begun, and peers and Cabinet Ministers, sovereigns and suffragettes, bishops and baronets, surge wildly up and down the platforms—all eager for the blood of the grouse.

You may see (or you may not) Lady WARWICK with her famous brace of blood-hounds, which will soon be on the scent of the bird, or Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL with his petted dachshund which has played havoc with many a grouse warren.

On these occasions the lot of the humble porter is to be envied. No more content with the customary two-pence, he demands gold for merely cramming one of England's nobles into an already crowded guard's-van. Often a porter gathers in between two and three hundred pounds during this busy week, and railway directors have been known to assume the porter's uniform in order that they might share in the golden harvest.

Soon all (with the exception of the porters) are whirling northward eager to hear once more the sweet song of "Scotland's nightingale." Quaint it is that the favourite exclamation of the grouse, as of the Scot, is "Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!" Unhappily the grouse is a delicate bird, especially when hatched out by the domestic fowl or duck. That fearful disease "the gapes" often decimates the feathered inhabitants of the grouse-forest. This year the famous forests around Dundee, Stirling, and Montrose will be ruined by this disease. Experienced keepers allege that the outbreak of "the gapes" coincided with the series of Scotch by-elections.

Fabulous prices are paid for the choicest grouse forests. Mr. BAILLIE-

McNAB's famous Fochabers estate of four hundred acres always commands a rent of ten thousand pounds for the season. The MACKINNON of Graddock has a kailyard, situated between two famous grouse forests, which lets literally at a pound a square foot. But, of course, in this instance the lessee has no expenses of keepers' or beaters' wages. He merely lies in ambush amongst the kail and brings down the grouse as they rocket over from one forest to the other.

But what cares the sportsman for expense when once more he sets foot in his beloved Scotland?

(N.B.—Now for a bit of fine sporting writing. Some of it may be Croquette. You proceed at your own risk):—

At dawn the faithful ANGUS raps at my window, and after draining a flask of usquebaugh, cries, "Hoots, mon, I spaed a grouse o' seven tyne sprouching on Ben Glumskill this morn." (Sprouching, I may explain to the illiterate Southerner, is crouching to spring on its prey.)

In half a minute I throw a kilt round me and rush down-stairs. My trusty repeating rifle is on my shoulder, ANGUS grips the whisky keg and the sandwiches, and we set off on our six-mile crawl to Ben Glumskill. The hot sun beats upon me, a hail-storm sweeps down from the hills, the keg springs a leak till ANGUS heroically plugs it with his mouth; yet in spite of misfortunes I press on. At last, tired and worn, I creep over the summit and espy the cock grouse of Ben Glumskill not a dozen yards away singing sweetly as he perches on a tussock. (Please note admirable local colour in last word.) ANGUS hastily slides the rifle into my hand. "Try a sighting shot, mon, whiles he sings."

Bang!

"A wee bit tae the left, aiming at the middle grouse ye see—none of the outside yins—and allowing for the wind."

Crack, crack, crack, goes the repeater. At last, at the twentieth shot, the grouse collapses. He makes an effort to crawl away, but the deadly explosive bullet has done its work.

"The landing-net, ANGUS," I cry. "Approach wi' caution, mon," he answers as he gives it me.

Another moment and we are gazing on the noble carcase.

"Hoots, we maun wet its feathers," cries ANGUS.

Alas! alas! the keg is empty.

FACTS ABOUT FOOD.

CHICKEN cutlets are made of rabbit. Hence the name.

Though in the latter end they are inseparable, in their early youth raspberries and red currants do not grow on the same trees.

Rhubarb is spelt with an "h" and eaten with a fork.

For those who prefer the juice to the substance of this delicious if inexpensive stalk, a spoon is substituted for the fork. The "h," however, is still retained.

Chicken patties are so called because they are made of rabbit.

There is no edible substance known to mankind which does not find its way into a plum pudding, save only the common plum.

Even the most skittish lamb on the brightest spring morning may be reduced to a state of comparative solemnity by the production of a bowl of mint sauce. It is odd what an antipathy the gentle creature has to this apparently innocuous liquid.

Market gardeners admit that the most responsible part of their work is the selection of professions for their potatoes. Many a promising spud has failed miserably as a *sauté* which would have been an instant success as a mash.

Consistently with the derivation of their title, chicken creams are made of rabbit.

The only safe way to eat a strawberry ice is to place a small portion at a time upon the tongue and press it against the roof of the mouth. When it is thoroughly warmed through it is fit to swallow. It seems a pity that this heating process cannot be done in the kitchen, where more suitable and efficient apparatus is available.

Every cloud has a silver lining, so that milk may be boiled in it without fear of burning.

Game cutlets are made of rabbit. In their case no snobbish exclusiveness is shown in the selection of the rabbit.

Welsh rarebit is neither Welsh nor rare. It is not, however, made of rabbit.

A Contented Mind.

Mistress (*fanning herself, to maid*). Oh, EMILY, isn't it hot? They say it's 89 in the shade!

Maid. Well, Miss, we can only be thankful there ain't much shade!

AN EPOCH-MAKING BANQUET.

It was a happy thought to bring together at one table all the HENRY VIII.'s who have figured in recent pageants.

At the head sat Dr. BEST, who was HENRY VIII. in the Dover Pageant, while around him were seated HENRY VIII.'s from Winchester, Chelsea, Pevensey, St. Albans, Gloucester, Derby, Worcester, and several other towns which have lately celebrated their picturesque past in the very attractive new manner.

It was an imposing and splendid scene. Never have so many corpulent gentlemen in dazzling array dined together before. At first it had been intended that they should meet merely as private friends, to exchange experiences and jokes; but to Dr. BEST came the excellent idea of insisting upon their appearing in their regal habit, and every guest therefore retired to a dressing-room before the banquet and donned the royal jerkin. The Savoy has witnessed many strange sights, but none stranger than this: a dozen Royal HARRYS, all exactly alike, bending over their plates in unison, genial, prosperous and majestic in girth—each one every yard a king.

From statistics gathered during the evening it appears that the heaviest representative—Alderman FAGGE, of Gloucester—weighs nineteen stone eight, and the lightest (with one exception) fifteen stone three. These figures were ascertained at the reception before dinner, a weighing-machine being in attendance; what they afterwards were who shall say? One HAL, however, it should be explained, had stuffed for the part—Mr. LANCASTER, of Derby—whose weight without pillows is only twelve stone. None of the others, let it proudly be put on record, had any recourse to art for their pomp of flesh. The total weight of the company was 1 ton 2 cwt. 1 stone 12 lbs.

Of the twelve monarchs, five only wore their own whiskers: the rest were made up very skilfully, although as the evening wore on and the heat grew more noticeable some of these artificial appendages showed a tendency to slip. The oldest HENRY was sixty-two; the youngest forty-nine. Their total ages came to 672 years.

One was a doctor; two were brewers; three were retired gentlemen; one was an auctioneer; one a hotel proprietor; one a butcher; one a yachting-agent; one a veterinary surgeon, and one a town clerk.



Sassenach Humorist (amusing himself at expense of Highland Caddie). "HOOTS, YE KEN, MA WEE BIT LADDIE, YON WAS NAE SO MUCKLE BAD A SHOT THE NOO. WHAT THINK YE?"

The Bit Laddie. "EH! AH'M THINKEN YE'LL LEARN SCOTCH QUICKER'N YE'LL EVER LEARN GOLF!"

It was computed by a mathematical professor from Harvard, who was staying in the hotel and was deeply interested in the occasion, that the chances against twelve HENRY VIII.'s dining together again are eight million to one. In spite of this, however, they have arranged to do so next year.

The meal was in character. The waiters were dressed as beefeaters. Ale and Malmsey wine and sherry sack were drunk; boars' heads and chines of beef were eaten.

Dr. BEST proposed the health of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, "the HENRY VIII.," as he wittily put it, "of pageant makers"—meaning, as he explained, not that he was of extraordinary girth but extraordinary attainments. (Cheers.) He also pro-

posed their noble selves. Might their shadows, he said, never grow less! Might they always remain bluff defenders of the faith! (Applause.)

Mr. WILLIAM TOOGOOD, the respected auctioneer of Worcester, responded in a humorous speech. As for himself, he said in the course of his remarks, he would tell them a curious thing: he had two daughters whose names by an odd coincidence were ELIZABETH and MARY; but the coincidence stopped there, for ELIZABETH was married, and MARY was anæmic. (Roars of laughter.) In such spirits did the evening proceed.

The Perfect Chauffeur.

"Butcher (young) wanted for van, able to kill."
Glasgow Herald.

DISCURSIONS.

THE STORY THAT NEVER GOT TOLD.

BOTH were ladies of some expanse of form, and of years which, though they could not be termed "advancing" in the full sense of that word, might yet be said to have made a certain amount of progress. They were sitting on the shingly beach next to one another, with a little space of pebbles interposed so as to preclude the notion of any long previous friendship. Across this space they talked. Both were sewing nondescript articles of children's dress. There were indications that each was the owner of at least two children, presumably scattered abroad upon the beach with spades and pails. Absent husbands might be inferred from their conversation—men with whose frailties they dealt faithfully, but for whose masterful qualities of temper and bearing they sometimes evinced a wondering respect heightened by pride in the possession of an acknowledged paragon. One of the ladies wore a Spanish mantilla; the other was chiefly remarkable for a dark-blue blouse. When I became aware of them, the mantilla was endeavouring in a desultory manner to tell the blouse a story—seemingly of strong domestic interest, but liable to frequent interruptions.

The Mantilla. When it struck ten it woke me up all in a cold shiver, and I knew something was going to happen. If he'd meant coming home he ought to have been there at nine; but his supper—

The Blouse. Whose supper?

The Mantilla. Mr. PINCHIN's supper. It's a funny thing your name should be PINKER and mine PINCHIN. The very first time I see you here I said to myself, "Lor, if that isn't Mrs. NEVILLE. Whatever is Mrs. NEVILLE doing here? She said she was going to Margate for a fortnight, and she's come here after all." But when I looked again I could see it wasn't Mrs. NEVILLE. Still, it's a queer thing the names should be so close.

The Blouse. I knew your name before I spoke to you.

The Mantilla. Lor!

The Blouse. Yes; I saw your little boy scratch his name on the sand at low tide yesterday with his spade. He did it quite plain.

The Mantilla. Did he, the young rascal? I wonder wherever those children have got to. (*She calls distractedly.*) TOMMY! MELIA!

The Blouse (also calling). HENERY! JANE!

The Mantilla. Oh, there they are, all four of 'em, rolling in the wet sand. Well, I was-telling you about that night I had with the horrors. Mr. PINCHIN isn't one to be late for his supper, and he likes it ready for him when he comes in. You can always get him in a good temper by having it ready, but if he's kept waiting half a minute he lets you know it.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER's just such another. You could wind him round your little finger with a tasty bit of hashed mutton, but he can't bear pigeon pie.

The Mantilla (resuming the thread of her narrative). I sat still in my chair for about a minute, and then I gave myself a shake and I got up to have a look round. I knew I'd shut the door when I'd come into the room, but there it was wide open, and not a sign of Mr. PINCHIN. I said to myself, "He's been in and gone out again"; but there was his supper just as I put it on the table. If he'd come in, he'd never have gone

out again without taking his food— Don't say a word. Here's the nigger minstrels again.

The Blouse. Impudent fellows, especially that one with the white eyes. Don't notice them.

[*Both the ladies absorb themselves in their sewing as the three minstrels approach.*]

A Minstrel. Ha! What do I see? Do my ears deceive me? They are my long-lost mothers-in-law. ARAMINTA, listen to the voice of nature. (*To his partners*) No good 'ere; let's try that pitch over there. (*They pass on.*)

The Mantilla. It's never any use encouraging them.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER once blacked his face for a party and carried on like a mad thing. I thought I should have died of laughing.

The Mantilla. Mr. PINCHIN's got no voice to speak of, but he used to play the concertina on Sundays. (*She again resumes.*) Well, that night, when I'd done looking round, I thought I heard something coughing in the kitchen. It gave me such a turn I didn't rightly know where I was. So I went to pick up the poker— (*She breaks off.*) Oh, do look at the children. MELIA's got knocked over by a wave, and TOMMY's fallen atop of her. I must fetch them.

[*She proceeds to do so. The Blouse also collects her tribe, and the two parties leave the beach separately.*]

MEMORIES.

Now 's the time when the August weather

Makes a magic to haunt my desk,

Coveys calling across the heather,

Salmon running the winding Esk,

Wind and sunshine that tan to leather

Features sunburnt and picturesque!

Now 's the time when Memory bridges

The locusts' years and their woeful track,

Bringing the days when we faced the ridge.

Light of footstep and lithe of back,

Where the versatile Highland midges

Lapped the blood of the Sassenach.

Days of boyhood that sought to jeopard

Uncle JOHN of the pompous strut;

(I'll admit he was slightly peppered,

But deny that the skin was cut,

Though he roared like a wounded leopard

Writhing about in the left-hand butt!)

As the bees o'er the meadows hover,

Storing their sweets for Autumn's chill,

So I also from Memory's clover

Take the visions her blooms distil;

They will stay when our last drive's over,

Pipes are lit, and we've turned down-hill.

Down the hill, for the mists are crawling

Up the corries in ghostly wrack;

Down the hill, for the dusk is falling,

Lodge-lights gleam where the pines mass black,

And the grouse on the tops are calling

Faintly, mockingly, "Back—go back!"

"Recently, taking a short cut along moorland ground, I observed a white thistle: not of the species of the national symbol, but of the English or donkey kind. On a hasty examination it did not appear to be injured in any way."—*The Scotsman.*

This seems to be a very hardy plant.



"CARETAKER WITHIN."

CRI DU CŒUR.

UNTIL I lost him I never knew how precious he was to me; I never realised how much he was a very part of myself until he was gone, and his place knew him no more.

His brothers, who were standing one on each side of him when I saw him last, are here still, but he—*he* is gone; I shall never see him again.

Was I hard on him? Was I unfeeling? Was I heartless, callous? Now that he is mine no longer, I heap a thousand reproaches on myself. With a little care, a little tenderness I might have kept him. And now—His absence leaves a blank which I am unable to fill.

In time, maybe, some other will take his place; but in the first bitter wrench of parting, the gaping void stares uncompromisingly at me; and do what I will, I cannot escape from the consciousness of it.

The world must surely see it, too. Were I some great magician, I might

perhaps hope to hide it from prying eyes, but I am only a very human woman in the throes of a very human trouble; and things like this are hard to conceal.

With arrogance and a Pharisaical feeling of thankfulness that I was not as they, I have often in the past regarded those who were undergoing what I am suffering now. I held myself superior, deeming that no such thing could ever touch *me*. Yet my day, too, has come; and I shuffle shrinkingly aside at the approach of any of my former companions, hoping (but instinct tells me, hoping vainly) that they will see nothing amiss. We women have sharp eyes to discern the shortcomings of our sisters.

Why did I never properly appreciate him? I torture myself with the question.

True, in station he was far below me, and in appearance unattractive; in figure he was round, in complexion dark, and often, it must be con-

fessed, shiny; but his silent devotion to my service, the laying of his whole heart and soul and the work of his lifetime at my feet, ought to have counteracted such disadvantages.

And each day he seemed to grow less *gauche*, as if some of the polish of the world to which he had been raised had by continual contact communicated itself to him.

Yet day after day I tore at the very root of his being with a hook crueller than that of the fisherman. And through it all he uttered no word of reproach.

I treated his devotion as a matter of course; and though we took long walks together, and spent many, many hours in each other's company, I never learnt to prize him at his true worth—until it was too late.

And now Fate has flung him from me—has sent him where I shall never find him, and I can never hope to see him again.

He was the second button on one of my Sunday boots.



TO BRIGHTEN THE LITTLE ONES' HOLIDAYS.

THE PATENT DONKEY ACCELERATOR.

PANTOUM OF SURBITON IN AUGUST.

It's really much too hot to think.
Would I could see the ocean swell!
But even more I want a drink;
I wonder, can I reach the bell?

Would I could see the ocean swell!
Oh, for a fresh salt-laden breeze!
I wonder, can I reach the bell? . . .
I wish they hadn't lopped those trees.

Oh, for a fresh salt-laden breeze,
A fleecy sky, a downland view!
I wish they hadn't lopped those trees,
A rotten sort of thing to do.

A fleecy sky, a downland view,
A flock of sheep, perchance a cow;—
A rotten sort of thing to do
To stay in Surbiton just now.

A flock of sheep, perchance a cow,
Such the delights for which I crave.
To stay in Surbiton just now—
Oh, what it is to be a slave!

Such the delights for which I crave,
But even more I want a drink.
Oh, what it is to be a slave—
It's really much too hot to think.

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

(A study in the Art of Conversation.)

Good afternoon, Mrs. JONES. I've found you at home, I see.

Yes, I'm in to-day. I always wash on Mondays. As I say to Mrs. BROWN.

I've called three times to see you, and always missed you, but you're in to-day.

Lor', mum, to think of that! I've been doing a bit of washing. Early in the week. . . .

It's such a beautiful day that I feared you might be out, but I've found you in, you see!

I don't take no heed of weather. If it's fine, as I say to JONES . . .

Yes, it's a fine day. I met Mrs. SMITH's little girl in the lane, and she said, "Mrs. JONES will be in if she's doing her washing." So I was fortunate.

The little piece! It's the only way to get through work, to begin early, it is. I'm washing Monday this week.

Monday is early in the week.

Yes, it's early, Monday is. But I always like to feel happy about getting through.

Mr. JONES is out, I see.

Yes, he's not in to-day. He's gone out.

Are the little ones all quite well? I saw them in Sunday-school yesterday.

Yes, they are all well, thank you. Oh yes, they all went to Sunday-school, though baby do cough terrible. They are out this afternoon.

So I've missed them. But I've caught you at home.

Yes, I'm in to-day. As I say—What a beautiful cat you have there, Mrs. JONES.

Yes, it's a fine cat. He's half Persian. He seems to like sleeping on the window-sill.

He seems to like the sun. Well, I must be going. I am so glad to have had a chat with you. I shall look forward to seeing you again next time I find you in.

Yes, I stopped home to-day.

"LORD BRASSEY'S MASSION DESTROYED.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY."

Daily News.

The fun of building it up again!

"Mr. Derwent Hall Caine is about to appear in a new play written by Hall Caine specially for his son. It is entitled *The Fatal Error*."

The Era.

Of course, if Mr. HALL CAINE says so.



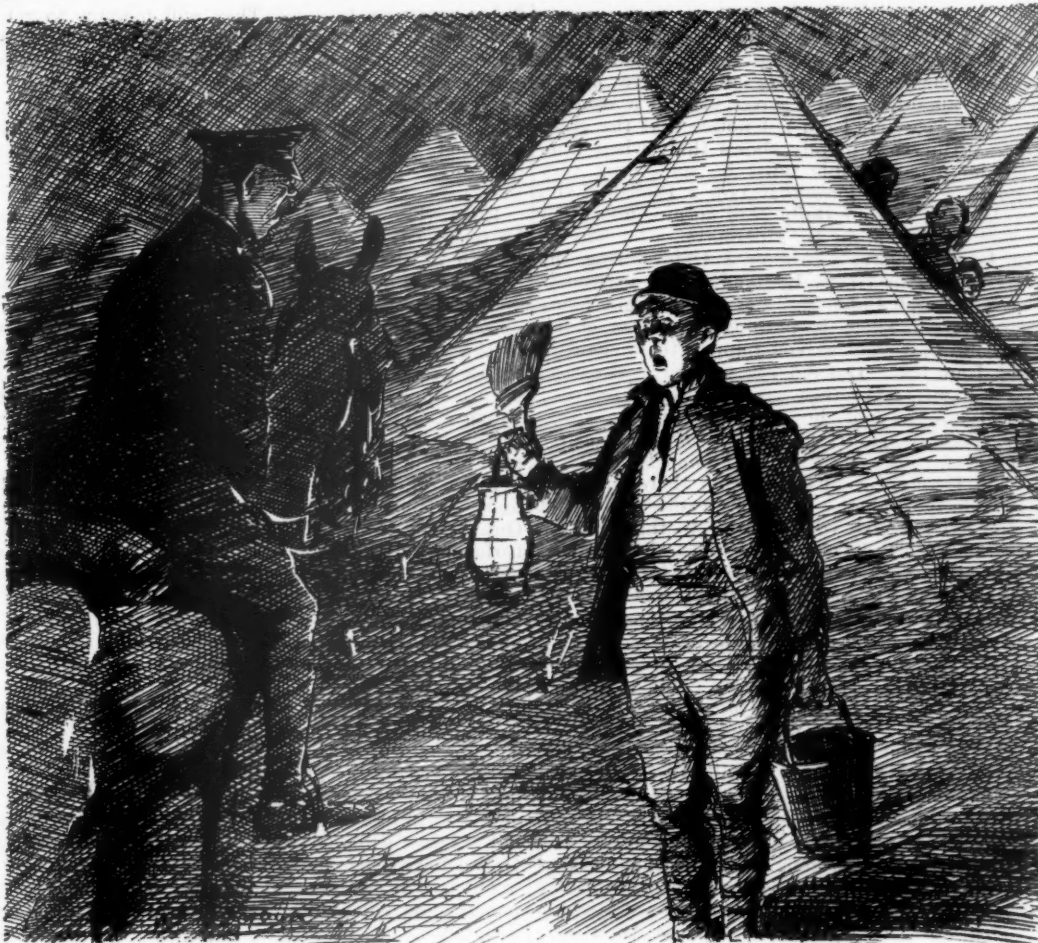
CONFLICTING INTERESTS; OR, JOHN BULL'S MOTOR PROBLEM.

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WITH THE TERRITORIALS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Officer of Yeomanry (riding into camp late, to new recruit). "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?"

Recruit (after saluting with the whitecash brush). "PLEASE, SIR, THEY TOLD ME AS 'OW I 'AD TO GO AND PAINT THE LAST POST, AS THEY COULDN'T SEE IT LAST NIGHT!"

THE MOTOR PROBLEM.

A MISDELIVERED LETTER.

To the Editor of "THE TIMES."

SIR,—The danger to automobilists involved by unchained dogs, cattle, poultry and other agricultural fauna is a crying scandal which has long called shrilly for legislation. But an even more serious peril to swift drivers comes from the indiscriminate use of our high roads by foot-passengers, and some such scheme of regulations as the following is earnestly recommended:—

1. No pedestrian shall be permitted to cross a road or street without winding a coach-horn, blowing a few notes on a trombone, or beating a dinner-gong to signalise his intention.

2. At night, red lamps must be carried fore and aft, and fog-signals attached to the boots.

3. Every pedestrian must wear a printed placard with full name and address on his or her hat, coat-tails, bonnet or what-not, for purposes of identification.

4. Any perambulist wilfully obstructing motor-traffic by impinging upon a car, or inserting himself between the wheels or in the gear thereof, shall be liable to a fine of 5 guineas, over and above the cost of repairs, removal of *débris*, or damage sustained by loss of time or nervous shock to the chauffeur.

5. To obviate the risk of punctured tyres, no male in spiked shoes, female with hatpins, or person of either sex with acutely pointed fea-

tures shall be allowed to cross the road under any pretext whatsoever.

I am, etc.,

PRO MALO PUBLICO.

The Conflict of Sex.

"Lost, Wednesday last, Tabby Tom Cat; answers to Kitty or Wee Woman."

Manchester Evening News.

From the advertisement, in *The Madras Times*, of P. PONNUSAWMY BUTCHER, purveyor of First Sort Beef:—

"The undersigned begs to inform the public that he has a Cow Cost Rs. 200, purely fed on better things and will be slaughtered on Saturday."

These two facts about Mr. P. P. BUTCHER will be read with mingled interest and regret.

THE GREEN PERIL!

I AM NO Alarmist. On more than one occasion within my own experience the Nation's affairs have passed through a serious crisis, and I never uttered a word of warning. To be candid, I did not notice that the crisis was coming. But that merely shows that, when I do foresee trouble, that trouble must be something very serious indeed. And I foresee it now. Probably you read the other day in your *Daily Mail* an announcement to the effect that Captain S. MUSGRAVE, who was in charge of Lord ROBERTS's armoured train during the Boer War, had returned to England, after a twenty-months' trip through Colombia, and had brought home a live ant-eater. There is nothing of course at all alarming about that—unless you happen to be fond of ants, which I am not. But did you read on? Because, if so, you will remember that it continued as follows: "Captain MUSGRAVE had, he said, discovered a specimen of a *carnivorous plant, which had a brain, digestive organs, and a nervous system, like a human being.*"

It may not have occurred to you that there was anything particularly ominous in such a discovery—but possibly you did not give yourself time to think out all that it portended. I *did*—and I confess the prospect fills me with the gravest concern for the future. You see, in all probability Captain MUSGRAVE has not only discovered, but actually imported one or two, if not several, of these botanical monstrosities.

They are here—in our midst. They are not only carnivorous, but they possess a brain "like a human being's" (I think the possessive *must* have been intended). The precise degree of intellectual capacity is not stated, but I should put it myself at considerably above the average. Because, while their digestive organs and nervous system (on which the vigour of the brain so largely depends) are also human, they will not, thanks to the healthy open-air life which plants lead in their natural state, have become shattered or enervated by a decadent civilisation. These plants live plainly and think highly. The chops or cutlets with which Captain MUSGRAVE may seek to appease their carnivorous propensities will but serve to stimulate their reflective faculties. They will observe what is going on in this strange land to which they have been transplanted—they will draw their own conclusions. What can any plant with a human brain and nervous system think or feel when it once realises the kind of existence which countless millions of its fellow-vegetables are condemned to lead by the Tyrant Man? When it hears, for instance, of Hop vines treacherously encouraged to climb poles for no other purpose than to be more conveniently picked in order to be dried in the neighbouring oast, and brewed as a human beverage; of roots and crops nourished by rich manure only to serve as fitter food for Mankind? What will be its opinion of Covent Garden—or of the Vegetarian Movement?

Inevitably these plants, with their marvellous human brains, will seek some means of rescuing their oppressed fellows, of organising them in self-defence. It may be less difficult to do so than you imagine. Men of Science now admit that all members of the vegetable creation possess intelligence—not, perhaps, of a very high order as yet. It will probably be a considerable time before the ablest Mangold-wurzel attains the mental level of the ordinary Man in the Street. But the mind is *there*, however dormant, if only it can be awakened and developed. That is the problem these Colombian strangers will have to grapple with—and they will solve it. *How*

I don't pretend to say. They will manage to get into touch with them somehow, possibly by thought transference, and the process of education will be carried on slowly, secretly, but surely.

You will know nothing about it; probably even Captain MUSGRAVE himself will never suspect that the plants, seemingly so acclimatised, so placidly content in their pots or tubs, are really engaged in stealthily propagating the seeds of discontent and rebellion.

Even when one day you are surprised for the moment by reading that an open scholarship at a minor college in one of the Universities has been carried off by a precocious Pumpkin educated "under private tuition," you will soon realise that there is nothing so very extraordinary in the circumstance. A "leaderette" in the same journal will be devoted to it, commenting on the remarkable manner in which vegetables have been coming forward of late, and pointing out that the young student's success affords a gratifying instance of the opportunities afforded, even to the humblest, by our revised educational system.

Later on, perhaps, you may be startled by the headlines, "Unrest Among the Potatoes. Military Called Out." But when you have ascertained that the disturbance took place in Ireland, you will think no more of it. Even should you read of a "Rising of the Swedes" and "Appalling Slaughter of Sheep," your equanimity will not be disturbed for long; you will conclude that the sheep must have behaved with regrettable want of tact, and turn to the latest cricket or football results.

Not till you hear that Mr. EUSTACE MILES's Restaurant has been wrecked by an excited mob of Turnips, Carrots, Cucumbers, and Parsnips, which refused to disperse after the Riot Act was read, and hurled themselves at the Life Guards with such fury and determination as to knock them off their horses—not till then will you begin to suspect that the Vegetable Orders have become a force to be reckoned with.

Though, of course, following the lead of your daily papers, you will still treat the demand for "Votes for Vegetables" with ridicule. You will refuse to recognise that Beetroots, Lettuces, and Onions have reached a stage of progress at which they decline any longer to be butchered to make a British salad; that a Cauliflower has a head to think with, a Cabbage a heart to feel with—even as you.

But you will assuredly be alarmed by the discovery that their Colombian leaders have impregnated them with their own carnivorous practices. I have no wish to be unduly pessimistic—it is quite probable that the most voracious vegetable will not venture to attack human beings, but rather confine itself to depredations on domestic animals—at all events, for a considerable time to come. Though *that* would be quite unpleasant enough.

Even a Labour Cabinet will find itself compelled to adopt *some* repressive measures. But a universal strike of cereals, and a demonstration in Hyde Park by a mass of turbulent Gourds and Scarlet-runners, which will overflow into the streets and force their way by the windows into the House of Commons itself, will suffice to bring the Government to its knees. Universal Vegetable Suffrage will be reluctantly conceded. And the fate of the Empire will lie at the mercy of a bare majority, composed perhaps of half-educated and wholly irresponsible Radishes, incapable of seeing beyond their native beds!

You may think this exaggerated—fantastic, even.



"JUSTICE FOR WOMEN!" OR, THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

A TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH SEA.

But do not forget that four mighty nations—Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome—all perished by the disaffection of their own slaves. It may be that Great Britain will owe her downfall to an equally fatuous confidence in the loyalty of her home-grown vegetables.

I admit that I distrust these sinister plants of Captain MUSGRAVE'S. I should be relieved to know that those subtle human brains of theirs had been suddenly paralysed, reduced to a hopeless state of imbecility. There is still time. A dose of weed-killer would do it. About two-pennyworth, I should think, would be enough.

Will not Captain MUSGRAVE be induced by this solemn warning to nip these dangers while they are still in the bud? I believe the nation would willingly recoup the expense. Even the most thoroughgoing advocate of economy in the estimates for our country's defence could hardly consider twopence an unreasonable price to pay for national safety.

F. A.

Everything in due order.

"H.M. destroyer *Whiting* has been refloated, badly damaged, and dry-docked.—*Reuter*." *The Observer*.

We like the air of steady, purposeful progression which breathes through this statement.

THE NEW NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Wouldst have Mayfair completely 'neath thy shoes?
Know When, to Whom, and lastly What, to lose.

Wouldst never taste the bitter dregs of Marah?
Then beg, or steal, or borrow, a tiara.

When asked to dinner, be discreetly deaf,
Unless your host has got a famous chef.

In choosing friends, note only their cigars,
Their cellars, and the horse-power of their cars.

"Captain Guest, Mr. Churchill, and the other men worked the little fire engines which were kept at the house in their pyjamas."

Weekly Dispatch.

We have always thought it a mistake to keep them in their pyjamas. A little fire-engine is so much more useful when it has its hose on.

"To remove inkstands from white cloth, heat a pint of sweet milk, soak goods in it, and the stains will disappear."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

Another way is to take the inkstand between the finger and thumb, and throw it at the man who comes for the rates.

THE SEA.

[Cut this out and give it to your little one at the seaside. If you have no little one, wrap the sandwiches up in it.]

A VERY small friend of mine, whose parents had never taken her out of London, once said to her sister: "Thiththie, when you go to the thea-thide, do you thee the thea?" What reply her sister made I cannot say for certain, but the correct answer would have been "Yeth." It is because the answer is "Yeth" that I propose to tell you all I know about the sea.

The first thing you will notice about the sea is that there doesn't seem to be so much of it on the second day as there was on the first. If Miss PRINGLE hadn't gone away for the holidays she would have told you that this was due to evaporation, and she would have been quite wrong, as usual. The truth is that there is just as much sea as before, only it is now in a different place. The less sea we have in England the more they have in France. My own private opinion is that it is also more humped up in the middle than it was yesterday, but I may be wrong. Anyhow, I don't think I shall bathe this morning.

Now you will want to know why the sea moves about in this way. Why couldn't it always stay right up on one side and right down on the other? The answer is, Because it wouldn't get enough to eat. The sea lives on paper bags, orange peel, spades and ginger-beer bottles; and if you are a kind-hearted child and love dumb creatures you will leave out at least one ginger-beer bottle a day. It comes up every morning to fetch them, and when it has collected all it can it hurries over to France to see what the French children have been putting down for it. Generally they have been putting down the French for ginger-beer bottles too.

By the way, I was not quite right when I called the sea a dumb creature. On this side, as you all

know, it says, "Try Beauchamp's Pills"; and on the French side, "Try the pills of Milor Beauchamp, if you please"; it adds "if you please" because the French are always so polite.

Now I have to tell you a very sad thing about the sea. Like you and me—I mean like some lazy people—it gets up later and later for breakfast each morning. By the end of a month it is a whole day late. Just think how angry Miss PRINGLE would be if that happened to you! A man

two hours at least; by the end of that time you will want her again because she has the sandwiches. Some children dig a big hole in the sand and hide her in that, so that she can't see what is going on; but this isn't really necessary so long as the serial story is an exciting one. I daresay you have often wondered why the serial in *Home Gossip* ends so abruptly every week. It is because the Editor suddenly realises that the sea is coming up and surrounding Nurse; so he has to stop just as the

Earl is showing *Veronica* his watch. If the story were to go straight on there would be no nurses left on our coasts at all! Of course in a way that would be rather jolly, but in other ways it would be a pity. Even as it is, you may have noticed that just underneath the "To be continued" there is a little paragraph called "What to do with Wet Feet." The Editor has put that in on purpose. I think the simplest thing is to dry them on somebody else's pocket-handkerchief.

Now you are on the sands you will probably want to build a castle. Those silly WILBRAHAM children over there think that all you have to do is to pile up a great mound of sand and put a flag on the top. That isn't my idea of a castle at all. To take two points only—there is no lift and no bath-room. Perhaps the lift is a little difficult to do; but without a bath-room no modern castle is complete. You

build this right in the very front, facing the sea, and when the tide is nearly up you all stand on the castle walls together. Then you say to TOMMY, "It's eight o'clock, Sir," and TOMMY says, "Thank you," in a very sleepy voice, and he rolls over and adds, "The jersey and the red bathing drawers this morning, BENHAM, I think."

"Yessir," you say; "and would you like a hot or cold bath, sir?"

If he says "Hot," you smack his head and begin all over again with WILFRID—which is a pity, because WILFRID is really too small to under-



"OH, SIR JAMES, I HEAR YOU HAVE AN ACETYLENE PLANT, AND I SIMPLY ADORN TROPICAL FLOWERS!"

called KIPLING has calculated that we have fed the sea for a thousand years; so that, if it was really in time for breakfast on the first day, it is now twelve thousand days behind. Fancy—more than twenty-three years late for breakfast! This is so very confusing that most scientists have agreed to say nothing about it. The others put it on to the moon, which is a long way away and doesn't mind.

When you have got down to the sea the first thing to do is to see that Nurse has the new number of *Home Gossip*. That will keep her good for

stand. But if TOMMY is a true sportsman he says:

"Cold, please; and briny, because of my rheumatism."

And then the tide comes up; and for one glorious moment there is The Castle bathroom in working order . . . and there are the WILBRAHAM kids still pottering about on their rotten sand-heap. The next moment Nurse has finished her story and collared you all; and you sit down to lunch a little higher up the beach.

But I am afraid it happens sometimes that there is no sand on the beach, only pebbles. I can't quite explain why this is so. Scientists say it is the fault of the sea for not grinding the pebbles up small enough; but it's really the fault of your parents for not choosing a more sensible place. Still, as they are here now, and have probably broken the best teapot already, you've got to stay and make the most of it. The jolliest game is with father's walking-stick. You shove it into the beach and throw pebbles at it. If you hit the silver band it counts two, and if you hit TOMMY it's his own fault for standing behind you when you were drawing your hand back. An even better game is with father's panama: you put it a few yards away and drop big stones into it. If you fill it with water first you get the splash, which is jolly. . . .

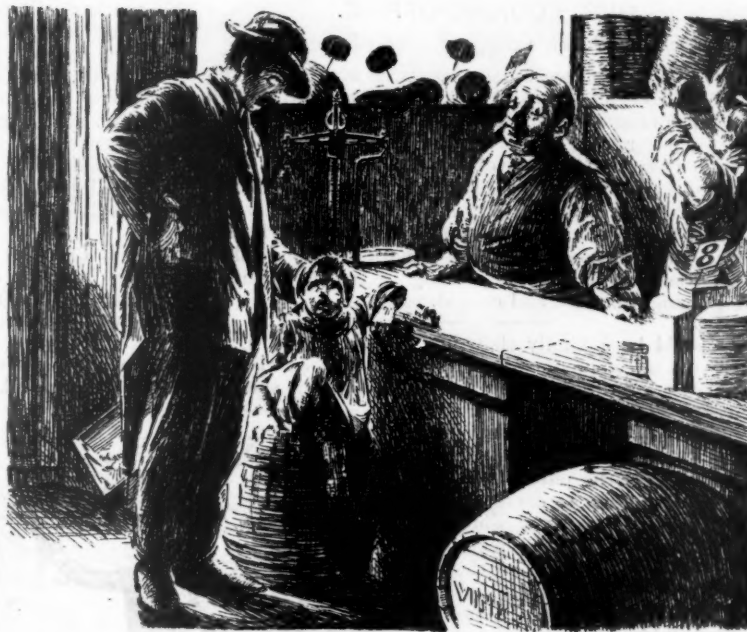
Yes, ETHEL, I was just coming to that. It is a curious fact, which has puzzled many scientists, that with an uncle's panama you don't get the splash properly at all. . . . Besides, I'm just going off to bathe.

A. A. M.

THE MOTOR AS INSECTICIDE.

A WRITER in a German paper (quoted by *The Motor Cycle*) says that every caterpillar and slug has disappeared from his garden since he allowed his boy to ride a motor-bicycle round its walks. He is convinced that the exhaust fumes from the engine acted as a caterpillar destroyer, and he has never seen his garden with such a show of fruit and flowers.

Here is more work for the Royal Automobile Club, with their sporting system of holding examinations, every Wednesday morning, of motor-car owners and prospective chauffeurs in driving and technical proficiency. A Horticultural (or Autocultural) Certificate should now be granted to the purveyor of sufficiently noisome exhalations, and this would go far to endear motorists to



Affable Grocer (to local Art Master). "Yes, Sir, I SHALL BE SENDING 'IM ALONG TO YOUR EVENING CLASSES WHEN 'E'S A BIT OLDER, AND I WANT YOU TO LEARN 'IM JUST LIKE YOU LEARNED HIS BROTHER. YOU SO TRAINED THAT LAD'S EYE, SIR, THAT 'E CAN CUT THE BACON TO A QUARTER OF AN OUNCE!"

the present somewhat unenchanted cultivators of wayside cabbage-patches. We can picture the enthusiastic welcome which will be accorded to the happy possessor of a rickety car with unjacketed carburettors or unclean cylinder-lubricating oil of low flash-point. He will be promptly invited to "come inside" where the break-down occurs, and back-fire a bit among the begonias or distribute a distillate of crude petroleum over the mangold-wurzels, in view of the approaching autumn shows. Great and deserved indeed will be the popularity of the novice who shall steer his "stink-wain," even if unintentionally, into the flower-beds of any "Garden That I Love," dealing death to the earwigs in the dahlias and euthanasia to the aphids on the rose-bushes.

A class of beginners should be promptly started, with every encouragement from the L.C.C. or the Ranger, and no absurd restrictions as to exhaust, along the parterres of Hyde Park and Kew Gardens. We feel sure that the increased floral output would soon move the flower-girls of Piccadilly to call the scorcher blessed, and the duly-certificated "road-hog" will earn the market-gardeners' undying gratitude. This

larvicidal discovery has just come in time to stop the unreasoning outcry against the real (if over-rapid) friends of the country-side.

THE NON-COMMITTAL SCOT.

[SCENE—*The hall of a Highland shooting-lodge on the eve of the Twelfth. A barometer, over which is a stag's head mounted.*

Son of the House. Do you think it will be fine to-morrow?

Keeper. Ay, Mr. CHARLES. Gin it hauds up.

S. But the glass is going up.

K. Ay, but the gless is an awful leear i' these pairts.

S. Are there plenty of birds?

K. There's just a good wheen.

S. But do you call it a good season?

K. I hae kenned better, and I hae kenned waur.

S. Will they be lying high or low to-morrow?

K. Ah! whiles they are i' the taps, and whiles they are doon, and it's jist according.

S. Do you think we shall find them?

K. Ay, gin we hae good luck.

S. Hang it all! Shall we make a good bag, do you think?

K. Aiblins, gin ye haud straight.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Punch has received for review a book purporting to be Mr. HUBERT WALES' "new" novel, entitled *The Old Allegiance* (JOHN LONG). This work, however the author and publisher may endeavour to conceal the fact, is merely a reprint of a novel entitled *In Royal Purple*, by WILLIAM PIGOTT, published in 1899 by Messrs. CASSELL. Mr. Punch is not interested in the task of examining the merits or demerits of *réchauffé* fiction. He is, however, concerned to remark that publishers and authors probably lose nothing in the long run by being straightforward and candid.

It would be a kindly thought to describe Mr. E. F. BENSON's latest production, *The Blotting-Book* (HEINE-MANN), as a half-crown parody of the shilling shocker. But honesty compels me to accuse him of having written it as a serious experiment in melodrama, if the phrase may be used of a story so commonplace in style and so slipshod in construction. The evidence in a murder-trial turns on the question of the date of an impression in a new blotting-book, but Mr. BENSON has not taken the trouble to get his dates right. Thus the threatening letter which is accepted as evidence against the prisoner is dated June 21st, while at the same time it is proved to the satisfaction of the court that not till June 22nd did the facts which alone could furnish the motive for this letter come to the prisoner's knowledge at all. This is a typical instance of the carelessness with which Mr. BENSON handles the threads of his plot. As for the literary quality of his book, it scarcely ever rises to any distinction, and occasionally lapses into the best manner of the half-penny evening *feuilleton*. Here is a gem:—"He had but to be able to exercise his option at that price to be quit of that dreadful incubus of anxiety which for the last two years had been a mill-stone round his neck that had grown mushroom like." And here is another jewel:—"Mr. Godfrey Mills had wantonly slandered him to Sir Richard Templeton, a marriage with the daughter of whom was projected in the prisoner's mind, *which there was reason to suppose, might have taken place.*" The italics are my own, but everything else, including the punctuation, is Mr. BENSON'S. The author is presumably satisfied with this kind of stuff, or he would not have published it; but it is extraordinarily unsatisfactory for the people who buy his new book on the strength of its author's established reputation.

The British public is frequently credited, rightly or not, with no very great amount of intelligence, but I think that Mr. J. E. PATTERSON has altogether too low an opinion of it. Throughout his book *Fishers of the*

Sea (MURRAY) he seems to be obsessed with a fear that his readers will fail to take his points, and he is for ever explaining himself in parentheses. Quite often he employs these when he is not in the least degree ambiguous, and forgets all about them when he is. Examples are singly too trivial to quote, but, taken together, such signs of a lack of skill in the telling of a story generate a sense of irritation that tends to spoil one's satisfaction at the author's intimate knowledge of fisher-folk in the North Sea. I am rather sorry for this, because it's a fascinating subject.

David Lepstein was a waif of the New York Ghetto, and his intimate friends called him *Dovid'l*—for short, I suppose. When he left school a kind of Judgment of Paris was put before him, the choice between Learning, Art, and Riches, and selecting the last of these, he became in a marvellously short time what I believe is called a lumber-king.

That, briefly, is the story of *Dominy's Dollars*, by Mr. B. PAUL NEUMAN (MURRAY), a very remarkable book. The moral, of course, is that Money, considered as a goddess, is no better than she should be; but there is nothing of the cheaply melodramatic about Mr. NEUMAN'S presentation of this commonplace. For *Dominy* (that was David's adopted name) was a very likeable young man, with all kinds of good qualities, and it is only very gradually that he becomes so ravenous with the gold-hunger as to ruin a nature that we feel compelled to admire. The second crisis in David's life comes when he is asked to renounce his whole career by Sadie Walder, a compatriot and prima donna (what a lot of these divas there are!), who has entered the Romish Church. After his refusal to do this, in spite

of his love for her, there is a slackening of interest, for the end is inevitable; but the progress of the hero's obsession is traced with a wonderfully fine and certain touch, and Mr. NEUMAN is to be heartily congratulated on the study.

TO THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

UNDER what weight of years you have to bend
I do not know; your name I did not catch,
Nor from your toothless converse could I snatch
One word from the beginning to the end.
But yet what brightness to the beach you lend,
Your nether garments gleam with many a patch
Of alien stuff which never claimed to match
The parent fabric it aspired to mend.

I've read of you in fiction, now in fact
It is my privilege to get a glimpse
Of that reality my visions lacked,
And to behold your figure as it limps
Down to the sea from which you still extract
Unwilling, coy, yet marketable shrimps.



Mr. Townley (who has just agreed to take a country cottage). "OF COURSE YOU'LL HAVE THOSE TREES STRAIGHTENED UP A BIT? THEY'VE GOT HORRIBLY WARPED!"

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S object in visiting Berlin, it is officially declared, is to obtain information about Old Age Pensions. Now that his recommendation to grant the pensions has been adopted, he naturally feels that he ought seriously to study the subject.

When Mr. CHURCHILL is married, Mr. HALDANE will be the only bachelor left in the Cabinet; and we are glad to hear that, in order to give the War Minister a chance, he has been supplied with a smart semi-military uniform.

At the Folkestone Beauty Show medals were awarded to those competitors who did not win prizes—as testimony, we suppose, to their pluck in entering.

"Billy," who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, is, it is announced, the only monkey motorist in the world. This just shows how deceptive appearances may be.

A Frankfort slaughter-house employee, named ZINERT, is reported to have killed 5,000,000 hogs during the past twenty-seven years. Here, surely, we have the man to deal with our scorching motorists.

A member of the staff of the South-Eastern Railway Company, who was presented with an address upon retiring after sixty-one years' service, mentioned that in his early days third-class carriages were open, and only two foot-warmer were kept at the Bricklayers' Arms Station. This is the most complete answer we have yet had to the charge of No Progress so frequently brought against the S.E.R.

The *Daily Mail* must really be more careful. Our contemporary caused grave offence in certain exclusive military circles last week by stating that the Suffragettes' audience at Boulter's Lock included "many influential people and officers of the Brigade of Guards."

Familiarity breeds contempt. The Dutch have no intention of submitting their quarrel with Venezuela to a Conference at their own Hague.

The Registrar-General's report for the last quarter chronicles a remarkable decline in the death rate. It looks as if Old Age Pensions were



Mistress (to new gardener). "I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE A STAUNCH TEETOTALER!"
Gardener. "NOT STAUNCH, MUM—NOT STAUNCH!"

proving an irresistible attraction to many persons.

"Might I ask the rev. Archdeacon who believes in the future life of animals," writes Mr. J. P. HOWARD in *The Express*, "if he includes among them serpents, centipedes, wasps, scorpions, and all kinds of vermin?" If yes, we take it that Mr. J. P. HOWARD will reconsider his desire to go to a Better World.

The railway companies are at last becoming seriously alarmed at the way in which they are losing passengers, and a safer catch for the doors of corridor carriages is promised.

The reissue of an old book by Mr. HUBERT WALES as a new one has had one result which cannot be very gratifying to the author at any rate. The book has been regarded as showing a

distinct advance on Mr. WALES' subsequent works.

Mr. OWEN MORAN, the English light-weight boxer, has, *The Daily Mail* informs us, been held up and robbed of forty pounds in the streets of San Francisco. It was evidently not realised who he was.

Mystery of a Priceless Collection of Gems.

"LOST.—Three Copies of 'Punch' namely March 11th, 18th and 25th have been lost or mislaid. If returned in good condition, the finder will be rewarded and no questions asked. CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUB.—*Tokyo Times*.

The curse of drink is once more illustrated by a letter from a "Surrey Householder" in *The Times*:—

"I have many times been driven home when attempting to walk upon the high roads. This should not be."
Indeed it should not.

THE UNGATHERED BIRD.

ALL day you tramped, on bloody business bent,
Knee-deep in heather, middle-deep in fern;
All day your weary perspiration went
To feed the local burn.

Far up the flanking hills from time to time
The keeper drew your notice to a "point,"
And thither you would dolorously climb,
Creaking in every joint;

And, having ultimately scaled the sky,
Stand puffing till the pointer (humorous dog)
Confessed that he had been deluded by
A latent lark, or frog;

Said "My mistake, Sir"; eased his rigid tail;
And, ranging wide without a sign of stitch,
Put up a covey well across the vale
On to the next-door pitch.

And if, for once, he gave a true alarm,
And made a guide-post of his quivering nose,
Your spray of pellets did no deadlier harm
Than water from a hose.

During the luncheon-interval they told
The heavy tale of corpses, two by two;
But there was not a single ghost that rolled
Accusing eyes at you.

The thought encouraged so profound a pique
That not the cherry-whisky's luscious fume,
Nor many midges browsing on your cheek
Could chase your settled gloom.

It lingered through that lamentable day.
Round you the air still rang with chortling cries
Uttered by scathless birds that chose this way
To vent their glad surprise.

And here and there some old and seasoned cock
Turned in his flight to throw a backward glance,
Anxious to see what you were like—the crock
That missed so soft a chance.

At length, as evening's shade began to fall,
The whole of Inverness-shire might have heard,
Clear as a thunderclap, your shattering call:—
"MARK DOWN THAT WOUNDED BIRD!"

No one but you so much as saw him flinch.
We searched in vain; while you protested still
That surely somewhere, dying inch by inch,
He cursed your fatal skill.

It's my belief the bird's alive and fit;
Yet, if you like to think he really dropped,
Why then, to save your feelings, I'll admit
The theory you adopt—

That, dead within some moist and hollow "hag,"
Beyond the power of dogs or men to trace,
Lies, unembodied in the general bag,
Your lonely half-a-brace.

O. S.

"The Cologne Accident Insurance Company has decided to grant insurance policies to those who take part in aerial journeys in balloons. The insurance commences on the persons entering the balloon-basket or car, and will cease as soon as the insured have left the basket or car."—*The Financier*.

Unfortunately that is often just the moment when the insurance is really needed.

"RABBITS."

WHAT thoughts that simple word conjures up! Rabbits! To this one it suggests the old home-field where the bunnies used to play, where the little brooklet in the left-hand bottom corner used to be, now trickling down to join the main stream, now stopping to ask the way of a kindly yokel. To that one it suggests the gun; the rustle as the furry fellow trots from his hole; the bang of two barrels; and another rustle as the furry fellow trots into another hole. To a third it suggests a steaming dish with too much pepper and not enough salt. This one and that one and the other one are all wrong, for "Rabbits" is a game.

Mr. "Z.," a gentleman who has his own private page in one of our great illustrated monthlies, told me all about it. "If," he said, "you are at a party and find that the company needs enlivening, the following little catch is bound to prove amusing. You wait till the conversation turns upon rabbits" (as, I take it, it is bound to do sooner or later), "and seizing your opportunity you ask casually if anyone would care for a game of 'Rabbits.'" He then tells you how to proceed. I cut this part out, sold the rest of the magazine to my cousin (he not knowing that it was the rest), and waited my opportunity.

Not only am I an amateur humourist, but I am also such an expert cyclist as to justify my being asked to a bicycle picnic. It was at one of these great social events that my opportunity arrived. It had been drizzling all the afternoon, there had been five punctures and a collision, and the best part of the tea had lost its way. I thought well to cheer and amuse the party according to Mr. "Z.'s" prescription.

At the outset there was a curious lack of enthusiasm. The ladies were only prevailed upon to play by the natural politeness and curiosity of the sex; the children joined in the fun under duress; and of all the men, one only was willing, and he merely because he had thought I said "Bridge." A man, even if a major, who thinks you said "Bridge" when you really said "Rabbits," ought to have his bicycle taken away from him.

I am not the one to let little things stand in my way, and soon had the company upon its knees in a circle, round which (for reasons not at once apparent to the lay mind) the question is passed: "Do you know how to play 'Rabbits'?" I explained that all one had to do was to answer the question and ask one's neighbour. I begged them, in the words of BURKE, "to admire where they could not presently understand," and explained again. I should have explained a third time had it not been for the Major. I then started the ball rolling and put the question to my neighbour. "No," she said. "Then ask your neighbour," I said. "Why?" she asked. "You'll know in a moment," I told her, and she asked him. "No," he said. "Then ask your neighbour," I said. "Why?" he asked. "You'll know in a moment," I told him, and he asked her. "No," she said. "Then ask your neighbour," I said. "Why?" she asked. "You'll know in a moment," I told her, and she asked him.

Eventually I got as far as the Major, the last but one of the circle. He said, "I have had enough of this damned folly," and got up and walked away. "What a silly man the Major is!" I said. "It is not the Major who is silly," the chorus replied. "We think—" I told them to let that pass and go on with the game. "Do you know how to play 'Rabbits'?" someone said to Mrs. WALKER. "No," said Mrs. WALKER, "and—"



A SKELETON ARMY; OR, THE CHARGE OF THE VERY LIGHT BRIGADE.

MR. HALDANE (*at the Cavalry Manœuvres*),
ISN'T THAT IMAGINATIVE?"

MR. PUNCH, "REALISTIC, YOU MEAN. THAT'S ABOUT WHAT IT WILL COME TO WITH US IN REAL WARFARE."

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





FASHION FAVOURS THE FRAIL.

Bored sportsman (to his brother-in-law and host). "I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THIS 'WALKING-UP' BUSINESS HAS GONE CLEAN OUT? YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME, THE BEST PEOPLE SIMPLY DON'T DO IT."

"Reserve your defence," I said hurriedly, "and ask me." "Why?" asked Mrs. WALKER. "You'll see in a moment," I told her, and she asked me, as one humours a restless child: "Do you know how to play 'Rabbits'?" "No," I said slowly, relying more upon Mr. "Z."s dicta than upon my own observations for my *dénouement*, "so I am afraid we shall not be able to play."

Now Mr. "Z." had led me to suppose that this was a moment when manly guffaws and girlish laughter rent the air. I had gathered that at this point the suggester of the game was patted upon the back for a merry fellow with a pretty wit and carried shoulder high by the laughing throng. Picture to yourself, rather, a funeral crowd kneeling upon the damp grass in a ridiculous circle and regarding me more in anger than in sorrow amid the most silent silence conceivable. What appeared to be a joke to Mr. "Z." turned out, in fact, to be the saddest and most tragic effect ever conceived by the mind of man. Realising this I left them to their wrath, and crept away in shame to the bicycles. There, choosing a new one with three good speeds and a little oil bath, I rode away lonely and depressed into the outer darkness.

I am a broken man now and a social pariah, but I still have one hope left. It is that I shall in the latter days meet Mr. "Z." face to face. I shall come very close to him and look him straight in the eye, and then, without seeing his hand or feeling the bumps of his head, shall tell him his character with a candour and a thoroughness which will take his last breath away.

Answer to Correspondent.

"ANXIOUS ONE."—Our attention has already been called to Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's utterances on the mission of himself and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE ("our mission to Germany," as he is reported to have described it to a *Daily Mail* correspondent); and we agree with you that it would not be advisable to disband our Navy until we have the mission's guarantee that such action would be approved in Germany as likely to strengthen the idea of friendly relations between the two countries.

In M.A.P. Mr. HALL CAINE describes Mr. WILKIE COLLINS' forehead as one that "belonged to Collins alone." So different from Mr. CAINE's own forehead, which we have come to regard as the property of the nation.

"The gardens are well supplied with seats, and there are umbrageous walks in various directions, where the old, but never new, tale is told."—*Liverpool Echo*.

That 's the worst of chestnuts: they 're never really fresh.

It is proposed to hold a conference, when the London borough councils resume their meetings, to discuss the question of the damage done to lamp-posts by motor vehicles in the streets of London. Personally, we hope it will be possible to arrive at some sort of compromise whereby the motor vehicles may knock down as many lamp-posts as they like if they will leave pedestrians alone.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ABOUT FIRE AND WATER.

Broadlands,
August.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The ST. ADRIANS' has always been counted a nice house to stay at, and now they've surpassed themselves! Their last house-party was indeed in luck to have the week wind up with such a glorious blaze. You've read about it, of course, in the dailies; but you don't know how simply lovely it was to be there. My dear, for real fun and thrills of the first magnitude, nothing comes up to a fire, so long as it's at someone else's place, and you're young and real, with lots of pretty, naturally wavy hair. For then, you know, it's such awful fun to be saved! Of course, if I were like some people, I'd rather be left to my fate. Not that there was any leaving people to their fates in this case. There was no life lost, and not the least danger of such a thing.

NORTY happened to be staying there, and he saved my life most heroically. Then I flew about saving others, and giving help wherever it was needed. If you look in *The Sideglancer* and *West-End Whispers* you will see a full account of it all, headed, "Heroic Conduct of a Popular Society Leader. Mrs. MULTIMILL Saves Many Lives!" and photos of me in a sweet Etruscan dressing-robe, sandals on my bare feet, and my hair streaming in the wind. In one I'm flying along crying, "Fire! Fire!" In another I'm carrying a jug of water to the hottest part of the blaze.

BERYL CLARGES is wild that she didn't happen to be staying there at the time. Indeed, she's so set upon being even with me and distinguishing herself in a fire, and being saved and all that, that it really wouldn't be safe to have her to stay anywhere just now.

Lord ST. ADRIAN and his six sons long ago formed themselves into a fire brigade, and have practised and drilled till they're quite perfect. It was wonderful to see how cool and skilful they were, and how they fell into line and all that sort of thing, and went through quite professional evolutions. But, unfortunately, there was no water to be had; and however cool and skilful and well drilled an amateur fire-brigade may be, and however many evolutions they may go through with the hose, they can't do very much without water. And so the whole west wing, with the

picture-gallery and library, was burnt before help came.

There were some juvenile-antiques in the party—POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, for one. My dear, the less said about them the better, when brought hurriedly out of danger, quite *au naturel* as to hair and complexion! I am pretty sure that, when the Prophet said "Truest truth is fairest beauty," he had never stayed with a large party in a house where fire broke out in the early hours of a summer's morning, and people ran out into the grounds in spur-of-the-moment toilettes.

The men are telling a simply odious story about dear Professor DIMSDALE. He was one of those staying there (it was a particularly clever party), and, only the evening before the fire, a number of us who used to be at his mental philosophy lecture-chats last spring were sitting at his feet while he talked in the most lovely way, occasionally dashing back with his hand the curls that will fall over that wondrous philosophic brow. (People can't help having curly hair, can they? even if they are profound thinkers.) Among other memorable things, he told us never to use "that foolish expression 'I must believe my senses,' because our senses were given us expressly to conceal the truth from us!" Isn't that a delicious idea? He told us, too, that, like some old Greek or Latin, he could say that life and death were all one to him and he was perfectly indifferent about them. And yet NORTY says the Professor was one of the first out of the house after the alarm was given, that he ran faster than any of them, and didn't try to save anyone, and that—oh, it's an abominable libel!—above that brow that's always occupied with the Noumenon, and the Macrocosm, and the Microcosm, and the nothingness of everything—there was a row of curling-pins!

As BERYL hadn't the luck to distinguish herself at a fire, she's turned her attention to the other element, and, with my help, has brought off a very good thing. Clarges Park, you know, is only two or three miles from Paradeville-on-Sea, and, the Olympic Games being still rather in the air, BERYL wrote to the Mayor or the Town Council or something to say she was willing to give a Diving and Swimming Display off the East Pier for the benefit of the local life-boat fund. They thanked her very much, but said they'd quite a new life-boat which had been paid for—(Pigs!). So BERYL said that

she dared say they could do with a few more, and anyhow she meant to give the show, and they could use the pier admission money for anything they liked.

As soon as I got wind of it, I offered my services, for I've always taken an immense interest in life-boats. And then heaps of people wrote and wired and 'phoned to say they'd help—some, my dear, who not only can't dive, but can't swim! We had to tell them it was to be a diving not a drowning exhibition.

The pier was a struggling mass at half-a-crown each (you know, my dearest, how *ces autres* will always pay and elbow to see us do anything), and it all went with a yell. Oh, my little, darling, ducky diving-dress! But you'll see me in it in the picture-weeklies.

I don't say that BERYL and BABS didn't dive perhaps the weeniest bit better than I did, but I "peeled" best of the three, and was quite the favourite of the crowd.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—When JOSIAH heard about it, he disapproved in his very best style. He has put his foot down, my dear, and that's flat! He says if I want to go in for diving and swimming he'll have a place specially made for it here. Here, you know! The very idea! As if people wanted to dive and swim in the depths of the country, with not a creature near to see them.

NEUROTIC MOTOR-CARS.

EXTRAORDINARY ALLEGATIONS.

THE recent distressing accident to Mr. HALL CAINE, due to the running away of his motor-car, though happily unattended by any serious consequences to the talented fictionist, has caused a painful impression in motoring circles, as tending to create misgivings in the minds of *littérateurs* who may have purchased cars, or may be intending to purchase them. In these circumstances the information which a representative of Mr. Punch has gleaned from Dr. C. W. SYLLABUR, F.R.S. (Edin.), will be peculiarly welcome, as that eminent man of science is himself an expert motorist as well as musical and dramatic critic for sixteen daily and ten weekly papers.

"Yes," said Dr. SYLLABUR, who was toying with the metatarsal fin of an extinct ichneumon when we found him, "there is no doubt that motor-cars are extraordinarily sensitive and susceptible machines. You

remember KIPLING's story of an animated fugitive locomotive. Well, the novelist wrote better than he knew. There is no doubt whatever that what was merely an ingenious speculation in the case of the steam engine is an absolute fact in regard to the motor.

"Take this accident of Mr. HALL CAINE. He speaks of his nerves being utterly broken. I don't wonder at it. You note that he says his motor-car ran down the drive. Now I have not the slightest doubt that this was a case of deliberate evasion on the part of the machine. The motor-car ran away of itself. From whom, then, did it run? The answer is obvious—from Mr. HALL CAINE. All of us have experienced the desire, when brought into the presence of a great or awful personage, to seek safety or seclusion in flight, and this is clearly what happened in the present case. The car, probably a high-mettled neurotic 100-h.p. Mercedes, was so terrified by the proximity of demonic genius in goggles that it fled in an ecstasy of fright down the interminable avenue that winds up to the stately portals of Greeba Castle.

"But you must not think that this is an isolated case of what is professionally known as stampedomania amongst motors. Many similar cases have come within the range of my own experience. I had once a little Baby Peugeot, which was so nervous that I had actually to sing it asleep before it would consent to let me take the wheel. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's great Cronstadt is an extraordinarily affectionate car. Indeed, he has told me that an unfavourable review of one of his novels will make it cry like a child. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER's car quickens its pace when he calls it 'Charlotte.' Mr. J. M. BARRIE drives a PETER PANHARD, and converses with it in the Wendish tongue. The SID-LEE cars are all accomplished SHAKSPEAREAN scholars, and when Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was writing *The Hound of the Baskervilles* one of his motor bicycles evinced its interest by frequently remarking 'Pup! pup!'

"Again, there is a famous lady novelist—I will not mention her by name, as she is notoriously averse from any form of publicity—who owns a very sensitive Itala car. She was recently reading aloud some of the most moving scenes in her forthcoming novel to a few friends when an agonising cry was heard from her garage. Her third footman burst



Golfer. "YOU'VE CADDIED FOR ME BEFORE. WILL YOU GIVE ME SOME HINTS BEFORE WE START?"

Sandy. "WEEL, IF YE'LL JUST NO DAE WHAT YE'RE GAELIC TO DAE, YE'LL NO DAE SAE BAD!"

open the door, and a poignant voice issued from the exhaust pipe exclaiming that this was really too exhausting.

"Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, again, has a very fast car which exceeds the limit on the slightest provocation. And Lord AVEBURY told me the other day that the only way he could account for the behaviour of his car was that it must have a bee in its bonnet.

"Another point. It is impossible to expect to get satisfactory results out of a car unless you speak to it in the language of the country in which it was manufactured. For my own part I always make a point of conversing in the *lingua Toscana*

when I am driving a F.I.A.T. In a Spyker I speak French with a Belgian accent. In an Argyll I talk Gaelic. If drivers would only show a little more consideration to these highly organised creatures, there would be far fewer accidents. I cannot help thinking that the accident to Mr. HALL CAINE's car was due to his having inadvertently confused it by lapsing into his native Manx.

"By the way, I forgot to mention just now that Mr. TREE's new 'trolley,' as he humorously calls it, the Comyns Car, is more than usually faust."

This remark, we need hardly say, terminated the interview.

THE MAGIC CARAVAN.

["The caravan of the inventive genius is not very safe to live in. Everything collapses, and one is surrounded by unsuspected pitfalls."—*The Field*.]

SAID I to myself, let care be blowed
 Whilst I go wandering free
 Afar from trains
 Through the long green lanes
 That lead to the voiceful sea.
 Sing hey! said I, for the open road
 And the open camp beside it!
 Sing ho! for the man
 With the caravan—
 But that was before I tried it.

I was filled with delight when I first caught sight of
 the gipsy-like home that awaited me,
 For the paint was as gay as the hedges in May, and the
 dimity curtains elated me;
 A queer little step upholstered in rep led up to a door in
 the centre,
 It was open a bit, and the view through the slit made
 me feel that I simply must enter.
 The fittings inside filled my bosom with pride, for the
 brass was as bright as it could be,
 And the woodwork was smart with the polisher's art,
 and everything just as it should be.
 These fittings, again, were a feast for the brain just as
 much as the eyes that were daft on 'em,
 For they all were designed by a masterly mind who had
 lavished the best of his craft on 'em.
 What wonderful tricks he had managed to fix! What
 ingenious dodges he'd hit upon
 For the saving of space in that rum little place! What
 curious things you'd to sit upon!
 You seated yourself on a sort of a shelf, but as soon as
 you let yourself down on it
 It suffered a change and became a small range with
 some sausages bursting and brown on it.
 You felt a wild wish for this savoury dish, but before
 you had time to lay hand on it
 The range disappeared in a manner most weird, and you
 were compelled to abandon it.
 At first it was fun just to see what was done—the furni-
 ture had such agility!
 But when everything grew into something quite new
 you longed for a little stability.
 At a quarter to five the bed came alive; it revolved, and
 in less than a minute
 'Twas no longer a bed but a sitz bath instead with you
 sitting shivering in it.
 You looked all about for a cloth or a clout or for any-
 thing likely to dry you,
 And your frowns disappeared when a towel-horse reared
 all covered with towels close by you.
 You stretched out to clasp what had seemed in your
 grasp, but the moment before you were able
 To clutch it you learned that the towels had turned to
 a cloth which was spread on the table.
 All dripping and wet you sprang out in a pet and looked
 for your garments to don 'em,
 But the hooks had turned round; they were not to be
 found any more than the clothes which were
 on 'em.
 Through all the day long things would keep going
 wrong, through breakfast and luncheon and dinner,
 Till my hair became grey and my flesh fell away, and
 my figure grew thinner and thinner.

At length in despair I resolved to repair to the nearest
 hotel I could light on;
 I've sent the van back, and the rest of the vac. my
 address is the Métropole, Brighton.

DISCURSIONS.

WHY JIMMIE SOPWITH MARRIED HER.

WHEN JIMMIE SOPWITH announced his engagement to
 Miss ADELAIDE HARBOTTLE there was a universal shout of
 amazement from all his friends. Certainly, JIMMIE was
 of the philandering sort; no man of forty, which was
 JIMMIE's age, had philandered with greater vigour. Still,
 he always played for safety, and generally secured it.
 Married ladies had a special attraction for him, but he
 never went too far or caused a single flutter of agitation
 in the breast of any *Othello* of his acquaintance. He
 had an assured income of about £3,000 a year, and his
 bachelor parties had acquired a great reputation. With
 unmarried girls he had a certain timidity of manner,
 but when he knew them well he became fatherly. No
 man, indeed, was considered to be more secure against
 the attractions of matrimony.

ADELAIDE HARBOTTLE varied in her age. I have known
 her to figure as a kitten of 28, and to pass primly in a
 single day to the age of 37. In the dim light of a discreet
 drawing-room she was young; in the blaze of a Foreign
 Office Reception the years came flocking to her as by
 magic. As a matter of fact, she was at least as old as
 JIMMIE. She was not exactly gaunt, but a strongly-
 marked nose of the Wellingtonian order gave her face a
 formidable and bony appearance. She was said to be
 "a good sort," and though she had, of course, never
 openly scratched for the matrimonial stakes, she was
 popularly supposed to have dropped out of the running.
 She and JIMMIE had been good friends for many years.

This was the lady, then, to whom JIMMIE, that con-
 firmed bachelor, not only became engaged, but whom
 he married in due course. Nobody has yet been able to
 ascertain why it happened, but there is no reason now
 why the mystery should not be revealed. JIMMIE, as all
 the world knows, disappeared mysteriously two years
 ago. His disconsolate relict was last heard of as con-
 ducting a search party for him in the remoter wilds of
 Patagonia, and, so far as I am aware, there are no
 surviving relatives of either side who will be affected in
 any way by the disclosure I am about to make. Before
 JIMMIE vanished into the inane he posted a letter to me,
 and it is from this document that I propose to quote.

"By the time you receive this," it began, "I shall
 have disappeared. It will be quite useless to search for
 me. All my measures are taken, and the secret of my
 whereabouts will never be known. I have made a
 proper provision for my wife, who will want for nothing.
 We have had four years of married life, and that is quite
 enough for either of us. You have been a very good
 friend to me, and I don't like to go without telling you
 why I got married. In fact, you were the only one of
 my friends who never showed the least curiosity on the
 point, and you are, therefore, the one man who ought
 to know. After two years have passed, you can use
 your discretion about telling anyone else.

"I don't want to bore you with a long story, so I'll
 tell you at once that the whole business was due to that
 detestable invention, the electric light. I always felt
 that there was something baleful about its uncompro-
 mising glitter, but I little knew what awful catastrophe
 it would bring upon me. Some men may say that my
 own sentimental weakness helped on the misfortune,



Vicar's Wife (trying to explain history to villager whose son is taking part in the rehearsal of Pageant). "YOU KNOW, MRS. PERKINS, WHEN THE ROMANS FIRST CAME TO ENGLAND, WE 'ANCIENT BRITONS' WERE NAKED SAVAGES PAINTED BLUE."

Villager. "'DEED MA'AM, I DON'T REMEMBER IT, AND (with offended dignity) IT WAS ONLY SUCH OF US AS WERE ALIVE AT THE TIME!"

but I disagree with them. Gas or candles or oil would never have lured me on and lulled me and then crushed me with the same terrible completeness.

"It happened at Barrowdean, on the Sussex coast, in a bungalow which JACK TORREY, the parson, had taken for the summer. JACK, as you know, was married to ADELAIDE's youngest sister, LUCY, and ADELAIDE was staying with them. I was asked for a week-end, and, unconscious of my doom, I accepted. LUCY was a charming woman, plump and pink and cheerful, for whom I had always felt an extreme liking; her husband was a good chap, and ADELAIDE, of course, was an old shoe for comfort. Friday night and Saturday passed off well enough. Sunday was to be the fatal day.

"On Sunday evening we had cold supper to save the servants trouble, and two friends of JACK came in and shared it with us. We were, therefore, a party of six. Now, there was only one thing peculiar to this infernal bungalow. It was fitted with electric light, which worked on a shilling-in-the-slot arrangement. It ran all right for a certain time, and then, unless you popped a shilling into a kind of iron money-box and turned a handle, it went out. I don't know when the last shilling had been put in, but on this particular Sunday evening the machine had apparently arrived at its last halfpenny-worth.

"The dinner began all right. I had LUCY (who looked bewitching in light blue) on my left, and ADELAIDE, who was silent and *distracte*, on my right. JACK said grace in his best form, and we had just had

cold soup out of tea-cups when, without a word of warning, the blessed light went out. 'I'll put that right in a jiffy,' said JACK. 'Has anybody got a shilling?' Nobody had. There was a plethora of half-crowns, florins, and sixpences, but there wasn't a single shilling in the room. 'No matter,' said JACK, 'I know there's one on the mantelpiece in my bedroom,' and he stumbled out of the room to find it.

"Now darkness always had a curious effect upon me. I can't describe it better than by saying that it made me both affectionate and absent-minded. LUCY and I were old friends. Why shouldn't I give her a mark of my paternal devotion? I decided that there would be no harm in kissing her hand. I groped along the table for it, found it, grasped it (it made no resistance) and carried it to my lips. At this moment the shilling must have dropped into its receptacle, for the light went up with a dazzling flash, and I discovered to my horror and amazement that I had mistaken the side on which LUCY was sitting. I had let my hand stray to the right instead of to the left, and there I was with the back of ADELAIDE's hand planted on my mouth!

"'Congratulate us, LUCY,' said ADELAIDE with a fiendish readiness, 'we have been engaged for a month, and we're to be married before the end of the year.' At this moment JACK came back, and insisted, in spite of Sunday, on drinking our healths:—'JIMMIE, my boy,' he said, 'you've got a jewel, but I can't say you don't deserve her.' I sat like a dumb fool, and never said a word, and in three months ADELAIDE married me."



English Clergyman. "AND WHEN YOU ARRIVE IN LONDON, MY DEAR LADY, DON'T FAIL TO SEE ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Fair American. "YOU BET, I'LL RATTLE THOSE OFF SURE; BUT WHAT I'VE BEEN HANKERING TO SEE, EVER SINCE I WAS KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER, IS THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND!"

THE FELLOW-PASSENGER.

WHEN, about nightfall, the train stopped at the end of the branch, nearly all the travellers made for the lumbering omnibus that links up the railway with Brinehaven six miles further on. The rush had evidently been anticipated, for the omnibus had brought with it an ancient victoria capable of taking the overflow to the extent of two passengers. A young man of meek appearance and a large gladstone bag already occupied much of the interior of the latter vehicle. I hurried to take possession of the remainder.

"I hope," I said, after apologising for placing my luggage on the top of his, "that there will be room in the hotel." Nothing depresses me so much as the prospect of wandering stranded and homeless about a strange place, like a common player on a Sunday afternoon. It is not Sybaritism; it is merely the unfortunate result of a respectable bringing-up.

"I don't know," said the young man callously.

"I understand there is only one hotel," I went on. "It would be very awkward to be turned away—six miles from anywhere."

"Not at all nice," he observed without showing the slightest concern.

The young man was clearly either a disreputable Bohemian—perchance a hardened sleeper-out—or was brutally indifferent to the anxieties of his fellow-creatures.

"You have a bed to go to, perhaps?" I ventured with some acerbity.

"I am going to the hotel," he said.

"But you said you didn't know. Ah, you have written for a room! Wise man!"

"No, I can't say I did that," he answered, looking away at the last remnants of the sunset.

"Then they know you—you've been here before," I said.

"Oh no—never," he replied quietly.

Nothing annoys me so much as to find people sanguine and cheerful in a situation that fills me with qualms

and misgiving. And so I did not speak to the young man again during the whole of the six miles' drive. What struck me as rather remarkable was that he made no attempt to speak to me—not, indeed, until the next morning, when I had taken a seat in the coffee-room for breakfast. Then he said, "Tea or coffee, Sir?"

Homespun.

OUR leading journals and magazines are being compelled to adapt themselves to modern requirements in the way of "home" interest, and we are therefore looking forward to the new combination entitled *The Spectator and Girls' Home Journal*, with its "Chats with the Chicks, by UNCLE JOE"; and to a symposium about to appear in *The Nineteenth Century and Afternoon Tea* on the question: "Do Duchesses make the best Wives?"

"The new South Parade pier at Southsea, which has been built by the corporation at a cost of about £70,000, was F. G. Foster."—*The Times*.

A clever disguise, but we spotted him at once.



ABDUL THE SPONTANEOUS.

YOUNG TURKEY. "MY BOWL, I THINK?"

SULTAN. "QUITE RIGHT. I WAS ONLY MINDING IT FOR YOU."



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AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otsakura, of Nagasaki, student of Automobile Construction, Letters and Life.]

FEEDING WITH FISHERS.

READING his work, I cannot surmise Mr. ISAAC WALTON (who is now some time deceased, poor chap!) was a very miserable person at all, but I am sure he is not so jolly as a club of angling gentlemen with which I have recently taken some food. This fishers' society is entitled The Chelsea Park and Sands End Piscatorial Club.

Strangely, for chaps so connected with *aqua pura*, their place of tryst is a public-house called the Blue Boar. I perceived from summit of an omnibus next day from the strange device on its *façade* that the blue boar is a species of extinct pig of a dark Cambridge boat-race hue.

Having performed the deglutition of a split-soda-mineral, I followed my consort aloft, coming to roost in a large room in most festal array. On all bounds were tables dressed in fine napery of great snowishness, fitted out with quite the usual number of forks and other lurching-tools. At twenty-seven minutes after the appointed pistol-fire Hon. Chairman said grace before soup. The lading-hill I quote, to show you that fishers are not confined to asceticism by effete rules of caste

Soups.

CLEAR OX-TAILS. SMOCK-TURTLE.

Fish.

BOILED COD & SHRIMP'S SAUCE. PULLETED SOLE.

Joint.

ROAST BEEF HORSE. RADISH.

Vegetables.

BAKED AND BOILED POTATOES. CAULIFLOWERS.

FRENCH BEANS.

Sweets.

ANGLER'S PUDDINGS. CHERRY. TART CREAM.

CHEESE, CELERY, BISCUITS.

WINES AND SPIRITS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND BILLIARDS.

CLUB ROOMS TO LET.

I succeeded in polishing up some of each, despite a meat lunch in an A.B.C. store, and was pleased to note the absence of pedanticry with which my confederates ate meat. Here I saw no slavish imitation as to *mum* and *tuum* between knife and fork. One fisher certainly asked a waiter to change his meat knife, protesting that its blade, not wide enough to act efficiently as a pea-transporter, was yet so keen an edged-tool as twice to have made incision in his right cheek or jowl. The waiter readily obliged him, remarking



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"THE MAN FROM COOK'S."

English Girl (with great distinctness, addressing the chef de gare). "PARDON, MONSIEUR! VOULEZ-VOUS CHERCHER POUR MOI L'HOMME AVEC LE MOT 'CUISINIER' AUTOUR DE LA COUROSSE DE SON CHAPEAU?"

that the caterer really ought to provide wooden spoons.

But I forgot. Mister Chairman, a very waggish gentleman in a robin redbreast vest-coat with brass buttons, rose to his legs, and said: "Mister Vice and gentlemen! It is my pleasant task to propose a hearty vote of—I mean the health of our most gracious King, EDWARD THE SEVENTH."

Each fisher arose as one man, his glass in hand, nodded to his neighbours, and said "The King," as at a game of napcards. Then all drank their tipples off at one bound, while a concealed player upon the pianoforte played *God Save the King*. Each

man sang lustily, I of course joining. This interlude gave me a blow for the roasted beef, I am thankful to remark. After the sweetmeats, the Chairman's opponent, near my end of the table, arose upstanding, and said it was his pleasant allotment to propose the health and posterity of the Chelsea Park and Sands End Piscatorial Club, which he did with great heartfulness.

Then each gentleman reduced the restriction of his nether vest-coat buttons, and most lit large pale-swarthy cigars. I politely but tenaciously refused a cigar, and lit a virgin cigarette.

"I call upon Mr. R. TERRY for the

first song," said the Chairman. Whereupon up rose a slim young boy, with hair of great oleaginity, making his way nimbly to the most distant pole of the room, where was a Grand & Co. pianoforte, denuded of its bookcase timber.

Mr. TERRY treated us to a rendering of a ballad of some quaintness, early in which he took us into his confidence concerning the sweetness of a lady known as *Nora, the Bride of Kill Dare*.

Some of the singing was most agreeable, but I was pleasantly chilled by the Vice-Chairman announcing that he would now call upon the Chairman to present the prizes to the fishers who had created the most remarkable draughts of five thousand.

The Chairman smiled, and commenced to say the Club had had a most successful season. "Hear, hear," said many. I took the cue, saw my chance, and whenever he paused said "Hear, hear!" manfully enough. But unfortunately I was too pre-occupied on my vocalising to follow the trends of his oratory, and happened to give tongue to a most sounding interjection when, alack for vanity! he had just announced that, by force of the premature bankrupting of Mr. ROBERTSON, the prize for a large Jack-fish would not be forthcoming!

Presently I saw much laughter holding both its sides, and my right hand *vis-à-vis* handed me a small correspondence, requesting me kindly to pass it to Mr. Vice.

This I did, upon which Mr. Vice-Chairman stood up again and proposed the health of the Visitors. We all stood up and slaked our thirst once again, and then Mr. Chairman froze my hair by announcing that he really "must call upon Mr. —, the Japanese gent, to respond for the visitors."

I rose, bowed, and said:

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Vice, Mr. GEORGE" (my companion) "and gentlemen! I came to bury CÆSAR, not to respond to visitors, but this being the first occasion of my being asked to speak I am in for it. I am a stranger among you ("Hear! hear!"). But I am enough of a fisher to know anchovies from bloater's paste! (Much cackling.) But let us look round on fish apart from food, gentlemen. How useful an article is a fish. Think of the castor-oil, lamprey's piratic saline, fish-glue, and pauper's hide boot-strings we should never have had but for fishes and fishers! Let us regard the enormous waste of food if there were no funny monsters

to follow the wake of the exhumed hot-luncheons served on pleasure-steam-vessels at 2s. 6d., even 3s. 6d. per head, gentlemen! Let us be thankful to HANDEL's creation of fishes, gentlemen, for manifold beatitudes.

"As a visitor in your middle to-night, gentlemen, let me say I am glad to be a visitor. I am sure we are all glad to be visitors, and all made rosy with sheepishness of gratification at the way in which you have toasted our shins. Gentlemen, in the name of others in my predicament, I think you very hearty chaps. Much obliged, and the same to each individual. Thank you! I am a fisher from to-night, though I fear I shall not take prizes except as a diminisher of boiled-cods! Once more, gentlemen, in the name of my colleagues, thanks very much, old chaps!"

Then came more singing, a solo upon three mandolins and the pianoforte, and many diverting incidents by flodden field. I fear GEORGE must have become jokingly practical later, for I found myself inhibiting the courage of a Belgian-hare at each glass—laying the treason to my soul that GEORGE had added a flow of reason to my mineral-drink. I showed many feats of agility with paper-folding (inadvertently immolating a postal order for one shilling and sixpence, sterling, in my eagerness to be up and doing tricks; but who cares?) and altogether quite cocked my walk.

On the whole it has been quite a change, but I was very surprised to find that the boniface of the Blue Boar was not at 12.30 after midnight such a cheery lad, yoho, as he proved himself while he overlooked the ordering of flasks of J. Barleycorn and drinks of bitterbeer and smallbass earlier in the evening. E. N. D.

An Army Order which has just been issued gives the following as the occasions on which the Union Jack is to be flown:—

"(a) On anniversaries only, or when specially required for saluting purposes. (b) On Sundays and anniversaries. (c) Daily."

A doctor writing on the "Uses of Oxygen" in *The Daily Mirror* says:

"I have often to run five minutes to a station and up a flight of stairs, across a bridge, and then across a siding. After breathing oxygen for six minutes I can do it easily."

Perhaps he could manage it still more comfortably if he spent the whole eleven minutes in walking quite slowly to the station.

THE SOUVENIR-HUNTERS.

"Yes," said *la belle Américaine*, "there is no doubt that I have the finest collection of souvenirs on this side at the present moment. Would you like to see them?"

I said that nothing would give me greater pleasure; but of course many things would. Still, it is a useful phrase.

"You're just in time," she said. "They're all spread out on the tables: we pack up to-night. We sail on Saturday."

I followed her to her suite of sitting-rooms overlooking the Thames, and entered what appeared to be a marine store. "There!" she said triumphantly, indicating the *débris*.

Every inch of table, sofa, chair and mantelpiece space was covered with litter: pebbles, faded flowers, napkin rings, cigar stumps, cherry stones, bits of rock, spoons, forks, bed-knobs, railway straps, candle-ends, cakes of soap, billiard balls, menus, lumps of sugar, and a thousand other things. On looking more closely I saw that to each was affixed a card bearing a name and a date.

I picked one up and read it: "The Dover Pageant, July 28," it ran; "LOUIS N. PARKER's cigar stump."

"Ah!" she said, "that's one of my bulkiest souvenirs. Wasn't it lucky to get that? Won't it make some of the others just mad with jealousy?"

I picked up another: a spoon, with the name of a well-known Decadent hotel on it.

"That's a Scotch one," she said. "You have to be spry to get those, I can tell you; the waiters are all up to it now. Mamma was caught pocketing hers, but I got mine all right. Poor mamma, she's so unlucky. It cost her several dollars to square a horrid landlord at Stratford-on-Avon just because she was pocketing a napkin ring. I got mine, though—there it is!"

"I'm most particular," she continued, "to get them all myself; there's no fun in getting others to do it for you. Why, there's some girls mean enough to sit down at home, after they get back, and make souvenirs out of things they find there, and fix up labels for them just as if they were real. But all mine are genuine. And the trouble! Look at that plum stone there—that was left on Mr. THOMAS HARDY's plate the day we called at Max Gate, Dorchester. He'd had plum pie for lunch. It cost me a quarter to get that from the parlourmaid. I had to be sure



PREHISTORIC MAUD ALLANS.

IT WOULD BE THE GREATEST MISTAKE TO IMAGINE THAT THIS KIND OF THING WAS NOT ALL THE RAGE IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

it was not Mrs. HARDY'S, for example: that's what made the difficulty. Oh, I tell you, souvenir-hunting is no picnic.

"That red wine-glass," she went on, "is from Oxford—the Mitre, you know. That button I cut off an undergraduate's coat when he wasn't looking. That piece of soap is from a toilet place at Penshurst."

"But don't you think—? Isn't it rather like—?" I began.

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," she said. "Isn't it rather like stealing?" All you Britishers say that, and I'm fairly worn out answering. Of course it isn't. Americans don't steal, I'd have you know. It's just souvenir-hunting—a compliment to the old country, too."

"Very flattering, indeed," I said.

The Power of the Press.

"The Crisis in Persia is dealt with by a Special Correspondent."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

A HINT FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

WHAT though the car of Phœbus stands

Above us in a copper sky,
And pavements burn, and palsied hands

From shining temples hunt the fly,—

I do not care. I have a rule
For keeping all the time profoundly cool.

When other bards desert the town
To lave, beside some river's brim,
A Muse deplorably run down,
Or, fading into forests dim,
Discover that remote shebeen
Where wood-nymphs manufacture
Hippocrêne;

I watch the butter float about,
The weary milk in torture turn;
But still my appetite is stout,
I sleep and eat with unconcern,

And in the morn I rise and sing
As gaily as a laverock on the wing.

Yet think not that a saline draught
Or airy suit of underclothes
Has steeled me to Apollo's shaft,
While other men perspire with oaths;

Ah, no, it is a simpler ruse
That saves my epiderm when London stews.

When pressmen make a vast parade,
And climate-mongers mourn the fact

Of glasses 90° in the shade,
Whose bulbs are very nearly cracked,

The artless poet's plain device
Is keeping his thermometer in ice!

The Horse before the Cart.

"Unlike most Parliamentarians, le (Clémenceau) has not run after his followers."

National Review.

A POPULAR AUTHORITY.

HE slipped smiling into the vacant seat beside mine on the top of the omnibus—a rusty, unprepossessing little man, somewhat frayed at the edges, and with a general air upon him that suggested a combination of Drink and the British Museum.

"I see," he began without apology, "that you are perusing one of my latest. I shall be glad to hear how it strikes you."

I glanced from him to my half-penny newspaper in surprise. "As a matter of fact," I replied, in a tone of corrective hauteur, "I am at present reading an article by 'an Eminent Harley Street Specialist' (whose name is not given) upon the Hygienic Aspects of Sea Bathing."

"Precisely," returned the seedy one affably. "Mine."

"Yours?" My look must have betrayed my incredulity, for he smiled again, apparently not ill pleased.

"I can repeat it by heart," he said, "if you wish for proof. It consists mainly of a few simple precautions to be observed by holiday-makers at the present season. You will correct me if I misquote. 'In dipping the head, care should be taken not to remain beneath the surface for more than half an hour. It is inadvisable for non-swimmers to dive into deep water immediately after a heavy meal. Never bathe in elastic-sided boots on a hot day. If the body turns bright blue all over and begins to swell, get yourself pulled out at once.' Do you want any more?"

"On the contrary," I answered hastily, shaken but still unconvinced. Those impressive statistics on the dietetic properties of seawater, was it possible that they also could have been written by the individual beside me? I glanced at him again dubiously.

"All of it," he said, as though in answer to my thoughts. "Without me you would never have realised the exact proportion of hyposulphates in a mouthful of Margate, or the

comparative values in solution of Southsea and Scarborough'. It is I who tell you these things—not once, but many times."

I was impressed in spite of myself. "I fancied," I rejoined, "that I had read something very like them before."

The stranger smiled proudly. "Almost correct," he answered. "Your memory, my dear Sir, is above the average. You have read, not something very like them, but those identical words, every August for more years than I care to count. And yet," he added dreamily, "properly considered, that bathing article is but in its first youth."



Irate Overseer. "HERE, I SAY! WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE? I GAVE YOU THE SACK YESTERDAY!"

Battered Person. "YES, I KNOW YOU DID. AND DON'T YOU DO IT NEVER NO MORE. MY MISSUS WENT ON SOMETHING AWFUL WHEN SHE HEARD!"

"There is one other thing," I ventured, not without hesitation, for I was beginning to revise my first estimate of him; "the style. I seem to catch an echo—other articles which are somehow familiar, but which I cannot definitely place."

This time he beamed in absolute triumph. "I congratulate you," he exclaimed warmly; "you have the perception of the connoisseur. Of course, many of my works are doubtless familiar to you. My monograph on the restorative properties of strawberries-and-cream will be fresh in your memory. It appeared in June, and had a popularity that I may describe without vanity as enormous. Indeed, with perhaps the possible exceptions of 'The Prophylactic Pancake' and

'Plum Pudding as a Force-Producer,' published on Shrove Tuesday and December 25th respectively, I should consider it the most widely read of all my purely alimentary writings."

"You have, then, other spheres of literary activity?"

"Without doubt. There is indeed hardly a hygienic aspect of popular amusement or interest that has not, from time to time, furnished its theme, either of warning or encouragement, for my active pen. To take an example, 'Diabolo as a Preventative of Disease'—that was one of my greatest successes in 1907. Later on, however, I invented the

Diabolo Squint, and thus practically annihilated the craze. I have a great deal of power. There were others also last year that you may not have forgotten. 'What Limericks do for the Brain,' 'Should the Bald Balloon?' and a dozen more. All mine!"

I uncovered with reverence. "I had no idea," I said, "that I was in the presence of an authority so versatile and so renowned."

"Not at all," said the stranger, and held out his hand, which I grasped cautiously. Our mutual esteem was complete. But for all that there was one trifling inconsistency that even then perplexed me. Appearances are notoriously misleading, but still—"an Eminent Harley Street Specialist" with flip-flap cuffs! I leaned forward, extending the newspaper and mutely calling his attention to the description with a look of enquiry.

He did not seem at all embarrassed. "Aha!" he said smiling, and might have been about to add more; but perceiving that we were now in Bloomsbury he substituted a hasty "Good morning" and descended briskly from the omnibus. I had a last glimpse of him standing before a small newspaper shop regarding proudly a contents-bill that displayed in letters of crimson and black the words "Are Holidays Harmful? Famous Medico Speaks."



THE CONFLICT OF THE SEXES.

SCENE—A picturesque fishing village on the East Coast.

"LOH' BLESS YOU, SIR, YOU WON'T GET NO PLACE 'ERE IN AUGUST! LEASTWAYS NOT A EVENIN' EFFECT. IF YOU WAS TO COME DOWN TOWARD THE LATTER 'ALF O' NEXT WEEK, YOU MIGHT 'AVE A CHANCE OF A MORNIN'."

THE CONTROVERSIAL DRAMA.

THE action of Messrs. HALL CAINE and LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER in basing their new play upon an aspect of the Ideals of Marriage now being so ably discussed in *The Daily Telegraph*, has drawn a warm eulogy from that journal. In a recent leading article *The Telegraph* observes, not without complaisance, that nowadays the drama "fortifies its customary appeal by distinct and immediate reference to the burning topics that occupy our newspapers." Envious of earning a similar encouragement, several other managers are, we understand, taking steps to bring their respective entertainments into line with the correspondence columns of the daily press.

Thus it is (incredibly) rumoured that, in view of the interest aroused by the Silly Season discussion of "The Curate's Lot," Mr. BEERBOHM TREE contemplates an immediate revival of *The Private Secretary*. Obviously the spectacle of the Rev. Robert Spalding in the oak-chest cannot fail to have a powerful effect on the apologists for the present position of our Assistant Clergy.

In this connection also a protest reaches us from Daly's to the effect that the Lyceum is by no means the only theatre whose production may be said to bear upon the vexed question of matrimony and its consolations. Undoubtedly *The Merry Widow* presents an aspect of the same problem that should not be overlooked.

Finally, with regard to another topic which at present occupies popular attention—*The Treatment of the Feeble-Minded*—we need only mention that at least four West-End houses are nightly presenting some form of Musical Comedy.

Black Sheep in the Fold.

"During the last twelve months more than one hundred bicycles have been reported to the Surrey constabulary as having been stolen from porches of country churches. Captain Sant, the chief constable of the county, has issued a warning to vicars and churchwardens."

Manchester Evening News.

Classified under "Employment Wanted."

"BLACK PUGS; good specimens; 25/-, 35/- each."

It would be a help if the owner would state what kind of employment the dogs prefer.

From *Fellowship*, the journal of the Browning Settlement:

"Here is a sheaf of dates which coincided without any design by persons participating:—

"On the day after Browning's birthday, December 13th, the Settlement began to be (1894) . . .

"Two days after Browning's birthday, May 9th, 1899, the National Committee of Organised Labour was formed."

It did look rather suspicious at first sight, but we gladly absolve the poet from the charge of complicity.

The schedule issued from the Board of Trade in its search for information regarding the Bleaching and Dyeing Industries contains a question as to the number of working days in the year. There is a note for the reply:

"If the answer to this question is 'None,' the proper entry is 'None.' Blanks are misleading."

We hope the gentleman who drew up the form was not influenced by his experience at his own office.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"I LOVE my love with an H because he is handsome, and his name is Hardy, and he lives on a hill," was no doubt what *Miss Leslie* used to say to herself, though I don't think M. E. FRANCIS, the author of *Hardy-on-the-Hill* (METHUEN), has mentioned it; but, anyhow, the heroine's aspirations could not be realized at once, because Mr. Hardy stood on a much lower level socially than territorially, being, in fact, a yeoman farmer of Dorset, while she was the daughter of an Oxford don. Besides there was a polished villain who attempted to entangle her; and Hardy very foolishly engaged himself to a girl of his own class. After being saved, however, from flood and fire through the hero's athletic resourcefulness *Miss Leslie* very properly decided (calculating, perhaps, on the chances of an earthquake) to overlook class distinctions; and, other complications being removed, is now, I believe, Mrs. Hardy. The tale is pleasantly and skilfully told and indulges the reader with one of those glimpses of farm-life which he resolutely determines to believe in. But is not the title that Mrs. BLUNDELL has chosen rather daring for a Wessex romance? What if the publishers were to startle us some fine morning with "*Phillpotts-on-the-Dart*, a Devonshire idyll"; or "*Corelli-super-mare*, a simple tale of the sea"!

Mr. JOHN LONG has recently published a book called *The Hard Way*, which, according to the title-page, is written by A PEER. Think of that! A real live peer. If the otherwise anonymous author had been a mere commoner, I cannot help suspecting that Mr. LONG would have sent him and his MS. back to school to learn many things, amongst others that the German for "why" is *warum* and not *warim*, and that "dear" is *liebe* and not *leibe*. After all, *noblesse oblige* even in such trifling matters as spelling and grammar and style; and personally I should think a good many times before I wrote "*je les ai comptés*," or said that "the irrepressible crumples of her nature rose to a quick thought," or called a plebeian pocket handkerchief "a hemmed inornate square." But then I am not a peer. The moral of *The Hard Way* is that young ladies who propose to commit bigamy ought to be quite sure that no one knows about marriage number one before they venture to go through the ceremony of number two. Poor *Delilah Chertsey* omitted that precaution and paid the penalty in the shape of blackmail and much distress of mind. As her first husband was locked up in a lunatic asylum for all but three days of their married life, and her second died almost as soon as they had

legally become man and wife, she did not altogether have a very lively time. But she has at least the consolation of feeling that her biography has been written by a peer.

If there is any author whom I would have backed to clear up with a triumphant surprise the most bewildering tangle, that author is Mr. RICHARD MARSH, and he has disappointed me. *The Surprising Husband* (METHUEN)—the title beckons you—deals with certain social difficulties connected with the coloured race question, and what with obeahs and voodooes, prejudices and conventions, Mr. MARSH knots together as pretty a piece of puzzlement as even he could conceive. He works it up cleverly. The various players in the game

are distinct and convincing, if one or two of them are a thought bizarre, and you read on wondering how on earth matters will get straight—for of course they will. There is one way out which you will think of at once, but, knowing Mr. MARSH, you will reject it, for anybody could put his harassed hero alone into an open boat at sea and make it turn turtle. Mr. MARSH, you say, will surely never do anything so obvious as that. Yet— But perhaps that is the surprise.

Extracts from *The Edge o' Beyond*, by GERTRUDE PAGE (HURST AND BLACKETT), might be read with advantage at the next meeting of the Chartered Company, for in this story of Rhodesian life the author has shown impartially both the sunshine and the shadows of that land of charm and mystery. At first I thought that *Joyce Grant* was going to be the heroine, but I was wrong. Rhodesia soon asserted a better claim to that distinction. The fortunes of Mrs. Grant left me apathetic, but Rhodesia is a Circe with magic to paralyse the critical faculties of her suitors. Yet she has her practical side. "If you don't happen to have private means, or, at any rate, not less than £800 capital, you'll probably go under." This, to the idealist, may be a little disappointing; but, after all, many heroines with less to give have asked for more.

Recipe for "Chocolate Pudding" in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:

"One quart milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, little salt. Thicken with 2 tablespoons corn starch. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cocoanut." If that doesn't do it, take out everything except the salt, add a leg of mutton and a turnip, and call it Roast Beef.

Socialistic Candour.

"The ethics of Poor Law Relief are founded on robbery of the poor. Its administration is rotten to the core. The decent poor refuse to accept it. Decent citizens are reluctant to dispense it . . . Meantime, the vacancies created on the Board are to be contested by the local Socialists."—*The Clarion*.



Post (to Blackbird). "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BE QUIET! I'M TRYING TO WRITE ABOUT A SKYLARK!"

CHARIVARIA.

"KING ALFONSO," a newspaper tells us, "was recognised while shopping in London owing to the fact that a policeman chased his hat, which had been blown away." The constable, we suppose, noticed that the hat had a crown to it.

Miss MAUD ALLAN has written a book which will be published shortly by Messrs. EVERETT. It is entitled "My Life and Dancing," and it is rumoured that the quaint conceit has occurred to the authoress of issuing the volume without a cover.

HOLBEIN's ten-year-old son, we are told, has swum a quarter of a mile off Dover after four lessons given by his father. That there should be a distinguished HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER as well as a distinguished HOLBEIN THE ELDER is only following a famous precedent.

General BOOTH has addressed a "Message to the Army" on the subject of Woman, upon whose equality with Man he insists. "Unfortunately," says the General, "a large number of people of every class think otherwise. They still cling to the notion of bygone ages." But surely the notion of bygone ages is essentially a feminine one? Ask any woman how old she is.

Miss EDITH NEW, who was sent to Holloway for throwing stones at the PRIME MINISTER's house, informed some admirers that, while in prison, she selected the following motto for the Movement which she favoured:—"Out of the nettle of danger we pluck the flower of safety." More appropriate, we should have thought, would have been: "I asked for a stone, and received bread—and water."

Miss ETHEL CARNIE, of Great Harwood, who quitted the loom in order to devote herself to poetry, states that the earnings of her pen are considerably larger than the wages of a mill-winder. This is as it should be.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to complain that a clergyman of the Church of England who was conducting a funeral service at Canterbury wore brown boots. A much greater scandal, surely, was the case of a curate who turned up on a similar occasion with red hair.



A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

Landlady. "DID YOU CALL ME, MR. SMITH?"

Lodger. "OH NO. I WAS MERELY HOLDING A SLIGHT CONVERSATION WITH THE BUTTER!"

A number of men who for some time past have been living on a dust-shoot at Tilbury docks have, as the result of police proceedings, been sent to gaol. It is not, however, proposed at present to take any steps in regard to those persons who have houses on high roads affected by motorists.

A correspondent writes to protest against the formation of Rat and Sparrow Clubs. He considers that instead of supplying these pests with clubs we should do all that is possible to make things uncomfortable for them.

An official of the Board of Agriculture, speaking on the Sparrow question, said: "The only point that we have been able to adduce in the sparrow's favour is that the young birds feed partly upon caterpillars, beetles, crane-flies, and other insects." This means that the sparrow is doomed, for we have reason to believe that the caterpillars, beetles, crane-flies, and other insects will be willing to waive their privilege.

Clifford's Inn is for sale. We are astonished that this fact has not been attributed to the Licensing Bill.

"What are those wires up there?" asked a visitor to London, pointing to the Admiralty building. "Wireless telegraphy," answered a well-informed man.

We have received from a greedy little boy a letter marked "Urgent," begging us to impress on the Government the importance of keeping on friendly terms with all the other Powers, as he has just heard that a Report of the Board of Agriculture shows this country to be almost entirely dependent on foreigners for food supplies.

The Standard was the only London paper which did justice to the Surrey and Gloucestershire match. The first headline on this subject was

"MODERATE DISPLAY BY SURREY AT BATH."

This was followed at a respectful distance by

"JESSOP AS A BOWLER AT CHELTENHAM."

After which the account proper began with the words

"Surrey had all the worst of the day's play at Bristol."

The silence of *The Standard* upon the happenings at Taunton and Clifton is highly suspicious.

"PEDIGREE CATTLE RUN DOWN.—Seven valuable pedigree cattle were killed by a light engine at Hadnock siding, Monmouth."

Liverpool Evening Express.

"LIGHTNING'S VICTIMS.—Seven valuable pedigree cattle were killed by lightning at Hadnock Siding, Monmouth."—*Ib.* (next column.)

If that doesn't give you some idea of the romance of a sub-editor's life we can do nothing more for you.

THE NORTH-GERMAN-LLOYD-GEORGE.

AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

[NOTE.—Among the many enquiries and confidences exchanged in the course of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's visit to Germany, it was to be remarked that no curiosity was shown on the one side, and no information volunteered on the other, as to the actual object of the violently rapid advance in German naval construction.]

Extract from a letter addressed by a leading German politician to a compatriot abroad:—

"THE Angel of Peace (unofficial), whose wings we have been stroking for the last month or so, has by now alighted on his native shore, and we are pushing forward our *Dreadnought* programme with renewed encouragement. It has transpired during his tour that the British fleet is only twice the size of ours and not three times, as was popularly supposed; so that we have a softer job than we thought.

The facilities offered to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in his investigation into our contributory system of Old Age Pensions may have astonished you, familiar as you are with our habit of arresting any foreigner who is found with a camera in the neighbourhood of such things. But we knew our man—we knew that he would never go back on his own scheme; and our confidence has not been misplaced. The first of his prolific utterances after his return shows that he is confirmed in his opinion that the non-contributory system adopted by the Radical Party—a system which is to absorb all those millions needed for their fleet—is the most satisfactory for veterans over 70. All of us here very heartily endorse this view.

Meanwhile these harmless facilities have greatly flattered his belief in our devotion to Great Britain. Here is a typical specimen of our conversations with him:—

German Merchant. We greet in you, Sir, the emissary of a nation with whom we have ever been on terms of the most intimate affection, and never more so than to-day.

Mr. Lloyd-George. I reciprocate your language of endearment. But you must not suppose that I have an official mission. I have no direct authority to arrange an alliance between our two cousinly nations. At the same time, as mere private individuals, Mr. HAROLD SPENDER and I will be happy to meet any or all of your leading statesmen who may care to discuss with us the topic of disarmament. By the way, how is your fleet?

German Merchant. Thank you, it may hardly be said to exist; certainly not in comparison with yours, which must ever remain unapproachable in its magnificence.

Mr. Lloyd-George. I knew I was right. I always said that an irresponsible Press had fabricated these stories about the ambitious character of your Naval Programme.

German Merchant. If there is any such Programme—and I have not heard of it—yours would be the very last country against which its aim would be directed.

Mr. Lloyd-George. I have always said so; and my opinions have been shared by every well-informed Englishman. As for the others, I attribute their suspicions purely to ignorance, which would be dispelled by a closer familiarity with your amiable race.

German Merchant. In every island there must always be a certain measure of insularity.

Mr. Lloyd-George. Very true, and admirably expressed. I could wish that more of my fellow-countrymen were as widely-travelled as Mr. HAROLD SPENDER and myself. Still, even for the unenlightened masses of Great Britain, the presence of so many German waiters in our midst

ought to constitute a very strong bond. And now I shall return with a new song of hope in my mouth and pursue with fresh confidence the ideal of my maturer manhood, namely, the reduction of the British Fleet. In this noble work I shall enjoy the enthusiastic collaboration of my honourable friend, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

German Merchant. Ah! There you have a great statesman. If Mr. CHURCHILL would only patronise our poor country for his honeymoon, what a reception he would have!

Mr. Lloyd-George. I will convey to him the assurance of your profound admiration. And now, since I have the happy prospect of other conversations of a similar character with innumerable gentlemen equally concerned to secure a better understanding between our two nations. . . .

And so forth, for weeks on end.

You will naturally ask, how is it that our adored KAISER has not had a hand in all this? My dear, the strongest restraint had to be put upon him in official quarters to prevent his summoning Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and saying the wrong thing; or at least spoiling the general air of spontaneity by overdoing the *Hoch!* business. He might even, in a spasm of tactlessness, have invited his visitor to a review of our North Sea Battle Fleet. And it takes a cleverer man than the KAISER to explain away the objective of a thing like that.

By the way, I heard a rumour that when LLOYD-GEORGE came here he was a secret Tariff Reformer at heart. Well, we have corrected all that. We have shown him that our finances are in a parlous condition, that everything is costing us more, that the land is groaning under a tyrannous system of tariffs. He returns with his old faith in Free Trade restored tenfold.

So altogether we have done some fairly good strokes of work for the Fatherland.

Yours,

O. VON S.

[We hold ourselves in no way responsible for either the statements or the sentiments contained in this letter, which came into our hands through the ordinary processes of journalistic enterprise.—Ed. *Punch*.]

Romance of a Chorus Girl.

"Shall not be back. So sorry. Am married."

Such, according to a general consensus of the Press, was the wording of the epoch-making telegram sent by Miss ELSIE KAY of the *Gay Gordons'* Company to Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS. *The Daily Mail*, however, possibly enjoying exceptional information, arranges the breathless sentences in a more piquant order, as follows:

"Shall not be back. Am married. So sorry."

As an advertisement for Mr. HICKS's Company, the one is, of course, just as useful as the other; but, oh, the difference to *her*!

	Innings.	Not out.	Highest Score.	Total	Average.
"T. A. Hilditch	3	0	1	2	0.20."

Birmingham Gazette.

It is too bad, when your average is really 0.66666 for as long as you like, to have it put down quite shortly and incorrectly as 0.20. It gives onlookers a completely erroneous idea of your form, and more than justifies an action for libel.

"REMEMBERS WATERLOO.

CLERKENWELL WOMAN OF NINETY WHO DOES WASHING."—*Lloyd's News*.
We are much afraid, though, that *that* story won't wash.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A TERRIFIC AWAKENING.



"HURRAY, UNCLE! COME ALONG! HERE'S ANOTHER CIRCUS!"

THE LAST MATCH.

"So Yorkshire's top again," said CHARLES. "Well, somebody had to be, as it couldn't be Surrey."

"It certainly couldn't be Surrey," I agreed.

"More likely Surrey than Kent, anyhow."

"There was once a county," I said, "which went all the way down to the West of England to play a weak side called Gloucestershire. The county I am speaking of went in first and made slightly more than a hundred. The very weak side replied with nearly three hundred, whereupon the county we have in mind made a great effort, and (if you will believe me) approximated to the second century. And on the third day the stop press news said: 'Bank rate unchanged.' The moral is—"

"I seem to remember a match at the Oval against Kent," said CHARLES.

"I seem to remember," I said, "a dog-faced man at BARNUM'S. We all felt sorry, but nobody deduced anything from it. By the way, an old county player, who saw that match, told me—"

"What was his county? Rutland?"

"No, the Isle of Man. They

play a lot of cricket there, but of course the great match used to be against Sodor. They had to stop it at last, because the crowd at Douglas barracked them so. Yes, mostly trippers . . . from Cambridgeshire and Australia . . . qualifying for Surrey . . . Oh, hush!"

I dodged behind the sofa and waved a handkerchief.

"Peace," I said, "and we will curse Yorkshire together."

We sat down and did so.

"It's their fielding that does it," said CHARLES at last. "The papers don't buck fielding up enough. They think of nothing but centuries."

"There ought to be catching averages in the papers," I agreed. "Catches given: 38. Times not out: 36. Caught bending: 2. Something like that. And then you might go on: *Sitters: 18. Sun in the eyes: 5. Much more difficult than they looked: 27. Didn't start soon enough: 9. Started too soon: 9, and Was talking to friend on boundary: 1.* I don't quite know how you'd work out the average from that, but however it was arranged you could always write to the papers afterwards and show that it was the wrong way. Which I take to be the main thing."

"Anyhow," said CHARLES, "the

championship order is worked out on the wrong system."

"I know it is; but the sickening thing is that Yorkshire comes top under any system. I've tried. Except one, where you divide the losses by the wins, and multiply by the number of letters in the county's name. When that is adopted, keep your eye on Northamptonshire. That's my tip."

"It's the ignoring drawn games which is so absurd. Why shouldn't they have the vote just as much as wins and losses? And it isn't as if they really did ignore them altogether. The runs made in them count in the averages."

"And you never get your sixpence back."

"Sacred to the Memory of Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire. Drawn Aug. 26, 1908. N.B.—He was ignored."

I wiped away a tear.

"But, of course," I said, "there are some matches which ought to be ignored. There was one between Kent and Surrey at the Oval, for instance."

"I don't think that ought to have been ignored," said CHARLES, "though I agree with you that the public should have had their money back. They were led to expect a match."

"There was nothing in the last twenty meetings of Kent and Surrey to lead them to expect that."

"Talking of Northamptonshire," said CHARLES, hastily, "did you see that one of them made a century the other day? They gave him a bat, I expect. Probably with a splice. Do you think they had a half-holiday in the villages?"

"They didn't give him a bat. He had a crest worked on the pocket of his shirt. Why do you brag Northamptonshire? It isn't the bottom county."

"Which is? Somerset?"

"I think so. Who is that very good professional who plays for Somerset? He was born in some other county, but they thought they could do without him. I don't mean FRY. Begins with a B., I fancy?"

"You don't mean HUTCHINGS? Oh, but you said 'good.'"

"No, this man played several times for Surrey, but they kicked him out at last, because they had a man coming over from Tasmania. When I say coming over from Tasmania, I mean that his people were all born in Cambridgeshire."

CHARLES lit a cigarette calmly.

"Had a good season yourself?" he asked.

"That's right," I said. "Let's bury the hatchet again. Yes, I had one very jolly week's cricket in Dorset. Didn't I tell you?"

"Dorset? By Jove, of course I read about it in *The Times*. Let's see, you all came from Kent, more or less, didn't you? Kent Wanderers or something, you called yourselves."

"That's it. Was it really in *The Times*? I didn't know they went in for cricket like that. Did they give the full scores?"

"Oh, no. No, it was quite a small paragraph. Something like this. 'The farmers'—yes, that was it—the Dorset farmers complain of the unusually large number of rabbits about this summer. Steps are to be taken to exterminate them.' . . . Er—if it isn't a rude question, what *did* they do?"

"Well," said CHARLES, "it's all over. We can be friends in the winter, anyhow."

"Quite," I said. "And you mustn't mind what I said about Surrey. Because as a matter of fact nobody has a greater admiration for Surrey than I."

"Really?" said CHARLES, and he looked quite pleased.

"Yes. It's a fine county. I am not referring to its cricket now, but to its scenery. A fine county. Leith Hill, and so on. Well, I shall see you at Blackheath next season, I suppose. You must come up for that. All three days, if you can."

"There won't be a third day," said CHARLES with a grin.

"No," I agreed calmly.

And each of us flattered himself that he had scored. A. A. M.

THE PROFESSIONAL CLASSES.

LETTER FROM A BALHAM RESIDENT.

Summer Grove,
374, Railway Terrace,
Balham, S.W.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to ask your advice on the subject of the Professional Classes, as I bought a second-hand copy of one of your volumes for my little girl to colour the prints, and no doubt you will agree with me that business is business. I will confine myself to an exact statement of my experiences.

I lately bought the house I now live in (having moved from another in the same terrace for this purpose); that is to say, I paid £70 down, and I pay £17 8s. a year interest on the mortgage, which is like paying rent; but the house is my own property and I can sell it at any time. In short, I am my own Landlord. When we got the deed from the Lawyer (who had stupidly called it a "Conveyance," causing us a cruel disappointment, as my dear wife has always wanted to have a pony and trap when we can afford it; but I will not go into that)—I say, when we read the deed, Mr. Punch, we found that the previous owner had had a seizure and died in the house. My dear wife could not rest until she knew whether it was an infectious disease, and it was only right that we should be informed on this point. Accordingly I wrote to the Lawyer and asked him, "Can you tell me whether the complaint of which the last owner died was infectious or not?" He replied, "We are not in a position to answer your question, but would suggest that you consult his medical adviser on the subject."

As I did not know who this medical adviser was, I went to my doctor. He charges two shillings in the morning and sixpence after seven o'clock, which I think is most unreasonable; and he will not give you a bottle with the medicine, but only a cork. I asked him whether fits were catching. He said "No, not usually," and

asked what sort of fits I meant. "Hearditaments," I told him.

"What?" he said, as if I had not spoken clearly. I told him again, louder. He frowned and said, "There's no such disease."

"In the fee simple," I explained, for it said so in the deed.

"What do you mean?" he cried testily.

I explained. I said, "It's where they have them, of course."

He got quite red, and asked in a most disrespectful manner, "Where *who* have *what*?"

"Hearditaments," I answered; "I've told you three times."

He sighed in a silly despairing sort of way and said, "My dear Sir, I assure you there is no such disease. Good day. I have patients waiting to see me."

Promptness I always hold to be the soul of business, and I went on straight to the Lawyer to tell him of the absurd mistake he had made. When I was shown into the office he said, "How de do? Sit down. You've brought the deeds?" I told him I had not. "I've come," I said, "to tell you that I've just been to see my doctor." He pretended to be puzzled. "You told me to see the late owner's medical adviser," I explained, "but I did not know who he was, so I went to ask my doctor." "Oh, ah, yes," he said; "I remember. Well?"

"Well," I said, "there is *no such disease*."

"As what?"

"As what you said."

"I said?"

"Yes; in the deed."

He frowned a little, and then said in a foolish mincing manner, "Pray, Mr. PABSLIP, endeavour to make yourself clear. Here is a copy of the Conveyance. Will you kindly point out the passage you refer to?" So I let him see it with his own eyes: "And whereas the said Tobias Spinkwell Woosnap who died the, etc., etc., was seized with hearditaments in the fee simple," &c. He still pretended to be puzzled. "Well, what is your question?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "the doctor says there is no such disease; that's all."

"No such disease as *what*?"

"Hearditaments, of course."

"What?"

"Hearditaments." I admit that I raised my voice, as I was naturally annoyed at the man's extraordinary dulness.

He looked again at the paper, and then fell back in his chair twitching, so that I thought it was a stroke.

Then I saw he was laughing. He behaved in a most extraordinary way, Mr. Punch. He yelped once like a dog, called me a wag, and tried to poke me with a ruler, but I drew back in time. Then he suddenly became very stern, and spoke to me in a low voice, shuffling the papers about on his desk and not looking at me. He said such conduct was indecorous, and that I was wasting his time; and he went and held the door open for me as if I had yelped or tried to poke him with the ruler.

On the strength of what the doctor told us, we bought the house, which is now *absolutely my own property*; but you will not be surprised, Mr. Punch, at my writing to you on the subject of the Professional Classes; and I have this morning received a bill from the Lawyer in which he makes this monstrous statement and charge:

"June 17th.—Attending you on your calling and informing us that the late owner had died of an infectious disease, and you asked us whether we were aware of the fact, and subsequently informed us you had consulted your medical adviser, but we advised you you were misinformed, and explaining to you the terms of the Conveyance . . . 10s."

Enclosing stamp, and thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP.

[We have read Mr. PABSLIP's communication several times with close attention but have been quite unable to gather what the point is upon which he asks our advice. We therefore have no alternative but to impound his postage stamp. We do this with deep regret.—Ed.]

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Standard* are headed:

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR
UNFOUNDED REPORT.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR
UNFOUNDED RUMOUR."

And yet people complain that the Silly Season has not been as bright as usual this year.

"While Mr. Burns was busy over a veal cutlet the restaurant became crowded, but no one recognised the quiet man with the grey beard who lunched unobtrusively amongst them."

Glasgow Evening News.

We always thought veal cutlets were made of rabbit.

"The young couple left to catch the mail train, the bride's travelling dress being a smart Gibson goat."—*Natal Mercury.*

Pathetic cry from the bearded one: "Why do they call me a Gibson goat?"



Irish Lover (to his sweetheart, who has a big mouth). "IS IT MOLLY YE'RE JEALOUS OF, WITH HER MEESLEY LITTLE MOUTH? FAIX, I COULD KISS YOURS THREE TIMES OVER AND NIVER WANCE IN THE SAME PLACE!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

[With acknowledgment to our Contemporaries.]

THE theft of another art treasure from the Louvre has been reported to the police, who are of the opinion that the robbery is the work of thieves.

Yesterday, a gentleman who is a regular traveller on the Bakerloo, finding he had only a penny for a twopenny fare, asked to be allowed to tender two halfpenny stamps to make up the deficiency. After some demur the stamps were accepted.

The demand for an extra seat on Wandsworth Common is so great that the authorities have at last consented to do so, and the want will shortly be supplied.

As JAMES McILWRAITH, the professional golfer, was playing a round at Smedley Heath, a sheep was struck by the ball off the fourth tee holeing out nevertheless in two.

450,000 gallons of water passed over Teddington Weir yesterday on their way to the sea. The average for August is 448,000 gallons.

Owing to one-half of the bridge over the river at Putney being "up," traffic is confined to the other half from both sides of the river each way.

Visitors to the White City continue to show a lively interest in the "Golden Do—"

[No, no! please.—Ed.]

THE BOOK-PLANTER.

WHAT you want is a good Digest, and a new Digest has just been published. Many of us have good digestions, but few (alas, how few!) have a good Digest. Most of us have no Digest at all. You even do not know what a Digest is. If you knew what a Digest was, you would see how much you stand in need of one. The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that you want a Digest more than anything else in the world. Oh, how glad I am that you are going to have (as you will shortly see) a Digest at last!

This Digest, my dear boy, is a thing of countless pages and multitudinous print. Sometimes it is in a blue cover, sometimes in a brown; but even when its cover has been torn ruthlessly off its back in order to support the shorter leg of the table what remains is still a Digest. It is a Law-Book, full to the brim of cases. There are cases on page 29; there are cases on page 403; there are cases on page 1217. The Author wanted to have a case or two on the cover, but the Publisher, knowing that you would eventually use that part at any rate as a table-leg equalizer, refrained.

Thoughtful for others he is, this Publisher who sits in his office ordering copies to be printed as fast as he can order, and sending out his agent to thrust them into the hands of the public, however little they may like it.

Though I cannot hope to be as thoughtful as he is, I do my best for you. After long and anxious consideration, I have decided that you ought to have a Digest. You are going therefore to have a copy of this Digest to yourself; indeed, you are going to have my own, my only copy, at a slight, a very slight, reduction from the published price. Do not apologise for robbing me: do not waste words. The sooner you clear a space for it on your shelf, the shorter time it will lie about on your dining-room table.

Mark you, I have not bought it myself yet, and I wish heartily that I was not going to. But I am. GRAY thought that he was not going to buy one, but he did. The Man came to Chambers and insisted on seeing him. He smiled at GRAY, and GRAY mistakenly smiled back. In ten minutes he had given the Man an irrevocable order for a Digest which he did not want. When he gets down to the "P's," the Man will look me up. "Are you Mr.

PERCIVAL?" he will ask, and when I tell him that I have been brought up in that belief he will smile at me. I shall make up my mind not to smile back, and shall smile back. In ten minutes I shall have given an order for a Digest which I do not want and am going to sell to you.

When GRAY told me what had happened to him and was going to happen to me, I was at first grieved and worried. "Am I worthy?" I thought; "for who am I that I should possess this stupendous tome?" I pondered over it, and suffered in my appetite and had sleepless nights until I remembered you and your needs. Then I was comforted and happy to think that you were going to buy it from me when I got it.

Of course you hate Digests (we all do); but I take it that you are prepared to buy? . . . Come now, you had better agree quietly. There are only four volumes, and no one wants you to read them. You need not pay till Monday. . . . Come, come, would you sooner have my copy, or risk an interview with the Man? If you are naughty and obstinate I shall certainly give him your address. Remember that while I only want you to take my one copy, the Man himself has no foolish and hidebound ideas about "One Man, One Digest." Another word, and your address is his.

I am glad to see that you are silent, and hope that your silence means consent. Let me warn you against the folly of hoping to escape by bribing the man who works the Flip-Flap at the Franco-British Exhibition, and procuring him to stop the engines and leave you suspended in mid-air. You will have been up there less than an hour and a quarter when the head of the Digest-man will appear over the edge of the cage. I cannot think how he will get there, but he will get there. He is not the man to stand any nonsense. I know a man who swore at him, and in two minutes that rash fellow had ordered not only a copy for himself, but a copy for his wife and one for his children. There is a limited *édition de luxe* in an unlimited number of volumes, bound in vellum, printed on India-paper, surrounded by the widest conceivable margins, containing signed portraits of all the *dramatis personæ*, and costing hundreds of pounds. The Man keeps this for refractory customers.

Come now, you had better agree like a sensible person to take my copy.

THE GOOD MAN AND CUPID.

(A Fable for the Silly Season.)

THERE was once a good and worthy man, a minister of the gospel and an altruist of intense activity, who was grievously distressed by the unhappy marriages in his neighbourhood. He saw young men who ought (as he thought) to marry JANE and ELIZA leading to the altar VIOLET and ERMINTRUDE; and young women fitted to be wise helpmates to JOHN and RICHARD setting their caps at REGINALD and HUGHIE; the result being the usual bickerings and dissatisfactions of the ill-matched.

The matter troubled him so seriously that he joined a toxophilite club and took lessons in archery until he could hit the gold at five hundred yards twenty times in succession; and having reached this state of proficiency he called on Dan Cupid and expressed to that mischievous and uncovered boy his disapproval of the happy-go-lucky way in which he pulled his bow-string and directed his arrows, almost without looking. He offered himself to shoot in his stead.

"There may be something in what you say," Cupid replied; "at any rate you seem to be older and graver and possibly wiser than I, and you certainly wear more clothes." Take the bow and try for yourself."

The good man did so, and the next day or so he was very busy conscientiously transfixing the hearts of his parishioners. Such was the accuracy of his aim that he made only one slip, and that was when, in his endeavours to unite by puncture the cardiac penumbras of pretty little LIZZIE PORTER and Mr. GODFREY BLOOM, his eye faltered, and instead Mr. GODFREY BLOOM was paired with the exceedingly unprepossessing DOROTHEA ATKINS, who happened to be standing close by.

The good man did all that was possible to repair the mischief which he felt his lapse had caused; but it was in vain, and Miss LIZZIE PORTER never regained her chance.

"Well," said Cupid, as he strolled into the good man's garden a few years after, "how has your shooting turned out? Perfectly, I suppose."

"No," the good man replied with a sigh, "I am afraid not. As a matter of fact the only happy brace in the whole bag are GODFREY and DOROTHEA."

"Quite so," said the little fellow. "I expected it. I always felt those archery lessons were a mistake."

"Then what is to be done?" asked the good man. "What is to

be done if neither taking aim nor shooting at random avails?"

"Nothing," said Cupid as he fitted an arrow to the string. "Nothing. I must just go on shooting and hope for the best."

"MUCH CONSIDERATION."

[After much consideration Mr. Arthur Collins and Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, the authors, have decided that the title of the autumn production at Drury Lane shall be "The Marriages of Mayfair."—*Daily Mail*.]

A. C. Now, then, what about the title? We've got everything else fixed.

H. H. Ah, yes, the title. We ought to get something good.

C. R. Something to knock 'em, eh?

A. C. I should like marriage or the idea of marriage to come into it. The public always rise to that. But I hear that that confounded Lyceum crowd are going in for divorce in their new thing.

C. R. Yes, you're quite right. Marriage is always a draw.

H. H. What do you think of "Money and Matrimony"?

A. C. Not bad; but not quite right.

C. R. "Love and Lucre"?

A. C. No, I don't care for "lucre": it's an ugly word. Besides, love and marriage are so different.

H. H. Ha! ha! very good.

A. C. I didn't mean it to be funny. We've got no time for jokes.

C. R. "Mayfair" is a useful word. It would draw the public. They all want to see how the rich live.

H. H. Wouldn't that be a good title, "How the Rich Live"?

A. C. Yes, for something else. Not for this. No, let's see what we can do with "Mayfair."

H. H. "Mayfair and Mammon"?

A. C. No, we must have marriage in it.

H. H. "The Mayfair Marriage"?

A. C. Not bad, but not crisp enough.

C. R. How about "The Marriages of Mayfair"?

A. C. Splendid. That's the ticket.

H. H. I don't see how it's crisper than "The Mayfair Marriage."

A. C. Oh, yes it is. Here's your health, RALEIGH, old man!

"Hop-growing has become a ruinous business. Out of a hundred acres in the Tonbridge district alone ninety were grubbed last winter, and another thirty-five cannot be picked on account of the mould."—*Daily Express*.

Tariff Reform means less mould, and arithmetic for all.



GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Charlie (caught helping himself in Giles's orchard). "JOVE! I'M NOT LEAVING THIS FARMER BEHIND AS I OUGHT TO. I SHALL HAVE TO GIVE UP SMOKING!"

LIFE STORIES.

THE middle part of last century was rich in budding talent, and many whose names are on the scroll of fame to-day were then struggling for a mere pittance.

There is a story of a little picture-frame shop in Eastcheap, where the frame-maker was just about to put up his shutters one dark winter's night when a brown-haired youth entered with a ragged parcel under his arm. Untying this, he spread upon the counter half-a-dozen sketches, and enquired the price of framing them. They appeared to

the shopman to show great promise, and he remarked on their cleverness. "Ah!" said the youth, with a proud gleam in his eyes, "some day the world will hear of me!"

But it never did.

Answer to Correspondent.

"KODAK."—Yes, if you want to succeed as a contributor to the photographic press, your best plan is to perfect yourself in taking snap-shots of some gentleman attending his wife's funeral in peculiarly tragic circumstances. This kind of thing is in perfect taste, and very popular just now.



THE DANGER ZONE.

Head Beater. "HOUP, SANDY MON, KEEP BACK THERE! OR MAYBE YE'LL GET A PELLET IN THE NEB!"

KROUGLIK, UNLIMITED.

AN interesting development of the momentous discovery of Colonel OSHCHEVSKY KROUGLIK, recorded in *The Times* of the 25th ult., has been brought to our notice.

Colonel KROUGLIK, it will be remembered, has invented a flying machine, propelled by tin wings, and capable of attaining a speed of over 200 miles an hour. A certain amount of scepticism having been expressed in some quarters as to the genuineness of the invention, we are glad to be able to announce that a company has been formed for its manufacture and development, the constitution of which establishes the *bona fides* of the concern.

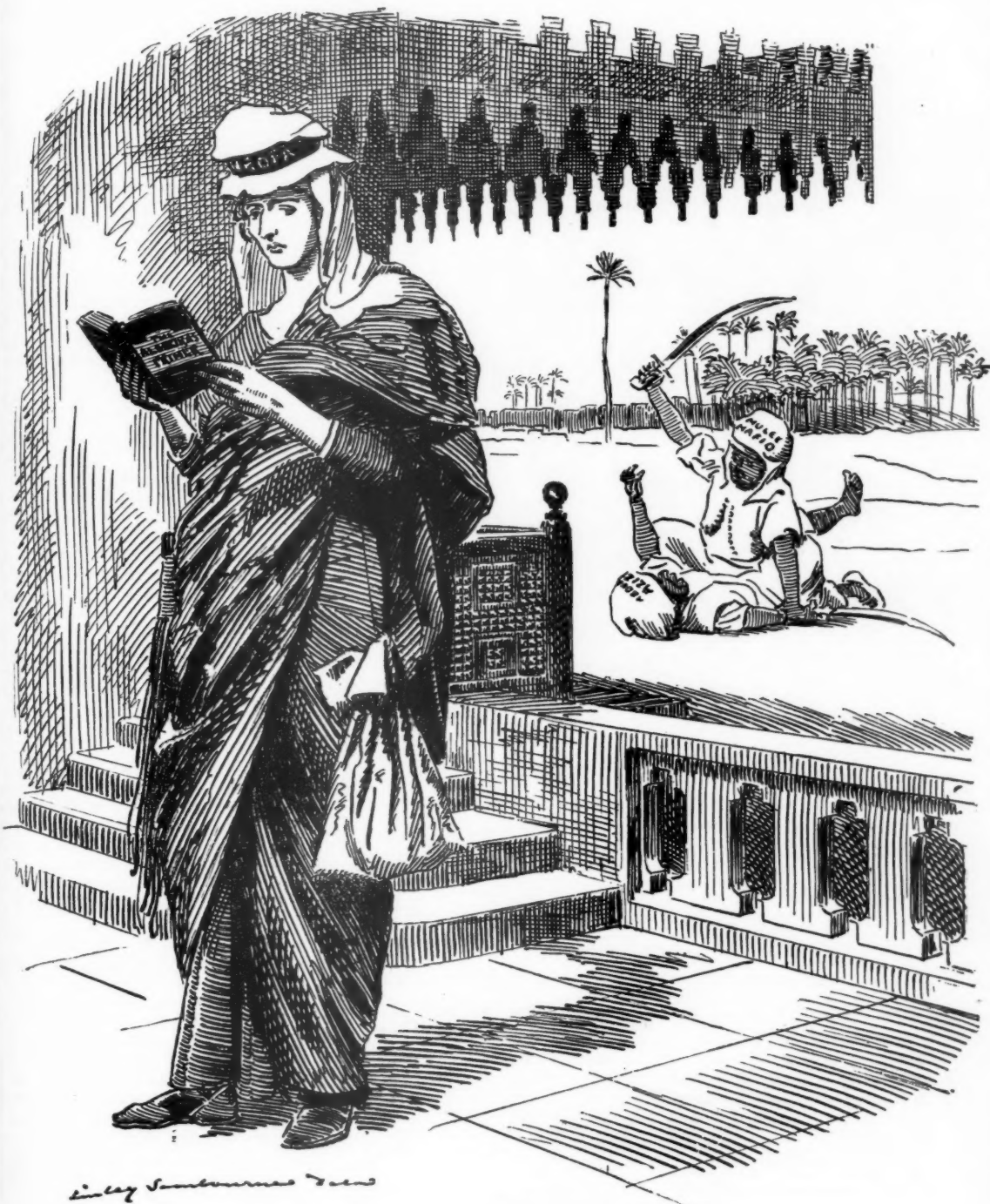
The chairman is, of course, Colonel KROUGLIK, who will also be managing director and chief aviator. But the board will be immensely strengthened by the accession of Captain von KOEPENICK, the famous German soldier, of KUBELIK, the illustrious violinist, of Mr. BENJAMIN KIDD, and last, but not least, Mr. PETER KEARY.

It is also hoped that Lord KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM will join the board on allotment, as the inventor attaches the greatest possible importance to securing directors whose names begin with a K. Like Sir HIRAM MAXIM's new gun, the KROUGLIK flying machine is practically noiseless, except for a slight tintinnabulation caused by the rotation of the metal pinions, and Herr KUBELIK looks forward to being able to give flying recitals which will bring a far larger audience within the range of his instrument than heretofore. The apparatus is also capable of being attached to pianos, and Colonel KROUGLIK declares that it will enable athletic virtuosi, with their wives and press-agents, to proceed from capital to capital at a speed exceeding 150 miles an hour. At an experimental demonstration recently held at St. Petersburg Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, flew to Moscow on an overstrung Blüthsteinway, with his infant son lashed to the soft pedal, and alighted at the Kremlin amid

the cheers of the populace, wittily remarking *chi va piano, va lontano*.

The flying machine itself closely resembles a Muscovy duck, and the motive power is supplied, not by a petrol engine, but by the muscular power of the aviator. The great advantage of this system over petrol-driven aeroplanes and dirigible balloons is that it combines exercise with excitement. As Mr. PETER KEARY observed the other day to Prince KROPOTKIN, Colonel KROUGLIK's machine is a perfect example of the ethics of the Higher Hustle. "You must work to get on, otherwise you will have to get out."

The KROUGLIK machine, again, is not only attachable to steamers and pianos. In a miniature form it can be used to assist the flight of golf-balls and other projectiles, to promote the rapid departure of unwelcome guests, or to accelerate the movement of tardy beasts of burden. In fine, from whatever point of view we contemplate this invention, it bids fair to become an exhilarating accession to the amenities of civilisation.



A FINE IMPARTIALITY.

DAME EUROPA. "OF COURSE, AS THEY'RE FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL PREMISES, I LOOK THE OTHER WAY. BUT—IF I MAY USE THE EXPRESSION—I BACK THE WINNER!"

S
H
C
me
du
sel
sel
fin
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HELP FOR AMATEUR ACTORS.

Gagging.—Should any improvement in your part occur to you during the performance, do not selfishly keep the discovery to yourself. Wait till the other actor has finished his love-passage and then bring out your witticism. But first wink to the prompter by way of warning, otherwise he may spoil everything.

False Beards.—These should be worn with due regard to the colour of wig affected by the amateur. Auburn beards are seen to the greatest advantage with grey hair. If you have the time and pluck you may add a touch of realism to your performance by growing a beard for yourself, then dyeing it the requisite shade. In this way you will score over the slovenly professional who invariably has recourse to artificial hair.

Eyebrows.—These should only be worn in extreme cases, or pantomime. Where the management has not provided a set, see the stage-carpenter about them. If there is no stage-carpenter, improvise a pair yourself. One false moustache cuts into four.

Trap-doors.—By L.C.C. ordinance, all trap-doors must open *outwards*, and be lowered once during every performance. Stage tradition allows these emergency exits to be used only by principals. Supers must all leave the stage by the wings.

Cues.—Instead of waiting for your cue at the wings, advance boldly on to the stage two or three minutes before you are expected. Your appearance will relieve the tension of the other actors, who are just growing anxious. The odd moments you have gained may be profitably spent in perfecting your part.

Taking Calls.—If the audience insists upon your reappearance before the curtain, step forward modestly, leading one of the principals by the hand. This piece of gracious condescension is bound to make you popular.

Stage-Managers.—Should the continued corrections of the stage-manager annoy you, do not (unless you have no understudy) offer to throw up your part. Instead, treat his impertinences with calm indifference. On the night of the performance you can show the public what you think of his ability by leaving out all these alterations.

Grease-paint.—To remove, boil the part affected in strong soda-and-water.



Piper. "THE VARRA PEST MUSIC I NEVER HEARD WHATEVER WAS DOUN AT JAMIE MACLAUCHLAN'S. THERE WASS FUTTEEN O' US PIPERS IN THE WEE BACK PARLOUR, ALL PLAYIN' DIFFERENT CHUNES. I THOCHT I WAS FLOATIN' IN HEAVEN!"

A Soft Job.

"The head cook at Buckingham Palace is a Frenchman. . . . He arrives at the Palace about mid-day, where, surrounded by an army of lieutenants, he watches over their operations, himself dispatching the more important items of the menu."—*Daily Mirror*.
Of course that 's not what he 's there for at all, really.

What to do with our Fathers.

"The new Patent Act comes into full force to-day. The 'period of grace' having expired, all English parents must be worked 'to a reasonable extent' in this country."

Liverpool Echo.

Every English boy will welcome this extremely patent Act.

The Garden of England.

"There were then 28,169 acres under hogs." *Daily Chronicle*.

You can't get away from these scorching motorists even if you're a hopper.

"Miss Maud Allan is, of course, the leading attraction, but the programme also includes Macart's Marvellous Monkeys."—*Sunday Times*.

We are sure the writer of this has a kind heart and means well. It may even be that he is the possessor of a pleasant baritone voice and plays a good game of chess. But you can't call him tactful.

DISCURSIONS.

SEA BREEZES.

THE lady of the Mantilla (Mrs. PINCHIN) and the lady of the Blouse (Mrs. PINKER), whose conversation I reported a fortnight ago, are still staying in the seaside resort where I first observed them. Their friendship, as I noticed, made a rapid start; but since then it has advanced but little, for when they sit on the beach they are still, if I may say so, inseparably divided by a little space of pebbles across which they confide to one another, in an aimless dribble of disconnected details, the characteristics of their husbands and many mild domesticities. These they match, as it were, against one another, for Mrs. PINCHIN would apparently hold herself to be disgraced if she could not produce an indigestion on the part of Mr. PINCHIN to rival the sufferings of Mr. PINKER from bilious headache. TOMMY and MELIA PINCHIN, in combination with HENERY and JANE PINKER, are still scattered about the beach with spades and pails, and provide the usual interludes of panic and reproof.

The Mantilla. The old fisherman brought them up all alive the day Mr. PINCHIN was down here last week—quite a lot of them in an old bit of sack. Mr. PINCHIN wouldn't believe they were prawns. He said that sort of greenery colour wasn't right for prawns. All the prawns he'd ever seen were pink, he said, and these were more like dragons than prawns. It gave him quite a turn when they all came out pink after the girl had boiled them. But then, men don't know everything.

The Blouse. Ah, you may well say that. I often tell Mr. PINKER a pound's a pound, and not thirty shillings. Men seem to think money's to last for ever. Take only boots and shoes for the children, and you run into a lot in no time. (*She looks out over the beach.*) Why, I do declare if that young ragamuffin hasn't gone out in the sea up to his middle, and JANE's gone after him. (*She calls.*) HENERY! JANE! (*No result follows.*) I'll dust his jacket when I catch him.

The Mantilla. There's MELIA splashing water all over TOMMY. (*She calls.*) TOMMY! MELIA! (*No notice is taken.*) They're more of a nuisance every day. I can't keep a dry stitch on 'em. I often say to Mr. PINCHIN, if you won't exert your authority, I say, you mustn't be surprised if they go on anyhow; but he only laughs and says you're not young more'n once.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER spoils 'em with sweets, and then he's surprised their clothes want mending.

[*A steamer heavily loaded with passengers appears about half a mile out. There is considerable excitement on the beach.*]

The Mantilla. Look, there's the steamer.

The Blouse. Lor, so it is. Isn't there a lot of people aboard of her?

The Mantilla. I warrant there's plenty of them sea-sick.

The Blouse. Ah.

The Mantilla. I don't hold with steamers. We went to Margate once on one of their steamers, but never again, I said. Mr. PINCHIN's face went the colour of a pocket-handkerchief.

The Blouse (playing a trump card). Ah! It's a sad trial for those that are took that way. Mr. PINKER's been over to Bullong on one of those *ongtont* visits.

The Mantilla (innocently). Didn't he take you with him?

The Blouse (magnificently). Not that time.

The Mantilla. Lor!

(*A pause.*)

The Blouse. I wonder where that steamer's going.

The Mantilla. We shall see her coming back p'raps this evening. They mostly come back this way.

[*A soaked dog approaches barking, and shakes himself violently over both ladies.*]

The Blouse and the Mantilla (together). Ow! Ow! Take him away! Oh, you naughty dog. There, if he hasn't spoilt my dress.

The Blouse. That's the worst of dogs. They're always shaking themselves over you.

The Mantilla. There's a cat in our lodgings has just had five kittens.

[*At this moment the behaviour of the children becomes intolerable. They are slowly collected after much distracted shouting, and are carried off inland by means of the maternal tug, which consists in seizing a child by the wrist, pushing it fiercely away from you, and then suddenly pulling it back again. Thus the two parties proceed to their homes.*]

THE AIR RESTORER.

[*"Great are the marvels anticipated from the common use of energy-producing oxygen (O₂) in our streets and houses."*—*Daily Mirror.*]

FAREWELL the dark ages of boredom!

They'll soon be a shadowy dream,

And we shall no longer accord 'em

A place in our novel régime.

For everyone who can afford 'em

Will purchase these oxygen kits—

What heights we shall grow to

When fed upon O₂.

What poets, what thinkers, what wits!

When your chief is more stupid than ever,

When he thinks you are wrong in your view,

And he tries with persistent endeavour

To prove that the fault lies with you;

Don't argue—don't try to be clever,

But give him a dose of the gas,

And in less than a second

Your chief may be reckoned

Not half such a silly old ass.

When gloom overtakes your house-party,

When no one will smile at your jests,

And you're feeling that, *aut vi aut arte*,

You simply must stir up your guests;

Once more will the laughter grow hearty,

Once more will your table be gay,

If you're up to a wrinkle

And carefully sprinkle

The party with oxygen spray.

When you can't find a subject to write on,

When the papers are dismally blank,

Don't worry! you've only to brighten

Your wits at the oxygen tank.

Ah, had I been able to light on

A draught of this excellent brew,

What a gay, what a witty

And wonderful ditty

The public would owe to O₂!

WHAT TO SAY

When a friend of the Blanks asks you questions about the Blanks, whom you detect but who claim you as an intimate.

THERE is in life always a choice of courses to pursue. Among them is the honest, if difficult, course, and the dishonest and easy. In the present case Course I. (the honest, if difficult) would run something like this:—

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "Yes. I meet them now and then."

Q. "Only now and then? Why, I thought that you were intimate there."

A. "No."

Q. "But you dined there last week."

A. "I did. One cannot go on saying 'No' for ever."

Q. "Don't you think she's very charming?"

A. "I can quite understand her being thought so."

Q. "I like her very much. She is one of my closest friends. I always understood that she admires you immensely."

A. "Very possibly she does. It is one of the tragedies of life that we cannot like every one that likes us."

Q. "Why don't you like her?"

A. "Oh, I don't know. *Dr. Fell*, I suppose. I wish it was otherwise: but there it is."

That is perhaps quite frank enough; but you could if you liked (but it is a great mistake) be franker still. Thus:—

COURSE II.

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "I know them, yes."

Q. "You don't like them, then?"

A. "No; I'm sorry to say I don't."

Q. "Why ever not? How very strange! I thought everyone liked them. Don't you like her?"

A. "No. She strikes me as a bore and a tuft-hunter."

This ought to settle it; but you must be prepared for the whole conversation getting round to the BLANKS very shortly, with the usual complications.

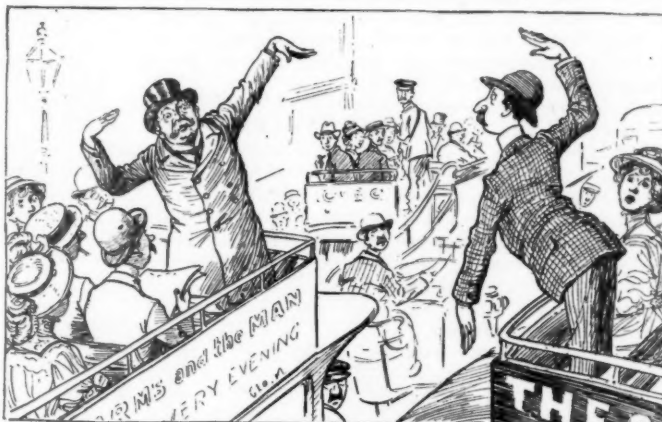
COURSE III.

The third course is to preserve your conscience by diplomacy. Thus:—

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

THE LANGUAGE OF POSTURE.

The recent cult of classical dances has developed a tendency toward expressive and beautiful movement as a means of communicating ideas.



Jones expressing to Brown (on another bus) that he expects to see him next Monday at 7-15 in Charing Cross Station (District Railway). Brown replies (by posture) that he may possibly be late; but don't wait more than ten minutes.



Sportsman telling an inquiring stranger that he certainly has some matches, but they strike only on the box—which he has lost.



Alpine hero informing his friends that it will be impossible for him to join them at Bridge that afternoon.

Answer. "The BLANKS? Oh, yes. It was there that I met that strange Madame BORTSCH, the Russian exile. I wonder if you ever saw her. I never was so impressed by a personality. By the way, she told me a very curious story of dual personality—quite a *Jekyll* and *Hyde* in real life, only, if possible, more sinister."

Here you tell the story, and by the time it is over the BLANKS will have receded into the background.

COURSE IV.

This is the simplest of all, and the one which all wise persons would

follow. It is, briefly, the easy and dishonest.

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "Oh, yes; delightful people."

Q. "Mrs. BLANK is a great friend of mine, and she so often talks of you. You go there a great deal?"

A. "Yes, as often as I can. She is very charming and clever."

Q. "I am glad you like her. One likes one's friends to like one's friends, doesn't one?"

A. "Oh, yes. At least nice people do."

And so on.

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

I.—WILLIAM'S OLD DOG.

PONKER's name is not yet among those of the elect in the pages of *Who's Who*, but it will be shortly, because he is collecting material for a really big book—a series of "human documents" dealing with what he is pleased to call "The Grey Underworld" of London. "The Grey Underworld," so far as I can gather, consists of rather saddening residential streets, where people subsist, if brass plates are anything to go by, chiefly by persuading one another to take out life and fire policies, and where commerce, represented by the oilman, is restricted to corner sites. PONKER says that such places are full of unexploited drama, and I dare say he is right; but the difficulty is to get at it. His methods of research, however, are various and enterprising, but I don't think they are always quite kind to the under-worldlings themselves.

There was the case of WILLIAM B., for example. We first knew of WILLIAM B. through an advertisement in an evening paper.

"Fine dog; genuine Sussex; very old; what offers? Or would exchange for treadle fret-saw.—Apply WILLIAM B.," etc.

PONKER worried all one evening about WILLIAM B.'s very old sheep-dog. There was a story, and a sad one, he said, behind this advertisement.

I suggested that perhaps the dog had bitten a postman; but PONKER would not be put off with anything—so probable as that. And, over the last pipe, he told me the story of WILLIAM B. as it shaped itself in his own mind.

WILLIAM's father, it appeared, had fallen a victim to agricultural depression. (No, I don't know if even Tariff Reform could have saved him. Perhaps he was a bad farmer. PONKER didn't say.)

After the sale was over, WILLIAM B. made a manly vow to go to London, work in an office, and, as a natural sequel, save enough to buy back the old homestead and pay the creditors in full.

So one fine afternoon he shook hands with the station-master, also with an aged retainer of his father's who had come to see him off, and disappeared into the Maelstrom of London; while the aged retainer

hobbled sadly back to the village, telling all he met that "t'yoong meäster be a-goän to Lunnön, he be, sewerloi"—for PONKER, I must remark, like many novelists and all playwrights, is fully convinced that that is how people in the country talk.

So a new life began for WILLIAM B.

You will guess, as easily as I did, that there was a scratching at the door of his lodgings a few days later. The old sheep-dog, the faithful friend of his childhood, had followed him to London. (How? Ah, well! We

how to procure the necessary implements? His eyes fell on the dog, stretched by the fireless hearth . . .

"Grand old dog!" said PONKER huskily at this point. "Fine old fellow! To-morrow I shall go and offer WILLIAM B. my fret-saw."

"But have you got one?" I asked. "Heavens! No!" said PONKER drowsily.

"And where will you keep the dog?"

"I shan't have the dog. But there's 'copy' to be made out of WILLIAM B.," explained PONKER.

He went the following day; but it was some time before I could persuade him to reveal what had passed between himself and WILLIAM B.

He found, he eventually told me, a young man at the given address playing a pianola. He thought this looked like beastly extravagance on WILLIAM B.'s part, until he reflected that the pianola might, after all, belong to the rooms. WILLIAM B. was a grave, square-headed, spectacled young man—the sort of young man who would be fond of fret-work—and he rose and eyed PONKER attentively as he entered.

"I think," said PONKER, "you want a fret-saw—a really good one; ball-bearings and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes," said WILLIAM B. with ill-concealed eagerness.

"Well, now, about the dog," said PONKER; "have you had it long?"

WILLIAM B. replied that it had been in his family for hundreds of years; but PONKER supposed that was only his nonsense—the jest of an aching heart.

"I should like to see it before I decide anything," continued PONKER, making a careful study of WILLIAM B.'s face. He thought WILLIAM B. was masking his emotions bravely.

WILLIAM B., whatever his emotions may have been, merely pointed to the fender.

Of course, as I had guessed during PONKER's recital of the young man's story, it was a fire dog, but a printer's error had made a "fine dog" of it.

PONKER says that he gaped at the beastly thing, and, muttering something about writing in the morning, hurried away.

I am afraid WILLIAM B. is still waiting to hear about that fret-saw. PONKER says, "Let him wait."



Uneasy Hatter. "I wish that person would move on. He'll spoil all my trade!"

know these things do happen. Surely you read *The Spectator* sometimes?)

Of course WILLIAM B. vowed he would share his last crust with the dog; but it had not come to that as yet, for he had chops for supper, and the dog had the bones; and on Sundays he would take the fine old fellow to suburban commons, where it barked at the swans on the ponds, and was the terror of all pugs.

But then the story shifted into a minor key. The Maelstrom was too much for WILLIAM. He lost his job, and one by one his possessions had to go to buy food for him and the dog. At last there was only one hope left. WILLIAM B., always clever with his hands, thought to earn a pittance by making pipe-racks and things. But

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Hostess (to distinguished foreign visitor). "MY HUSBAND WAS SO DISTRESSED THAT HE MISSED YOU ON YOUR ARRIVAL, MONSIEUR."

M. le Vicomte. "HÉLAS, MADAME, I LOOK AT 'EEM, 'E IS NOT THERE; 'E LOOK AT ME—I AM NOT THERE. ENFIN, WE LOOK AT US, WE ARE NOT THERE!"

WILLIAM B. is a ghastly fraud." And it is certain that he will never figure among POKER's human documents of "The Grey Underworld."

THE FINAL PHASE.

THERE is a particular kind of rain which never gets harder but never stops—which penetrates all known forms of waterproof and depresses the most cheerful spirit extant. There is a particular kind of spot on a muddy road crossing a bleak common where is afforded shelter insufficient even for a gnat, to which no station is nearer than $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There is a particular kind of motor which may or may not break down anywhere else, but is certain to break down at this particular spot in this particular kind of weather.

As I came up to him I saw him standing by his car and regarding it with a gaze from which expression of any sort was entirely absent. Where he was not soaked with water, he was soaked with oil. His was a face over which all the human emotions

and passions had passed and left their several marks. Even the new stream of water which now found its way from the rim of his cap to the most private part of his neck did not divert his gaze or seem to affect his feeling. As for the car, it stood there open at the bonnet, beaten upon monotonously by the rain, and appearing to be more stationary than the most established of the world's most ancient hills.

I slowed down my own car and offered him assistance. "No, thank you," he said, in a cold and even voice; "I think not, unless, perhaps, you could spare me a little petrol."

"Yes," I said, "I can spare you some petrol."

"Can you," he said, "spare me rather a lot of petrol?"

"Yes," I said. "I think I could even do that."

"I should like," he continued, "a very great deal of petrol; every drop of petrol, in fact, that you can possibly let me have."

I showed him what petrol I had, and he seemed satisfied.

"And now," he said, and his voice seemed to me to become more cold and more even, "would you be so good as to help me pour all that petrol over my car and then lend me a match?"

An Emergency Exit.

"Miss Crichton pluckily extinguished the blaze, while Herr Eckold pulled the orchestra through a difficult passage."—*Daily Express*.

"The dog wagged its tail joyously as Mr. Pakenham gripped the leash closer, and uttered the mysterious word 'Mush.'"—*The Liverpool Echo*.

We hope Mr. PAKENHAM understood.

"Owing to an accident, Sir Edward Elgar was present to hear his own music last night."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

Rotten luck some people have.

A little French is a dangerous thing. The Englishman who, noticing a group of Frenchmen looking at the canal in the Exhibition grounds, remarked to them, "*Merveilleuse canaille!*" does not expect to visit the Exhibition again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It always seems to me a strange thing that female relations, especially aunts, who have an incurable habit of telling children not to play with matches, should themselves be so blind to the perils of the grown-up game of match-making. Aunt Maud (GRANT RICHARDS) is a case in point. Having made up her mind that her young cousin Richard and her pet niece Irene were made for each other, she asked them down to her little place in the country, and then actually proceeded to let Irene into the secret of her darling project. Naturally the girl jumped to the conclusion that her proposed husband was also in the plot, and Aunt Maud's plan nearly came to grief at the very start. But of course the author, Mr. ERNEST OLDMEADOW, wasn't going to stand any nonsense of that sort. So he made Irene suggest to Richard a sort of experimental and strictly platonic engagement, which either party could terminate at will at the end of a month. Eventually it worked all right, though not before Irene had told Richard that she couldn't possibly be his wife, thinking that the sentiment, which in her case was real love, in his was only pity. I think that Mr. OLDMEADOW ought to be careful. In another book, *Susan*, he played with a fancifully elaborate plot with some success. This time he has invented a new and equally complicated motif without taking the trouble to do more than re-christen his two chief characters. And that seems to me to be a waste of his graceful style and real sense of humour. I should recommend him to change his flies next time he goes a-fishing.

Whenever any book I see

With JOSEPH CONRAD's name upon it,
I take it as a guarantee

That it is worth my while to con it;
And saying "con"—a word employed
Because my stock of rhymes is thinnish—
I mean that I am overjoyed

To read it through from start to finish.

His latest book, *A Set of Six*
(From METHUEN), proves me not mistaken;
The stories it contains should fix
Firmer a fame as yet unshaken.

They range at large from gloom to fun;
They treat of love, of fights, of shipping;
And, in my judgment, every one
Is quite (if I may say so) ripping.

To avoid attacks of the romantic fever one should

undergo some kind of vaccination (whence possibly the phrase "calf-love") in early youth. That seems to be the moral of Mr. Saffery's *Disciple* (WERNER LAURIE). For Mr. Saffery was, before all things, a man of method and purpose, a vegetarian excessively particular about his patent breakfast foods, a schoolmaster, and an enthusiast for culture. He attempted to educate Bob Pottle, the boy-of-all-work, who "did" for him as a lodger (Mrs. Pottle being too refined to work), and since Mrs. PARRY TRUSCOTT, who tells us all about them, has the delightful gift of elevating a pedestrian theme we follow the process with a zeal entirely oblivious of the flight of chapter and page. By-and-by, of course, Bob fell in love and as Mr. Saffery did not approve of the young person he adopted the heroic device of rescuing

his pupil by a cutting-out expedition. Naturally enough he lost his own anchor, and we leave him at the end of the book hopelessly at sea, in the depths of an unreciprocated passion. I am heartily sorry for Mr. Saffery, and until Mrs. TRUSCOTT writes a sequel to say what happened to him (whether he took up golf, for instance, or started collecting butterflies) I shall not feel really contented again.

I have often wondered (I can't quite explain why) whether a man called *Alfred Milne* would have any chance of turning out decently. Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER thinks he would, to judge from his book, *Mr. Apollo* (METHUEN). *Milne* is a very good sort indeed; no showy graces, you understand, but thoroughly sound, and an excellent host. In this capacity you will agree that he was severely tried when I mention that for three weeks he entertained Phoebeus Apollo. Apollo had turned his last host, Todd the missionary, into a small bay tree, and though this looked nice in the window between the lace curtains, still it wasn't quite the same, you know. Any-

how Mr. and Mrs. *Milne* might well have felt nervous. They were both such dears, however (particularly *Frances*), that Apollo loved them, and he left them with the promise that when the time came they should die together. Well, I doubt if he could have thought of a better gift. Mr. *Apollo* is not a farce. It is a comedy, full of knowledge and sympathy, and written with a quiet humour which the many will miss, and the few appreciate the more for that reason. And if I add that it reminds me a little of *The Wonderful Visit* Mr. HUEFFER must take that also to his credit.

"Thorne Villa require dates for the season. Average age 117."
Northern Daily Mail.

If one may judge by the address and diet of these veterans, the vegetarian's life must be a very healthy one.



She. "WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET! HOW IT LIFTS ONE'S THOUGHTS ABOVE THE EARTH!"

He. "AH, THAT REMINDS ME. YOU MIGHT SPEAK TO THE LANDLADY ABOUT OUR BACON IN THE MORNING. TELL HER I LIKE IT STREAKY."



Batsman (in danger of being caught by small brother). "DROP IT, 'ERBERT—OR 'OME YOU GO!"

CHARIVARIA.

TACTLESS persons, in spite of entreaties to the contrary, continue to distrust our friends the Germans. When some important naval operations were taking place off the Tyne the other day and a German torpedo-boat came up apparently to watch the fun, the manoeuvres of our ships were rudely stopped. We trust that an apology will be sent to the right quarter by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE.

"The quality which distinguishes ourselves from our English brethren is the divine possession of imagination," says *The Irish Homestead*. Hence, we suppose, the multiplicity of grievances from which the Irish suffer.

The American Olympic athletes have had a great reception in New York, and the news that HAYES, the winner of the Marathon Race, had to submit to being kissed by a number of hysterical females has removed any ill-feeling that there may have been among the unsuccessful competitors.

"JOHN BURNS gives most of his salary to his good wife. A strong man, JOHN!" says M.A.P. Or, a strong woman, Mrs. JOHN?

The Baker and Confectioner complains that wedding cake, when sent through the post, seldom reaches its destination. This may account for the improved health returns.

A Danish journalist has undertaken for a wager to walk round the Isle of Zealand, a distance of more than 100 miles, without taking any nourishment except Highland whisky. We fancy that what will prove to be the most popular form of sport has now been discovered.

Anxious to wear the "sheath gown," which demands a slim figure, many stout ladies in San Francisco, we are told, are undergoing a *régime* which includes an hour's rolling on the floor. It is intended, we hear, to approach some of the devotees of this treatment with a view to their giving a public exhibition of the same in aid of a charity.

It is announced that an Anglo-American exhibition will be held next year at Earl's Court. Let us hope that this time it will be an exhibition of good temper.

From America comes news of great interest to ornithologists. The owner of a canary gave his pet, which appeared to be in a state of collapse, a nip of brandy; whereupon the bird not only rallied at once, but sang a drinking song.

The Police Question again! "There's no pleasing 'em," complained a prisoner charged with begging. "One day they'll be down on you for assaulting 'em, and the next day they'll take you up for asking people to spare a copper!"

It is pointed out by a contemporary that Mr. HARRY LAUDER's income averages £250 a week, which is far more than the LORD CHANCELLOR's salary. We cannot help thinking that this attempt to unsettle an important officer of State just when he is getting used to his work is most unwise.

FROM PERCY'S POINT OF VIEW.

I KNEW nobody in the quiet rural retreat where I had taken rooms for the summer—nobody, that is, except PERCY. He was my only caller. He came in after breakfast one morning, through the window. It was rather a casual way of making a first visit—but that was not the reason why I abstained from asking him to sit down. In any circumstances one would not think of offering a chair to a Bee—which is what PERCY was. He began buzzing in my ear, as bees commonly do, but rather to my surprise, I discovered for the first time in my life that I was perfectly familiar with Bee-language.

I can't explain how it was, except by the fact that I had just been reading Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' fascinating book, *The Lore of the Honey-Bee*. And even that does not fully account for my being able—as I was—to make myself intelligible to PERCY. You must accept this to begin with—or else we shall never get on.

PERCY—I should explain here that this is not the precise name he gave me, but the nearest I can get to it—PERCY was at first pardonably anxious to impress me with the honour he was conferring upon me by his visit. "You needn't rise," he said, after introducing himself. "We'll waive ceremony. Can't spare you more than a minute or two. Must be getting back to that Kingdom of mine. Any number of important State affairs requiring attention. Tremendous amount of work a Monarch in my position has to get through. You'd hardly believe it!"

"I don't," I said, deciding that it was necessary to put him in his proper place at once. "It won't do, PERCY. You're no monarch—and you've no more to do with State affairs than I have!" For I needn't say that my recently acquired knowledge had enabled me to recognise him at once as a Drone.

He tried to bluster it out. "Well, if I'm not exactly a Monarch," he said, "I've got Royal blood in me. I'm the son of a Queen. And that's more than you are."

"You know perfectly well, PERCY," I said, "that every one of the—(how many are there?—forty or fifty thousand?)—other members of your community can claim precisely the same parentage. It's quite useless to put on side with me."

He tried to give himself a countenance by stroking his thorax with his middle legs, but his big eyes could not meet mine. If a bee is capable of blushing, I should say that PERCY's colour distinctly deepened. But all he said was: "How the dooce did you-know that?"

"Never you mind," I said, not feeling called upon to mention my authority. "I happen to know, too, that in your kingdom it's the Bee-women who do all the work, and have all the power."

"Dash it all!" PERCY exclaimed, with a sudden pettishness that was perhaps due to his chancing to slip up just then on the butter-pat. "I see how it is. Old CAROLINE or LOUISA" (I must again remark that these may not have been the actual names he mentioned, but the sound was very similar) "must have been here and given the show away!"

I assured him that I was unacquainted with either lady. "Who are CAROLINE and LOUISA, PERCY?" I enquired.

"Oh, a pair of old frumps who looked after me when I was a larva—fed me and that. Uncommon well they did me, too. I will say that for them. Though they needn't have been so shirt over it." (The peculiar

Drone-slang which PERCY affected can only, I fear, be approximately rendered.) "Groomed me, too, when I first came out of the cell. Nasty way CAROLINE had of fetching me a wipe with her great thick antennæ if I didn't 'come over' soon enough to please her; while LOUISA had a doosid heavy hind-leg with the currycomb. I like to be well turned out—but there's a limit, don't you know! Always on the go, they were, feedin' the grubs, sealin' 'em up, lettin' 'em out, and cleanin' up after 'em, never knockin' off for a moment. But they're all like that. CAROLINE and LOUISA went into business afterwards—what they call 'Higher Work for Women.' In the Pollen-trade, CAROLINE is. And how that old girl does work! Makes me tired only to look at her. No sooner has she staggered in and let LIZZIE and SARAH empty her leg-baskets than she's off again for another load, and goes on at it all day till she's ready to drop. I often say to 'em: 'My good girls, where's the sense in it all?' I say. 'What do you get by it? It's ruinin' your looks' (they never had much to boast of—but of course I don't tell 'em that), 'it's upsettin' your nerves and spoilin' your tempers. Look at JANE,' I say, 'forewoman of No. 5 Comb before she'd been born a fortnight, and an old woman already, by gad! And MARY—there's a fearful example of the effects of overstudy for you. Passed out first into the Architectural Department, when she was a mere flapper just out of the chrysalis. Look at her now! Can't calculate a single strain properly and gets her hexagons all cock-eyed! She'll have nervous breakdown next, MARY will! It's a funny thing, but none of you seem to me to be able to do anythin' without over-doin' it, if you know what I mean!' But it's no use my arguing with them. The whole lot of 'em are as neurotic as be-blowed! Why, only yesterday, MARIA—who's got Italian blood in her, if that's any excuse—actually drew her sting on me simply because I complained that I couldn't get a wink of sleep owin' to the confounded row her gang made fanning all night!"

"But, my good PERCY," I said, "the hive must be ventilated, you know. They have to fan their wings so as to carry off all the vitiated air"—a piece of information for which I was indebted to *The Lore of the Honey-Bee*.

"I dessay," he said, "I dessay; but it makes a most infernal draught. I'd a good deal sooner put up with a little stuffiness than a stiff neck!"

"At all events, PERCY, I gather that you can't complain of being overworked," I remarked.

"Me?" he said. "Not much! Never did a stroke of work in my life, and never shall. Not in my line, dear boy!"

"But don't you ever feel a little ashamed," I said (it was such a new experience to find myself giving a moral lesson to a bee that I really couldn't resist it) "to stand by and let those poor Bee-women do all the work for you?"

"Why should I, dear old chap?" said the impenitent PERCY. "It's their own choice. Besides, they've got all the tools. You won't find any combs or pliers or pollen-baskets on my legs. And if I wanted to make wax—which I don't—I haven't got the proper apparatus for it. So what's the point of pitching into me?"

I'm afraid PERCY had the best of that. Indeed, I think Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES is a little inclined to underrate the intelligence of Drones. PERCY, at all events, was no fool.

"Do you regard yourself as having any particular mission in life?" I inquired.



THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. LLOYD AND MR. GEORGE.

MR. BALFOUR. "WELL, THIS BEATS EVEN ME!"

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SCENE—The "Oofy" Goldbergs' little place in Dumshire.

Her Grace. "GOOD HEAVENS! D'YOU SEE WHO 'VE JUST ARRIVED? THE TALBOT DE VERE-HOWARD-MONTGOMERIES! AND TALKING TO COMPANY PROMOTERS AND SOAP-KINGS AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT AS IF THEY'D BEEN BORN TO IT! I'D NO IDEA THEY WERE GETTING INTO SUCH GOOD SOCIETY!"

"Rather!" he said. "I've got to marry a Princess, some fine day or other. MARTHA and EMILY are always drumming that into me. They've turned me out this morning for the first time to have a sort of a look round. But there's no hurry. I mean to enjoy my freedom and remain a bachelor for a bit before I get spliced. I shall go back soon and tell old EMILY I haven't proposed because I couldn't see any Princess as sweet and good-looking as *she* is. EMILY's as sour as sorrel and about as plain-headed a bee as you'd meet in a day's crawl—but she'll take it all in! Queer thing about Bee-women—come to think of it—never take any trouble about themselves—don't care a hang *how* they look—and yet they're always ready to believe they're beauties. Well, I must be going!"

"But you'll look in again, now you've found your way here, and let me know how you're getting on?" I said, for somehow I had taken rather a fancy to PERCY, with all his imperfections.

"Perhaps," he said; "but I can't promise. It depends. So long!"

And he was gone. I was not sure, even then, whether all PERCY's statements could be implicitly relied upon; but it was certainly in his favour that much that he told me should be corroborated by a work he was hardly likely to have consulted. I felt I should like to know a little more of his private life—but from certain passages in Mr. EDWARDES' book, I had very slight hope of ever receiving a second visit from PERCY. F. A.

"WANTED, a woollen man for a Cork house."—*Cork Examiner.*
This is indeed the day of the specialist.

"GUESSES AT TRUTH."

From a Geography Examination Paper:—

"Canterbury is the site of the Primate."

"Norwich has a famous castle, there is a wonderful moat in which the Duke of Norfolk lives."

From an Essay on Music:—

"Music is a sound—we cannot tell what music is until we go to Heaven."

From an Essay on Suffrage:—

"A Suffragette is a woman who wants to have full control over the Members of Parliament."

From an Essay on Electricity:—

"Many of the unemployed are caused by electricity."

"I am told by an English lady who speaks Cymraeg that the alleged untruthfulness of the Welsh is in reality the result of their imperfect understanding of English words, while pretending to do so perfectly."

—*Daily Chronicle.*

Perhaps a Cymraeg lady who speaks English will now explain what the apparent untruthfulness of "pretending to do so perfectly" is in reality the result of. After that, the absurd allegation will be withdrawn.

"It was the absence of humour that made a Koepenick possible in Germany."—*Western Mail.*

This is at least an arguable point. Koepenick was founded by S. ANSELM, A.D. 300. Whether this gentleman had or had not a sense of humour history does not say, and our contemporary can only be depending upon some local tradition.

ANTICIPATORY NAME FOR THE SCENE OF THE FOUR-INCH RACE: The Isle of Manslaughter.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.

I HAVE a very sincere sympathy for the professional humorist who wants to enjoy the Jester's privilege of being taken seriously at times. And if the author of *Three Men in a Boat* felt inspired to make a stage phantasy on the theme, "If Christ came to Bloomsbury," I should be the last to let his previous record stand in his way; only I doubt if Mr. JEROME K. JEROME's hand has quite the right subtlety for so perilous a task. It is one to which the finer intelligences must often have been attracted, yet they seem to have shrunk from its many pitfalls, and



"LADY OF THE HOUSE" AND "SERVANT"

BEFORE AND AFTER REGENERATION.
Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Gertrude Elliott, hitherto generally left it to the SIGISMUND GOETZES to rush in with elephantine foot where angels feared to tread.

Not that Mr. JEROME's work has been tactlessly done. It has its nice touches, and it has its great moment when the slatternly maid—and here Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT acted with a very noble intuition—tries in vain to describe the aspect of the Stranger who waits at the door. The author has shown great courage in choosing, for the scene of the mystic "passing," a milieu that is not only mean and sordid, but abounding in ludicrous possibilities. Indeed, it was only the infinite charm and persuasiveness of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON (and no other living actor could have even begun to play his part) that carried the play successfully through situations which offered themselves with a terrible nakedness

as a target for the humour of contrasts. Yet even so it was almost impossible not to trace a note of irony in the flattering appeals made by the "Passer-by" to the beauty and goodness that he found latent in each nature.

Constructively the play lacked variety. The types were sufficiently numerous and distinct, but there was a certain monotony in the Stranger's method of treating, and disposing of, each individual case in turn; a certain sameness, too, in the form of his appeal to their potentialities for good.

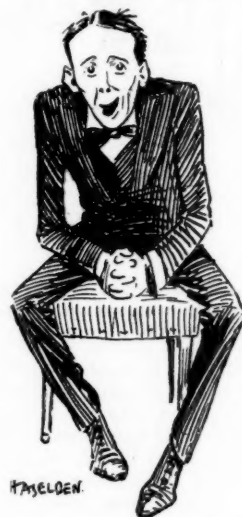
I thought the author did not get all the fun he might have got out of his boarding-house in the First Act. Possibly he found his sense of humour a little restrained by the seriousness of what was to come; if so, he will perhaps kindly appreciate the similar embarrassment experienced by the more light-hearted among his critics. Miss AGNES THOMAS as the Landlady played intelligently, and no great fault was to be found with her boarders, though Mr. MARSH ALLEN never for a moment deceived me into the belief that he bore any resemblance to an artist; and Miss ALICE CRAWFORD hardly justified her description as a "Hussy," but was content to pretend that she was Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, a very different thing. My heart went out with most sympathy to Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE. Like the others he underwent reform; but his face was never strictly that of a saint, and his moral improvement did not include the restoration of a voice irrecoverably lost during his experience as a book-maker.

It was a pleasant idea to utilise the foot-lights as a fire-place, and have a fender inside-out against them, and armchairs. But it was very trying for the person who had been "a Painted Lady" to occupy this exposed position, after removing her rouge and her yellow wig, thus exchanging a material "transformation" for a spiritual one.

II.—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

THERE is something almost worshipful about the man who has the birthright of unconscious humour. He is a type of Beneficence, flinging its bounties broadcast, unaware of its own generosity, its left hand not knowing what its right is at. He is not strictly an Olympian, for Olympus laughed at its own jokes; he is nevertheless god-like, and provokes in one a kind of respectful awe.

In Mr. BARRIE's new play every Scotsman has this splendid, this inhuman gift. Not one of them could open his mouth without convulsing his votaries in the audience; yet they themselves remained stolidly unmoved by their own scintillations. (I bow to Mr. BARRIE's special knowledge of his own countrymen. No one else could persuade me that there is such a thing as a Scotsman without a sense of humour.) Up to the final curtain there was only one character that either laughed or tried to be the cause of laughter in other characters, and she was the *Comtesse de la Brière*, palpably an exotic. It is true that *Maggie Shand*, though a Scot, had a sense of humour



THE FIRST JOKE HE EVER SAW.

John Shand . . . Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

concealed about her, but the admission of it was only wrung from her at the very end, when she wrongly imagined that her whole future happiness depended on her husband's ability to see through the most transparent joke that was ever made. It was her first success.

Yet when I conjecture of the sequel I am filled with forebodings. In one tragic moment *John Shand* had not only had his profound belief in himself irreparably damaged, but had tarnished his hitherto unspotted incapacity for seeing a joke. These were the two superb qualities which had supplied his faithful wife with her best reason for existence. And now her occupation was gone. If he could only have eloped with the lady who never rightly appreciated him, his unconquerable denseness and self-conceit might have been a lovely

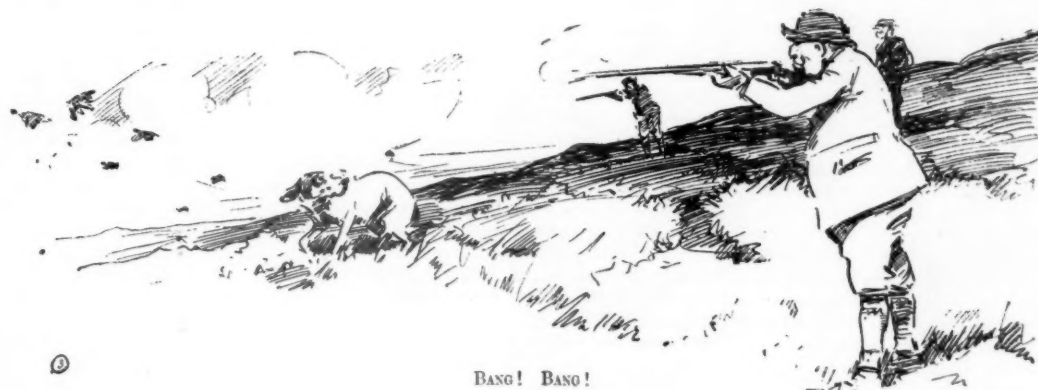
THE CHEAP DOG.



(1)
"HANDSOME AS PAINT! BOUGHT HIM FOR A MERE SOG.
OWNER SAID HE HAD BEAUTIFUL NOSE, AND VERY FAST; BUT
HE HADN'T ROOM FOR HIM."



"BEAUTIFUL! STEADY AS A ROCK."



BANG! BANG!



LOST.

A LIVER-AND-WHITE
POINTER.

Anyone returning the same to
Major Pincham, Achinsnechins,
will be

PROSECUTED.

memory for *Maggie's* declining years. But it was not to be.

The First Act, with its purely Scots interest, was a very perfect thing. Here Mr. BARRIE was seen in his most characteristic mood of freshness and temerity. Afterwards the play, though never dropping into mere conventionality, introduced certain social elements in which Mr. BARRIE is seldom quite at his best. Apart from the Scots characters, there was scarcely one that seemed altogether probable. Yet the scheme throughout was handled with a very subtle *finesse*, and the alternations of sentiment and humour jarred less than usual. For when once *Maggie* had promised that in the event of her husband's preference for a more attractive woman she would behave differently from other wives one was prepared for anything.

The interpretation was of the most sympathetic; though perhaps Mr. NORMAN FORBES, as the Cabinet Minister, lacked assurance, and Mrs. TREE's performance was a little wanting in that repose which is proper to a Comtesse. Mr. EDMUND GWENN, as the younger of the brothers *Wylie*, showed with admirable force that even among those who are impervious to humour there may be degrees of opaqueness.

The enthusiasm with which the great performances of Miss HILDA TREVELYAN and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER were received was sincere and universal. Miss TREVELYAN, it seemed, had much the harder task, and certainly one that required a stronger command of contrasted emotions; but then Mr. DU MAURIER has the art of making the most difficult things seem ridiculously easy.

As for the title, I hope that every woman knows by now what it is that "every woman knows." Perhaps one of them will very kindly tell me. For the story of how the first woman was made out of ADAM's funny-bone sounds much too good to be true.

O. S.

The Medicine and its Antidote.

(We supply both.)

From an advertisement of "Reducing Tablets":

"Miss Brown writes: 'I have lost several stone up to now: send more by return of post.'"

"On the Henbury links H. T. Sully, playing in a Mixed Foursome, did the nine holes in 3."

Clifton Society.

We should be glad to hear what his partner did the other nine holes in, if that is the way they play a mixed foursome at Henbury.

CRUELTY TO VEGETABLES.

REMARKABLE MEETING OF PROTEST.

A GREAT meeting was held on Friday last in the grill-room of the Cannon Street Hotel to protest against the excesses committed by extreme vegetarians. Amongst those present were Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, who presided, Sir CECIL SPRING-RICE, Mr. PEARS, Mr. FITTER, Mr. HARRIS (the Sausage King), Sir ALFRED JONES (the Banana King), Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, Miss MAUD ALLAN, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, LA LOIE FULLER, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, Miss ISADORA DUNCAN, Mr. ALFRED NUTT, and the JAM SAHIB.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said that they were met together to discharge a public duty imposed on them by the momentous utterance of Mr. FRANCIS DARWIN, the President of the British Association. The evidences which that illustrious botanist had been able to furnish which pointed to the existence of consciousness in plants—their intelligent habits, irritability, powers of sleep, and so on—had suddenly awakened the national conscience to the horrible iniquities of vegetarians, and above all fruitarians. Let them clear their minds of cant. He was, as they all knew, a convinced carnivore, and he had no intention of giving up chops whether with or without the accompaniment of tomato sauce. But between the consumption, on the one hand, of meat or vegetables which had been humanely slaughtered and, on the other, the barbarous habit of eating the raw flesh of live fruit, there was an impassable gulf. The latter practice was no better than cannibalism in its worst form. In conclusion, he moved a resolution in favour of the establishment of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables.

Mr. FITTER, who seconded the resolution, said that he had been profoundly moved by Mr. DARWIN's address. In his thoughtless youth, he owned it with remorse and contrition, he had often eaten raw turnips, but never again would he be guilty of such savagery. As an instance of the extraordinary inconsistency of which people were capable, he mentioned that he had good reason to believe that Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, the arch-anti-vivisectionist, was in the habit of mashing potatoes before he ate them. (Groans.)

Mr. HARRIS, the Sausage King, rose to protest. With the principles advocated by the chairman he was

in complete accord. But in no properly-conducted kitchen that he knew of were potatoes mashed while they were alive. In his own, for instance, there was a special lethal chamber where they passed away painlessly to the sound of slow music. (Applause.) He took no credit to himself for this arrangement, but could not help contrasting it with the practice of Mr. EUSTACE MILES, who openly boasted of devouring live gooseberries—a notoriously sensitive and intelligent fruit. Personally, he thought a greengrocer's shop-front far more revolting than a butcher's.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON here interposed and asked the Chairman whether it was a fact that vegetables could commit suicide; but his question was ruled out of order.

Miss MAUD ALLAN pronounced herself in sympathy with the movement. She added that when she lunched at the PRIME MINISTER'S house she especially noticed that the salad was not dressed and the potatoes were denuded of their jackets. (Cries of "Question!" from Miss ISADORA DUNCAN and Miss LOIE FULLER.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, rising from the body of the hall amid a storm of hisses, said he wished to make a personal explanation. It was true that he was a vegetarian. (Groans.) It was not true, as some people thought, that the Fabian Society was derived from the Latin word *faba*—a bean. Personally he never took beans: he only gave them to his friends. (Applause.) But the object of his intervention was to state that for some time past he had lived exclusively on macaroni, and that the method of reaping the wheat from which it was made was as painless a mode of extinguishing life as that of the guillotine. (Interruption.)

As the tumult did not cease on Mr. SHAW's resuming his seat, Mr. A. C. BENSON appealed to the audience to be reasonable. He was sure, he added, that they would be glad to learn that two out of the eleven volumes from his pen which would appear this autumn were in harmony with the aims of this movement, viz., *The Private Diary of a Parsnip* and *The Musings of an Introspective Vegetable Marrow*. (Great enthusiasm.)

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE said that both by temperament and nomenclature he sympathised deeply with all sensitive plants. There was a story of a bad actor who had so many vegetables thrown at him that he left the stage and set up as a greengrocer; but personally he had never

suffered in this way. At the same time he found that the spectacle of people eating oranges in the gallery affected him so painfully that he had forbidden the practice in his theatre. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, again interposing, asked the chairman whether any cruelty was involved in eating Welsh rabbit; but this question was ruled out of order.

Miss ISADORA DUNCAN having given a short but masterly account of the indebtedness of the true school of classical dancing to the jumping bean, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE put the resolution to the vote, and it was carried with only one dissident. Most of those present then formed a procession, marched westward, and made a hostile demonstration outside the Eustace Miles Restaurant, but happily no lives were lost.

WHETHER TO WORK?

["A London County Council school has been trying to find out, by close observation of the effect of weather upon the energies of children, and also by some experiments in temperature, what are the seasons and climatic conditions best adapted for hard work."—*Daily Mirror*.]

When the hills are bright and gay,
When the vale is sunny,
When the bee is on her way
After heather honey,
When the hares come out to play
In among the new-mown hay,
Does it strike me—What a day
This, for making money!
Tut, I say; no use at all!
Any thought of work must gall
When the sun begins to call—
He is such a wizard.
Time enough to tax my brain
When Aquarius taps the main,
When the fog resumes his reign,
Choking up my gizzard;
When black winter brings again
Frost and icy blizzard.

But, lest I should bankrupt grow,
Worshipping Apollo,
Sometimes clouds descend, and low
Flies the rainy swallow;
Sometimes summer loves to show
She can make the torrents flow,
Driving rain-storms to and fro
Overholt and hollow.
Then I rouse myself and say,
Here hath dawned a working day!
Shall it useless slip away?
Up, before it's ended!
So I struggle for a bit,
But the gloom is quite unfit
For the gay and sparkling wit
That my soul intended.
Wait till winter fires are lit—
Then I shall be splendid!



AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

Mother. "TOMMY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO TALK TO THOSE OTHER CHILDREN IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE?"
Youthful Briton. "WHAT'S THE GOOD? IT ONLY ENCOURAGES THEM!"

Yet, when winter blizzards beat
Round about my study,
When the cold and clammy sleet
Makes the whole world muddy,
Haply all will not be sweet;
Draughts will whistle round my seat;
Hands will freeze and so will feet,
Though the fire be ruddy.
Then I'll say, No use to-night!
But what ripping things I'd write
Were the sun but shining bright
On the Highland heather!
How can I expect to link
Sweetness when the icebergs clink
As they float about the ink,
Knocking up together?
Only Polar bears could think
In this wicked weather.

Dark sayings of a Prophet.

"The weather to-morrow will be dull and rainy at first, cloudy and showery later."
Evening News.

These sudden changes in the weather are very disturbing.

"Three Society ladies (waists 34, 25, 23) wish dispose hats, excellent condition, not exaggeration."

"A distinguished young lady wishes to sell her auburn-brown tail for 10/6, or offer; original cost 22/6; hardly ever worn."

These two advertisements from *The Lady* doubtless come among the things which "every woman knows," but they are mysteries to Mr. Punch.



Mistress. "WHY, JAMES, I'VE HAD TO BUY MARROWS LATELY, AND HERE IS A BEAUTY! HOW IS THIS?"

James. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, I'VE HAD TO CUT OFF ALL THE YOUNG 'UNS TO GIVE THIS 'ERE A CHANCE, AS ME AN' MR. BROWN'S GARDENER'S GOT A BET ON WHICH ON US CAN GROW THE BIGGEST FOR THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING."

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

II.—THE WOMAN WHO HAD DONE WITH SMILES.

HER name was Mrs. GRUMBY, and she lived opposite a pickle factory, and had a bed-sitting room to let. PONKER had been trying to improve his acquaintance with the "underworld" of London by going about and beguiling harmless landladies into the belief that he wanted lodgings, tempting them, in this way, to gossip about themselves and their lodgers in a manner that would furnish copy for the all-important book. He liked Mrs. GRUMBY's face at once, because she looked as though the iron had entered into her soul; and he particularly wished to study someone whose soul had been entered by the iron.

Mrs. GRUMBY showed PONKER her "bed-sit" (as, I believe, the newspaper advertisements have it), and PONKER looked from the "bed-sit" to her, and felt more certain than ever that the iron *had* entered into her soul. But of that she said no-

thing, merely asking him if he would want hot dishes for breakfast, because, if so, that would be an extra; but most of her gentlemen had been content with sardines.

Not wishing to make life seem darker for one in her melancholy state, PONKER said that he too always ate sardines for breakfast; he was, in fact, a whale for sardines.

Of course, he doesn't generally permit himself to make jokes of this elementary character; it was simply intended as a test; and Mrs. GRUMBY passed the test triumphantly, emerging, in PONKER's estimation, as "the Woman who had Done with Smiles." After that, PONKER sat down in the "bed-sit's" easiest chair, to talk. Mrs. GRUMBY might possibly be worth a chapter all to herself.

PONKER admitted to me later that she was not very communicative, and he had to fill in a good deal of her story himself. Her face told him more than her lips, he said. It must have been a very speaking face, indeed, because it told him, amongst other things, how she had once been

a light-hearted girl in the West Country, breaking the hearts of all the young farmers in her neighbourhood, until handsome JACK GRUMBY had come a-wooing—GRUMBY, the smart commercial who put up at the King's Head. (How could her face give such positive information as to the name of the inn? Frankly, I don't know. You must ask PONKER.) She had made a runaway match of it with JACK, without her father's blessing, and before she realised that JACK GRUMBY's heart was very much at the service of any pretty, come-by-chance acquaintance. Ah! she knew that later, when he fled to America with "the other woman," leaving her stranded opposite a pickle factory, to do the best she could for herself and her child. No wonder she had forgotten how to smile!

When Mrs. GRUMBY's face had got thus far with her story, PONKER rose, and said that he would write in the morning; which meant, of course, that the room wouldn't suit him.

He was about halfway down the stairs, preceding Mrs. GRUMBY, when



“ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!”

BATTISH LION. “GLAD TO SEE THEY’RE GETTING ON TOGETHER SO NICELY, AND I HOPE THE YOUNG ‘UN ‘IL PICK UP SOME NOTION OF A HORNSPIPE FROM HIS SAILOR FRIEND; FOR I’VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TEACH IT HIM!”

[Mr. Deakin also—see his speech at Melbourne—has come to the conclusion that it is time for Australia to produce something in the way of a fleet.]



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Lady (engaging servant). "AND WHAT DID YOU DO AT YOUR LAST PLACE?"
Candidate for Situation. "NOTHIN', AS YOU MAY SAY, MUM. I WAS JUST USEFUL 'ELP."

he heard, he tells me, a sound behind him, as if Mrs. GRUMBY had tried to speak, but had been choked by sudden mirth.

He looked round sharply, but her face was in shadow.

"I beg your pardon. Did you speak?" he asked.

Mrs. GRUMBY made no reply, and, thinking it was not laughter but tears that checked her utterance—perhaps something about his back had suddenly reminded her of JACK GRUMBY—he delicately hastened from the house—as soon, at least, as he had mastered the very complicated front-door latch.

But that stifled sound that he had heard on the staircase haunted him. Had Mrs. GRUMBY, in spite of all her face had told him, *laughed*? If so, the mystery of it was great. What was there, for example, to laugh at?

He had not walked very far from the house when a perfect frenzy of curiosity impelled him to return to its doorstep. It would be easy to make some excuse for seeing Mrs. GRUMBY again, and then perhaps he might be able to deduce from her

manner why she had snorted on the staircase—whether in sorrow or in mirth.

As he raised the knocker he heard a muffled sound of laughter within. It rose—it increased in volume—it was a duet! The raised knocker fell from his nerveless hand, and instantly there was silence. After the lapse of a minute the door was opened, not by Mrs. GRUMBY, but by her daughter. She was a presentable girl so far as POKER could judge, but she had a handkerchief pressed tightly against her mouth, hiding half her face.

"I forgot to ask your mother," said POKER severely, "whether you have a bath—hot *and* cold?"

She swayed, like standing corn in tempest; and then she made three attempts to answer him:—

"Oh yes, we have— We have a— We have a—ba-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

POKER left the door sadly. He had lost an illusion. No "Woman who had Done with Smiles" could have had a daughter like that.

After reaching home in a cab, he detached from the back buttons of

his coat, to which it had affixed itself as he sat in Mrs. GRUMBY's chair, an antimacassar of such revolting hideousness that he stared at it aghast—a thing compact of crochet-work oyster-shells, and with the hues of some portentous sunset. (Some day, when the church at the end of the street has a sale of work, POKER is going to send it in as his contribution; and then, he says, the churchwardens or other responsible authorities will bitterly repent of having rung the bells whenever he sat down to write.)

As for Mrs. GRUMBY, POKER says he is beginning to wonder if the people of the "Grey Underworld" differ very much from the shallowest of the Smart Set in their notions of what constitutes a joke. At all events Mrs. GRUMBY has shown herself unworthy of a place in the book of human documents.

"When Mr. Francis Darwin stood up to deliver his address every seat was taken."

Daily Mail.
 Study for *The Descent of Man*: Mr. DARWIN trying to sit down again.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IT is announced that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S autobiography will be published in twelve languages simultaneously this month. Will it be anything like this?—

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH.

I WAS born with a silver spoon in my mouth. One of my earliest toys was a golden calf. I still have it.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE.

I AM descended on one side from a thrifty and industrious Scotch stock; on the other, from the famous KILMANSEGG family.

My instructors never ceased to instil in me the importance of economy and vigilance.

"Many a mickle," they used to say, "makes a muckle."

"Money," they used to say, "begets money."

"Money," they said, "is the only monarch."

"Money," they said, "is welcome, though it comes in a dirty clout."

I never forgot those remarks. They sank into my system and bore fruit. I am now the richest man in the world. The only thing I regret is that those old counsellors did not tell me how to keep my digestion and my hair. Both have gone. The hair trouble one can remedy with a wig; but there is no substitute for a missing digestion.

CHAPTER III.

BOYHOOD.

My boyhood was happy. Most of the technique of business may be learned when at school by an observant lad; and I was observant. I did a successful trade in marbles and sweets. I lent money to other boys at a good rate of interest, and rarely returned home in the evening without having added to my property. In this way by the time that ordinary boys are still doing foolish things I was in possession of a capital of two hundred dollars, and held I.O.U.s from most of my schoolfellows.

CHAPTER IV.

PETROLEUM.

THE most eventful moment of my life was that in which I chanced upon rock oil.

I was walking one day in the neighbourhood of my home in moody silence. Everything was going wrong

with me. My business was yielding only 98 per cent. instead of the 100 on which I had set my heart, and I was in despair. Ruin stared me in the face. Passing through a field I happened to see a spring bubbling from the ground, but I thought nothing of it (as it was not large enough to drown myself in), until a little later a poor old woman stopped me and begged an alms. I obviously had no money to give her, as I made clear; but wishing to do what I could I offered to get her a cup of cold water, it being my steady practice to do what I can for my fellow-creatures. She was very grateful, and I ran to the stream and dipped into it a pocket drinking-cup. Judge of my surprise when I found that instead of water it was oil! In an instant I realised the situation, and returning swiftly to town I found the owner of the property, and, successfully disguising my motives, purchased not only this particular field but all those around it. My fortune was made.

CHAPTER V.

THE STANDARD OIL TRUST.

AFTER the discovery of the rock-oil spring, perhaps the most eventful and wonderful moment of my life was that in which I first hit upon the idea of a Trust. It is a beautiful word, Trust, and I have often taken it as a text in my Sunday-school addresses. Trust. We must all trust in something or someone. What could be more desirable in a world of darkness, disappointment and flux than that there should be one man to be relied upon for light? Relied upon. Many men have offered light to their groping fellows and have not given it: this man would be trustworthy.

Coming down to a material plane from these symbolical heights, what does light proceed from? From oil. The man, then, who could so manipulate things that he owned all the oil would automatically be the one person who could give the light. Do you see? He would form an Oil Trust, as we say in America, and illuminate the world.

I, I decided, would be that man; not because I wanted the power or wealth that such a position would carry with it, but because if I, a chapel-going, reputable citizen and Sunday-school superintendent, renowned for his simple and frugal life, filled the place, I should prevent its being filled by anyone who was unscrupulous or rapacious.

Having made this decision, I at

once began to lay my plans, and the Standard Oil Trust was the result.

CHAPTER VI.

MY AMUSEMENTS.

I AM very fond of reading the papers, particularly the finance columns.

CHAPTER VII.

MY ENEMIES.

I HAVE, of course, had my enemies, as every successful and determined man must. But where are they now? I, however, am here, and worth sixty millions sterling.

Chief among them was President ROOSEVELT; and what is he to-day? A figure *pour rire*, at the end of his term of office; a hunter of bears; the nation's "TEDDY." No one ever called me "TEDDY," or even "JACK."

CHAPTER VIII.

MY AMBITION.

I COULD, if I liked, buy England; but I don't want it. All I want is a cosy little house and a nice uncomfortable pew in the Baptist chapel, and the knowledge that no one can light a paraffin lamp without putting something into my pocket. And of course I want also some substantial royalties on this book.

OVERTURES.

DEAR MAM,—Mrs — told liza and liza told mother you wants a young ladey as cook generel i was 9 months with mrs. — in — street were i did a lot o cookin cos they keeps dinin rooms and 3 days with mrs. — in — road but i left there all of a eap cos er usband cum ome the wurst for drink and was a bit familer so i uped an went. liza tells mother youll soot me very well an i wants to get in a good ouse with a good famly im very fond of childern cos father died las yere an mother married mister B an shes got 2 new childern an i looks arter them wen im ome as for cookin an doin ouse wurk mother ses i cant be beet so i should like to cum to yore ouse an if i dont like it well i can leave please let me no wen im to cum.

yours turley

Extract from the Diary of a Nobody.

"This was agreed nem con Mr. Clements voting against."—Middlesex Independent.

"The rescued passengers all journeyed to their destinations by train. Many travelled in their garments."—Western Mail.

What absurdly old-fashioned people there are about still.

OUR ADAPTABLE GOVERNMENT.

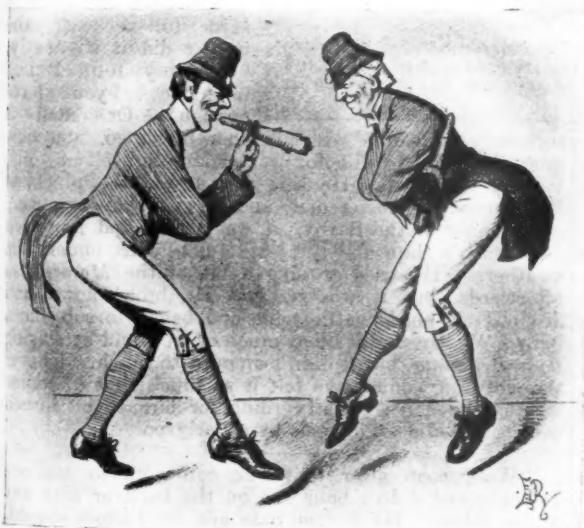
(Mr. Winston Churchill's success at the Welsh Eisteddfod will probably bear fruit, and other members of the Ministry will be induced to emulate it by attending similar national gatherings.)



Winnie ap Churchyll. "Oh! inteet, Mrs. ap Haldane, you are just lofely whateffer, so I tell you! Lloyd-George will pe just delight-ed, and all the peoples at the Eisteddfod, inteet so they will!"



"Inteet they may make you Arch-Dru-id whateffer!"



Misther McKinna and the Proime Minister would mhake a great sination at an Irish "Feis." Their performance of the Jig wud be absolutely masterly!



Mr. Lulu McHarcourt and Sir Sammlle McEvans would simply sweep the "Northern Meeting" off its legs with Gaelic enthusiasm.

DISCURSIONS.

JOE BULLER'S GHOST.

"Yes," said the pale young Stockjobber, "it's a funny thing about JOE BULLER. Not know him? Why, you must have seen him any day these last ten years going up by the nine o'clock, and coming back by the 5.30. A great big chap with a red face and a heavy moustache; a scar on his right cheek. Used to wear heavy overcoats in winter with huge saucer buttons, and always had his top-hat on one side. When he met a chap he knew, he always gave him a bang on the back and called out, 'What price that?' That's how he got his name, 'WHAT PRICE JOE.' Ah, I thought you'd have heard of him even if you hadn't seen him.

"Well, it's a funny thing about him. He's doing a rest cure or something, because he's got in a way of being haunted by a ghost. Fancy JOE seeing a ghost! What made it pick old 'WHAT PRICE' is what I can't make out—a good shot and not a bad man after hounds either—he used to go with the stag when he was a bit lighter—and a thumping voice for a song. It wasn't as if he'd been a bad lot either. I daresay he didn't go to church too much, you know, but he was jolly free with his money. He's got a yacht lying at South-ampton now, but he hasn't been aboard of her this season. Too much of the ghost business for that.

"JOE was the chap who knocked my hat off on Mafeking night. I was singing and shouting with the rest when I saw a big fellow with a false nose and a coster-girl's hat on his head come rolling across the street at me. He'd got a tin trumpet to his mouth and he was making it hum all it was worth, I tell you. I tried to get out of his way, but he wouldn't have it. He roared out, 'What price that?' and away went my hat. I knew who it was then. He knocked off thirty-five hats that night and thirty-two on Ladysmith night. He was the most patriotic chap I ever knew. He founded the Imperial All Red League. They used to meet once a month and had a gold badge with a lion on it. It was dinners mostly, not ordinary meetings, dinners with any amount of buzz—wine and red-hot patriotic songs. JOE used to sing, *Give the Foreign Beggars Beans*. It was one of his best songs.

"JOE always said he couldn't stand poetry and slop of that sort, but he was dead nuts on KIPLING. He'd got an *édition-de-luxe* of KIPLING in his library and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the back volumes of *Ruff's Guide* and *The Sportsman* for the last fifteen years. You couldn't beat him about a poem of KIPLING's or a horse's handicap. He knew 'em all, and sometimes he used to recite 'em—no, not the weights—KIPLING's poems,

I mean, bits about the Law and the Blood, and one topper about a banjo that fairly made your hair curl. It used to go right through me, and made everybody sit up no end when JOE spouted it.

"JOE was the very devil in the House. The Kaffir market was his lay, and when the boom was on he roared and bellowed so that you couldn't hear anybody else—and, mind you, they were all pretty good at making a row, but JOE beat the lot. That's where he made his pile. Later on, of course, he dropped a bit, but nothing to matter. He could always keep going by pinning slips of paper on old gentlemen's coat-tails and setting them alight, or dancing round some fellow who'd got engaged to be married, and singing, *Listen to the Voice of Love* with half-a-dozen other mad chaps. It was enough to make a cat laugh.

"I think the beginning of the whole thing was about six months ago, when JOE found a Frenchman bigger and stronger than himself. This Frenchman's name was JOOLS something or other, but JOE always called him Mossou or ALPHONSE, with ALF for short sometimes. He was over here learning the language, and he wasn't a bad chap for a foreigner. JOE used to have no end of larks with him, joking about frogs and snails and that sort of thing, till one day they got to matching one another at wrestling, and before you could say 'Knife' JOOLS had put JOE on his back twice.

"It gave me quite a turn to see it, the beggar did it so neatly. 'Aha, my JOHN BULL,' he said, 'you have enough? Or shall I

reverse you again?' I remember his lingo, and how queer it sounded while JOE was picking himself up. JOE took it very well. He said JOOLS was the pluckiest Frenchman he'd ever met, and he gave him a rousing good dinner at the Savoy. I was there; and I noticed JOE wasn't himself—sort of quiet and under the weather. He tried to sing a bit of the *Marseillaise* afterwards, but it was no go. He broke down and dropped his head on the table and began to sob like a baby. We covered it up as much as we could by singing *Rule Britannia*, but it didn't amount to much. I never thought JOE would have felt it so much, but of course it must have been pretty riling for him to be turned over before a lot of his pals by a Parlyvoo.

"Well, soon after that JOE came up to me one morning and didn't bang me on the back or play any of his jokes. He looked pale and he hadn't shaved. First he talked about the weather, and then at last it all came out. He told me he hadn't slept the last four nights on account of seeing a ghost—no, not the GERMAN EMPEROR or anything of that sort, but a little thin old woman with long grey hair and a white dress.



Lady Amateur Artist (to eminent Royal Academician, whom she has discovered sketching). "I SAY, I SHOULDN'T PAINT THAT SUBJECT IF I WERE YOU. I DID ONE OF IT LAST YEAR, AND HAD IT CHUCKED AT THE 'R. A.'"

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Lady Clerk. "YES, THEY ACTUALLY COMPLAINED IN THE OFFICE TO-DAY BECAUSE WE WERE TALKING TOO MUCH. THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT IF WE WERE MEN!"

He said she'd been coming regularly at two o'clock in the morning. Last night he'd tried not going to bed, but she came just the same to his smoking-room. He said he knew she was a ghost because he could see things through her. She hadn't spoken yet, he said, but if she did he thought it would finish him. After a week or two more he chucked going up to London, and then he had to have the doctors in. They tell me he's a bit better now. P'raps the old woman's taking a holiday. Anyhow it's a deuced queer thing for a chap like JOE to get haunted. Ah, well, here we are at Paddington. So long."

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

WHEN the Spring is diffusing her sprightly
New spirit on all that's alive;
When the song of the sparrow turns lightly
To love—about five;

When the charms these emotions induce urge
The young man of parts to resume
Like a robe, with his flannels and blue serge,
Love's annual bloom;

Then, beginning in May as a rule, I
Myself would awake to the call,
And in June, or at latest in July,
Love held me in thrall.

Ah, those halcyon summers! How fleetly
The year galloped on to its prime!
What a handful is Love! How completely
It filled up one's time!

Not a year but I poured my devotion,
Like wine, on the fair and the young,
From a heart that with lively emotion
Was full to the bung.
And though, doomed as they were to disaster,
My spirits were apt to rebel,
They recovered, if anything, faster
Than ever they fell;
And the time would go on till again Spring
Rose up and—I never knew how,
But it started me off like a mainspring;
It never does now!
For—alas, for the sombre confession—
Where, where is the magic of yore?
It has failed for three years in succession,
And this'll make four.
'Tis in vain that I meditate numbly
On where the hiatus can be;
If the ladies are growing uncomely,
Or if it's in me.
Can the taste have diminished, the nutty
Old feelings be lost to a heart
That was dought to receive, putting putty
Entirely apart?
'Tis a dark and insoluble mystery;
It throws my whole year out of joint;
It's opposed to the teachings of history
(Though that's not the point).
And my days are perceptibly duller;
My being grows vapid and slack;
And I'm rapidly getting off colour,
And losing the knack,
DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE *ménage à trois* "up to" Meavy Cot (I think I have that right) consisted of David Bowden, his sister Rhoda (a cold and beautiful misogynist), and his wife Margaret. David was one of those solid, stolid people who are always trying to get on, and as his sister was the one better able to help him on his farm it was his wife who got out of it rather. The fourth principal was Bartley Crocker, a brighter lighter-minded man than David; and of course you guess that he and Margaret . . . But there you are wrong; Bartley was in love with Rhoda. Margaret (the dear) did her best to help him—partly because she could not resist a romance, partly because the home would have been happier with Rhoda away. But Rhoda would have none of any man. Worse—after refusing Bartley twice she began to suspect (just as you did) that there was something between him and Margaret; not knowing that the conversation at their many meetings was entirely about herself. In the end she denounces her sister-in-law, and Margaret, fearing that David will not believe in her innocence, grows herself. Rhoda, learning that she is missing, suggests to her brother (who has just found the body) that she has run away with Bartley; and then at last David turns upon her and calls her some of the things which I had been longing to call her all through the book. *The Virgin in Judgment* (CASSELL) is Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS at his very best. He has told a fine story, and has not overweighted it with descriptions of Dartmoor scenery. In the earlier chapters there is a great account of the prize-fight between Bartley and David. I wanted Bartley to win, but I knew he wouldn't; so that even in this Mr. PHILLPOTTS did not disappoint me.

EILEEN FITZGERALD, if I may guess,
Is very earnest, and rather young,
And she has heard of the emptiness
Of life on the topmost rung;
And so, with many an unshed tear,
And many a stifled sigh,
She has stripped it bare of its gay veneer
In *The Heart of a Butterfly*.
The "Butterfly"—one of the Upper Ten—
Behaves as no well-bred insect ought;
She tramples about on the hearts of men
Like a regular Juggernaut;
And though her troublesome sister Kate
Remarks "Oh, fie!" of course
She plunges headlong on to her fate—
A harvest of dull remorse.

Yet the book—from HUTCHINSON—leaves me blank

(For all the author has done her best)
Of a sense of the atmosphere which rank
And fashion and cash suggest;
And I can't suppress an unmannerly doubt
That the swells who through it flit
Are simply suburban folk decked out
In clothes that are not their fit.

One of the characters in *Patsy* (FISHER UNWIN) declares that the Irish gossoon to whom the book owes its name is a compound of MACHIAVELLI, BISMARCK, PUCK and one of SHAKESPEARE'S fools, all compressed into a page-boy in buttons. This is pretty well for a beginning. But anyone who possesses as extensive a knowledge of men and of books as Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, *Patsy's* creator, could easily add several more names to the list, including *Handy Andy*, *Oliver Twist* (in the burglary episode at Mrs. Maylie's), *Flurry Knox*, the

page-boy in the play of *Sherlock Holmes*, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Patsy* is always putting his finger into other people's pies. If they are nice people he gives them the plums. If they are not he gives them beans. Artistically he is a composite photograph rather than a portrait painted from life. I see that some of the critics find in this dish of Irish stew an aldermanic feast of humour. I envy them their palate and their digestion. Practical



SCULPTOR, MODELLING A WAVE FROM LIFE, FOR A WELL-KNOWN LADIES' HAIRDRESSER.

jokes, such, for instance, as sticking corks into old ladies' ear-trumpets, are funny, of course; otherwise they would not be called jokes. But they are funnier, as a rule, to play or see played than to read about, unless one has had a particularly good night. So for my part I find the love-story in which *Patsy* officiates as providence more to my taste than his *Handy Andy* pranks.

I don't think any outsider could possibly hope to keep track of all the ramifications of gossip and scandal in an English village, so I take no blame to myself that at times I was a little bit bewildered by the maze of petty schemes which are afoot in the piece of Thames valley charmingly drawn in *The Easy-Go-Luckies* (METHUEN). Nor do I blame Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON either, for I take it that, though she herself keeps a marvellously clear head throughout, a sense of mild bewilderment in the side issues is exactly what she aims at producing. The main idea—*Hazel Luck's* love affairs—is clear enough, and *Hazel* is a dear. She and her family are as large as life, and the many local intriguers are as small. The tale is, in fact, a chronicle of small beer, but Mrs. RAWSON pours out the liquor with so much laughter that it seems to have more body and head than many drinks which are ostensibly more exhilarating.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT are Optionettes?" asks a Correspondent. We are not quite sure, but we believe that the term signifies a Suffragette who has been offered the option of a fine.

Tight-fitting gowns are to be the winter fashion for ladies, and purse-snatchers are delighted at the prospect of not having to run so hard.

"There is no more real enjoyment," says *The Motor World*, "to be got out of motoring when going at twenty miles an hour than when going at double the speed." But considerably less jolting from those wretched corpses, we should say.

"The Public is my only master, and the Public is a good fellow," writes Mr. HALL CAINE in *The Daily Chronicle*. This, which reads like an expression of opinion as to the Licensing Bill, turns out, after all, to refer to the audiences at the Lyceum.

The Daily Mail states that several young children have been poisoned by sucking brown boots polished with a liquid rich in aniline oil. It still remains for our inventors to discover a satisfactory substitute for the old-fashioned and discredited "comforter" for infants.

Following on the news that a pilot-boat was saved from being wrecked in the recent heavy weather by the use of oil, there is, we hear, a movement among the little boys of Great Britain in favour of presenting all their castor oil to poor fishermen who cannot afford the luxury.

The fact that five Paris daily papers are at present publishing serial stories translated from the English reminds us of a capital error which appeared in some such translation a short time ago. The English author had written: "He-he-he!" laughed Jones." The French paper rendered this as: "'Lui-lui-lui!" ria Jones."

And the following gem was let drop

in a French hotel the other day. British tourist to chambermaid: "Donnez-moi de l'eau chaud, s'il vous plait—de très l'eau chaud."

From Simla comes the news that Dr. SVEN HEDIN has lost nearly all his clothes by fire. He is said to have received a congratulatory telegram from Miss MAUD ALLAN.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—Yes, we believe it to be a fact that Terpsichore was called Terps by her intimates.



Aubrey (after a searching gaze from Bruce). "Now, OLD CHAP, CANDIDLY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE TIE?"
Bruce. "WELL, DEAR BOY, I SHOULD HAVE SUGGESTED SOMETHING LESS ALLURING. IT HARDLY GIVES YOUR FACE A CHANCE!"

"He (Mr. Wilbur Wright) heard a cracking sound somewhere in his machine, and he thought he had beaten Mr. Farman's record."

The Standard.

In that case surely the cracking sound ought to have come from Mr. FARMAN'S machine.

Pre-natal Influences.

"The Headmaster will be at home after Sept. 15th to interview prospective parents."
Advt. in The Southport Visitor (sic).

Journalistic Candour.

"GOOD NEWS FOR OUR READERS.
With this number we finish the sixteenth volume of *The Young Woman*. For sixteen years," etc.—*The Young Woman*.

The White Slave Trade.

"Parcel containing 2 black coats, medium lady, overcoat, 2 overalls, boy 6, sundries, all good, 10s."—*Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.*

At the Congress of Comparative Religion, Oxford (Sept. 14-19):

First Member of Audience. Is the reader of the paper what you would call a religious man?

Second do. Well, he's what I should call a comparatively religious man.

"ALSACE - LORRAINE." — No; the KAISER did not after all cross the French frontier in a motor-car but only in a small dirigible *ballon d'essai*; and there is no truth in the report that a letter was addressed by him to MULEY HAFID, dated "Département de Vosges; Headquarters of the Army of Occupation." We can well understand the effect that such a missive would have had upon the impressionable mind of the Oriental potentate.

"Saturday was the thirty-first anniversary of the death of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, who left seventeen windows and sixty-two children."

Galway Observer.

One window to every three or four children seems rather a stuffy allowance.

A Bad Start.

"ST. VINCENT LAUNCHED.

Thrilling Rescues at Sea."

"Daily News" Poster.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.—Forthcoming Handbook: *How I can get an Old Age Pension*. In six volumes. Half - morocco, 143 woodcuts, 31s. 6d. net.

"ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Meeting at Norwich.

Scheme to check wreckless driving."

Belfast News-Letter.

We had no idea that cases of "wreckless driving" were at all common.

A Cruel Exposure.

"About 3 A.M. a fire broke out in the back part of the premises of Messrs. —, sausage and potted meat makers. Several horses were rescued."—*The Star.*

Commercial Candour.

"Wanted, a milk business, in York, with cows or without; without preferred."

Yorkshire Herald.

HOW PERCY PROPOSED.

LITTLE as I expected to see any more of PERCY, he flew in again the very next day while I was at lunch. I guessed at once from the flurried indecision with which he circled about my table, that something of an unpleasant nature must have happened to him.

"Don't mind *me*, dear boy," he said; "I'm a bit upset. Tell you all about it presently, when I've calmed down."

I waited until he became sufficiently collected on the breast of a cold chicken to redeem his promise.

"First thing this morning," he began, "those old vinegar-bottles of mine" (which, I regret to say, was PERCY's disrespectful term for the austere but estimable Bee-spinsters who attended on him) "routed me out before I was half awake, and as soon as I'd done breakfast, began givin' me no end of a wash and brush up. Said I'd got to be made as presentable as possible, because I was to start off for a neighbourin' State that very mornin' to propose to one of the young Princesses! 'Won't it do some *other* mornin'?' I said, for I was feelin' rather slack. 'No, it *won't*, so *there!*' snaps EMILY. 'Sooner you're married and done for the better,' puts in MARTHA. 'But why are you all so jolly keen on my marryin'?' I asked 'em. 'For the good of the State, of course,' says EMILY. 'If you and your brother Drones don't marry, how do you suppose the population of this hive is goin' to be kept up?' Plain-spoken party, EMILY. 'I *sec*,' said I. 'Then, when I marry my Princess, I bring her home here, and we set up house together. What?' 'Nothing of the sort,' says EMILY. 'As if any foreign Princess would be admitted *here!* She'd be stabbed to death. After the ceremony, she goes back to her own people, naturally.' 'But, my dear *girl*,' I said, 'if that's so, p'raps you'll kindly explain how, supposin' there *should* happen to be any little hostages to fortune, they're going to increase the birth-rate in *this* particular hive?'"

"And what did EMILY say to *that*?" I asked with some curiosity; for, oddly enough, this very difficulty had occurred to me in reading Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' explanation of the Worker-bees' motives for tolerating Drones.

"Oh, only somethin' about its being like my impudence to question the wisdom of laws that had been settled ages before I was born or thought of," said PERCY. "Catch *them* admittin' themselves in the wrong! But, when you leave these things to be managed by a pack of old maids, they're bound to make *some* silly mistake. Well, they bundled me out through the gates on to the terrace, and there I found GUS, and REGGIE, and BERTIE, and a few more of my pals, all of 'em groomed up to the nines, and no more inclined to go courtin' foreign Princesses than I was. Still, as all our old sour-faces seemed to make such a point of it, we agreed it was best to humour 'em. In fact, we jolly well couldn't help ourselves, for they'd given us a shove-off before we knew where we were.

"We got to the neighbourin' Bee-state right enough, and introduced ourselves and that, and then we were presented to the Princesses. A regular bevy they were! And I don't mind tellin' you it was a revelation to *me*. You see, brought up as I've been, I'd never seen what I call a really decent-looking bee—except of course my Lady-Mother, who's a fine figure of a bee still, but gettin' *on*, you know. I'd expected they'd be something like old LOUISA. And I found they were simply rippers! But there was one in particular that bowled

me over at first sight. The Princess SACCHARISSA, *her* name was, and the minute I saw her I felt myself goin' at every one of my knees. And without wishin' to seem conceited, old fellow," said PERCY, stroking what I imagine he regarded as his moustache, "I could tell by her eyes that she'd *noticed* me, don't you know. Perhaps you mayn't have heard how these weddin' ceremonies are managed? It's like this . . ."

PERCY's description of these State functions did not differ materially from that given by Mr. EDWARDES. That is, there is a kind of aerial Atalanta race, in which the suitor swift enough to overtake the flying Princess is officially recognised as her Prince Consort.

"REGGIE, and BERTIE, and GUS, and several fellows I didn't know," he proceeded, "all decided, like me, to go in for SACCHARISSA; and, as soon as she'd had a fair start, the word was given and off we all went. She *was* a flier, and no mistake! High up in the air, and out of sight in no time! The pace was too hot for most of the crowd; they tailed off one after another, till there was no one really in the flyin' but GUS, and REGGIE, and BERTIE, and me. I didn't feel much afraid of any of 'em. I knew I was goin' fairly strong, and presently REGGIE sprained his under-wing, and GUS tripped up over a floating cobweb and had to retire, and there was only old BERTIE poundin' on alongside, and I could see *he* was gettin' blown. And at last he had to give up and go home, after wishin' me luck, like the sportsman he is.

"I was gainin' on SACCHARISSA with every wing-drive, and she knew it, too. But she meant givin' me all the trouble she could before she gave in—downright little coquette, she was! I didn't worry; somehow I knew it was goin' to be all *right*. So it *would* have been, if she hadn't dodged just at the moment when I thought I was going to catch her up. *That* wouldn't have signified, only she was looking back over her shoulder at me, and didn't see where she was goin', I suppose. Anyhow, she dodged right into the open bill of a great beast of a bird. . . . And that was the end of *her!*"

Condoling with a bereaved lover who has just lost his intended bride in the inside of a bird is necessarily a delicate business; but I said all that *could* be said.

"Yes," said PERCY, "it was pretty sickenin'. What? Though, come to think of it, it might have been *worse*. It might have been *me!*"

I was a little disappointed in him, though I admitted that of course there *was* that way of looking at the matter.

"You see," he continued, "knowin' all I do now has set me thinkin'. Chances are, if I *had* married her, she'd have been a merry widow by this time! Because, it's rather a rum thing, but there were several of these State weddin's this mornin', and from all I make out, not a blessed bridegroom has got home alive! If *that's* matrimony, old EMILY and MARTHA might have given me the tip beforehand! I assure you, old fellow, it's quite shaken my nerve. Most awful narrow escape I've had!"

I recollected that in *The Lore of the Honey-Bee* the inevitable death of the accepted suitor appeared to be the one cloud upon the complete felicity of the honeymoon.

"You'll find some honey on the table, PERCY," I said. "Try a drop of that."

He clambered on to the edge of the neat wooden case, and inspected its contents with the eye of an expert.

"If they've told you that's honey," he said, "they've taken you in, dear old chap. It's Aphis syrup—if it



THE UNIVERSAL CONGRATULATOR.

(TRY OUR FIRM. ALL VICTORIES PROMPTLY ACKNOWLEDGED.)

MULEY HAFID. "DEAR ME! HAVEN'T I HEARD OF A TELEGRAM SOMETHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, AND COMING FROM THE SAME QUARTER?"

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HARD TO PLEASE.

Boy. "DON'T SIT THERE, SIR. THAT SEAT'S BROKE."

Testy Old Gentleman. "HUMPH! IN MY YOUNG DAYS BOYS HAD A SENSE OF HUMOUR!"

ain't some beastly fake. Not that if it was the genuine article it would be any use to *me*. The old girls took good care not to teach me how to feed myself—afraid I should be gettin' too independent of 'em! I expect they'll be a bit surprised to see me turnin' up again. But they can't say it's *my* fault. I did *my* best. And in common decency they ought to give me time to get over this affair before they start me off courtin' any more Princesses. What?"

"But when they do, PERCY," I asked, "what then?" He made a movement with one of his eye-facets that seemed to be intended as a wink.

"Well," he said, "if I ever *do* go after a Princess again, I shouldn't wonder if some other fellow got ahead of me. But I shall put in most of the time with you, old boy, if you don't mind havin' me."

I assured him he would always find a welcome.

"Thanks," he said. "Fact is, I'm rather off matrimony. Too much responsibility and risk and that. And now I must be gettin' back to my old acidulated drops. They won't find it so jolly easy as they fancy to get *me* married and settled!"

Perhaps PERCY was a little deficient in feeling, but, after all, there was some excuse for him. I wondered whether he would contrive to remain much longer in a state of celibacy. And I had my doubts. F. A.

A Chance for the Little Ones.

"WANTED, Jam Finishers. — Apply at once."—*Evening News*.

A CONFESSION.

OFt have I felt the pangs of Cupid's dart

When GWEN's sweet accents thrilled me to the core,
Or when with AILEEN I have lingered o'er
Some fond fare-well until a rather tart
Reminder from her mother scared my heart.

What vows of constancy to DOT I swore!

And yet in those dear memories of yore

ELSA, thou hast a place, distinct, apart.

Was it, you ask, a case of "loved and lost"?

Did she, so delicately gowned and gloved,
Spurn my rough hand and curtly bid me go?

Is that the explanation? Heavens! no;

'Tis this: of all my flames thou, ELSA, wast

The only girl I *never* really loved!

Food for Babies.

"The next children's night there (Kennington Theatre) will be on Monday, when the famous Drury Lane drama, *The Sins of Society*, will be produced."—*Evening News*.

The naturalist of *The Westminster Gazette* notes, among "Baffling Phenomena," "the case of the regeneration of the lens of the eye of the tadpole of the salamander." But there was something very nearly as "baffling" about the recent case of the revival of the hair of the tail of the dog of the nurse of the child of the Wild Man of Borneo.

THROUGH A DRAMA FACTORY.

"I WILL show you over our works with pleasure," said the Manager of the Melodrama Trading and Manufacturing Co., Ltd. "We are exceptionally busy just now, as the hurricane success of *Pete* at the Lyceum has brought us in a number of rush orders for *réchauffés*. In particular, our staff are working overtime on a new version of *The Rubber King*."

"*The Rubber King*?" I queried.

"Formerly known as *The Silver King*, but it has, of course, to be brought out under a new title. If our men keep up to schedule time"—the Manager fingered a time-sheet thoughtfully—"same will be finished inside of four days. Would you care to hear how we put a rush job through?"

"Certainly."

"The scenario is planned out by myself in consultation with our chief carpenter, chief electrician and property manager. Then the scenes are divided up, each being marked with the proper job number to prevent any mistake in the assembling room, and given out to the head of our composing department for distribution amongst his staff. If you will step this way you will see the department at work."

A deafening click and whirr of typewriters swept in through the opened door. Rows of shirt-sleeved young men were tap-tapping feverishly on their machines, deep in the throes of composing dialogue to suit the brief directions handed out to them. I read over the shoulders of one: "*Heroine implores husband to quit drinking. He curses. Pile it on thick.*" Small boys were scurrying about collecting sheets of typewritten matter and handing them through a wire grating to other young men wielding formidable blue pencils and paste-brushes.

"These," said the Manager, pointing to the young men behind the grating, "are the retouchers. The gentleman on the right is our topical specialist. His business is to see that all questions of the moment receive due mention in the play. You will remember that in the first scene of *The Rubber King* the hero is discovered in a drinking and gambling den. This gives an opportunity for some observations on the Licensing Bill. Hand me section R.K. 1A, Mr. TOMPKINSON. Yes, here we are. The hero raises his glass of beer and cries, '*A toast, gentlemen! Here's prosperity to us all, and hands off the People's beer!*' That will go

down well. Again, in the third scene leading up to the great motor-car accident . . ."

"I don't remember a motor-car accident in the play," I put in.

"That's right. In the original the hero escapes after the murder in a railway train which is smashed up in a collision. But of course we have brought all that up to date. In the great motor-car scene—a magnificent spectacle this will be—we get some observations on the speed limit. Mr. TOMPKINSON, section R.K. 3c, please. Ah, this is it:—

One of the Villains. Drive like the wind, chauffeur! We must be at Liverpool ere the dawn!

Chauffeur. What about the speed limit, sir?

Villain. Curses on the speed limit! It is made for babes and sucklings. For us there is no speed limit. Death to whomsoever crosses our path to-night!

"How they will hiss that! Then the gentleman on his left is our sentiment specialist. It is his business to see that the sentimental speeches are put in with a broad brush. In the scene where the deserted wife is turned out into the snow with the twins in her arms. . ."

"Twins?" I asked.

"Yes. Clearly it is up to me to go one better than the popular baby in *Pete*, so I have made it twins. Bright idea that, isn't it? Hand me section R.K. 5B, Mr. MUGGRIDGE. . . Here we are:—

Heroine. Monster, would you turn my children out to die in yonder snow? Is this the justice of England, the land of the free?

Bailiff. It is the law.

Heroine. Then so much the worse for the law! If it is the law to oppress a weak woman and murder her innocent babes, then I say again, so much worse for the law!!"

"Is that quite logical?" I hazarded.

"It doesn't really matter," replied the Manager carelessly. "The People like it, and that's all we have to look to. The great heart of the People is the only standard of criticism, whatever the bitter-hearted blatherskites who write rubbish in the papers may say. . . But perhaps you would like to pass on to some of our other departments—the assembling room, where the different parts of the play are joined up in proper order (highly important, this, as mistakes have occurred); or the timing room, where we rehearse the play with gramophone dummies and

prepare time-sheets for the actors; or the stock-room, where we house our raw material."

"I should like to see over the last," I replied.

It proved to be a large room stocked with highly-varnished filing cabinets prominently marked with the headings of their contents. "Law" occupied one entire wall of the room, and was subdivided into "Unwritten," "Divorce," "Marriage—Foreign," "Breach of Promise," "Murder," "Wills," and many others. A cabinet marked "Epigrams" caught my eye, and I asked to be allowed to look into its contents. Receiving permission, I read out at random some of the typewritten slips it contained:—

"The man that raises his hand against a woman is unworthy of the name of man."

London is a wicked city.

What is home without a baby?

When I die your name will be found engraven on my heart.

Yours until death do us part.

On my head let the punishment fall.

My life shall be consecrated to atonement.

Love is a wonderful thing."

"We keep a man entirely on the job of composing these," said the Manager complacently.

I looked at the cabinet-heading again. "Are they in the right cabinet?" I asked somewhat diffidently.

"Why, yes! What else would you call them?"

I passed on hastily to another topic. "Is your business confined to melodrama?"

"We do pantos as a side line," replied the Manager, "but prices are being cut too fine nowadays to show much profit. Our poetry department is mainly responsible for the panto wording, and in the slack season we turn them on to Christmas crackers. Then we are starting an election speech department—it will be in good running order soon."

"Any particular political side?" I asked.

The Manager seemed amused. "The side that's most popular is the side that represents the People's will, and that's *our* side, you bet, all the time."

"MR. KEIR HARDIE'S MISHAP.
BOY RUN OVER BY HIS MOTOR-CAR."
Daily Mail.

Silly prejudice might have made out that it was the boy who had the mishap.

THE LIFE SPHERICAL.

It was a beautiful September day, and we floated softly over green Surrey.

"And this is England!" said my friend. "I am indeed glad to be here at last, and to come in such a way."

"You could not," I said, "have chosen a more novel or entertaining means of seeing the country for the first time."

We leaned over the edge of the basket and looked down. The earth was spread out like a map: we could see the shape of every meadow, penetrate every chimney.

"How beautiful," said my friend. "How orderly and precise. No wonder you conquered the world, you English. How unresting you must be! But what," he went on, "is the employment of those men there, on that great space? Are they practising warfare? See how they walk in couples, followed by small boys. One stops. The boy gives him a weapon. He seems to be addressing himself to the performance of a delicate rite. See how he waves his hands. He has struck something. See how they all move on together; what purpose in their stride! It is the same all over the place—men in pairs, pursuing or striking, and boys following. Tell me what they are doing. Are they tacticians?"

"No," I said, "they are merely playing golf. That plain is called a golf links. There are hundreds like that in England. It is a game, a recreation. These men are resting, recreating. You cannot see it because it is so small, but there is a little white ball which they hit."

"The pursuit has no other purpose?" asked my friend. "It teaches nothing? It does not lead to military skill?"

"No," I said.

He was silent for a while and then he pointed again. "See," he said, "that field with the white figures. I have noticed so many. What are they doing? One man runs to a spot and waves his arm; another, some distance away, waves a club at something. Then he runs and another runs. They cross. They cross again. Some of the other figures run too. What does that mean? That surely is practice for warfare?"

"No," I said, "that is cricket. Cricket is also a game. There are thousands of fields like that all over England. They are merely playing for amusement. The man who waved his arm bowled a ball; the



AGRICULTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Fisherman. "WHAT ON EARTH DO THEY DO WITH THESE LITTLE PATCHES OF CORN THEY GROW UP HERE?"

Gillie. "WEEL, I'M THENKIN' THEY JUST GROW IT FOR SEED THE NEXT YEAR."

man who waved his club hit it. You cannot see the ball, but it is there."

He was silent again. A little later he drew my attention to another field. "What is that?" he said. "There are men and girls with clubs all running among each other. Surely that is war. See how they smite! What Amazons! No wonder England leads the way!"

"No," I said, "that is hockey. Another game."

"And is there a ball there too?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "a ball."

"But see the garden of that house," he remarked; "that is not hockey. There are only four, but two are women. They also leap about and run and wave their arms. Is there a ball there?"

"Yes," I said, "there is a ball there. That is lawn tennis."

"But the white lines," he said. "Is not that, perhaps, out-door mathematics? That surely may help to serious things?"

"No," I said; "another game. There are millions of such gardens in England with similar lines."

"Yes," he said, for we were now over Surbiton, "I see them at this moment by the score."

We passed on to London. It was at that time of September when football and cricket overlap, and there was not only a crowded cricket match at the Oval but an even more crowded football match at Blackheath. I foresaw trouble.

My friend caught sight of the Oval first. "Ah," he said, "you deceived me. For here is your cricket again, played amid a vast concourse. How can you call it a game? These crowds would not come to see a game

played, but would play one themselves. It must be more than you said; it must be a form of tactics that can help to retain England's supremacy, and these men are here to learn."

"No," I said, "no. It is just a game. In England we not only like to play games but to see them played."

It was then that he noticed Blackheath. "Ah, now I have you!" he cried. "Here is another field and another crowd; but this is surely a battle. See how they dash at each other. And yes, look, one of them has had his head cut off and the others kick it. Splendid!"

"No," I said, "that is no head, that is a ball. Just a ball. It is a game, like the others."

He groaned. "Then I cannot see," he said at last, "how England won her victories and became supreme."

"Ah," said I, "at the time that England was winning her victories and climbing into supremacy few or no games were played. The ball had not then conquered us."

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

III.—SETH LATIMER'S WIFE.

PONKER tells me that quite a lot of people in the Grey Underworld—nice, intellectual-looking people—spend hours and hours sitting about in public gardens doing nothing (I think they are composing answers to acrostics; but that by the way), and it occurred to him that if he could get some of them to tell their life histories it might help them to pass the leaden hours, and would, incidentally, greatly benefit his book.

So he took to haunting disused burial-grounds and other pleasaunces, but found that most of the people there preferred to pass the leaden hours in silent meditation, with occasional intervals for light refreshment; and he was getting very much discouraged when SETH LATIMER filled him with hopes of "copy."

PONKER came across SETH in the garden belonging to a dingy square. This garden, he tells me, is governed by a prison warder administering a code of 149 by-laws. (Well, perhaps not a prison warder really; but a bad-tempered person with postman's trousers.) It is hemmed in by vicious-looking spears, and contains a fountain basin—too shallow to serve the turn of the dejected people whom it fills with thoughts of suicide—and a statue of an alderman by some anonymous miscreant.

Into this elysium stepped SETH LATIMER one afternoon as the clock over the mausoleum on the north side of the square (a church, I suspect, though PONKER thinks not) struck the hour of one. He came out of a house in the square, carrying a black hand-bag, and he walked with an air of angry determination to a seat beside the fountain basin, opened the bag, and ate about a pound of ham sandwiches. Then he went back to the house again.

PONKER was only mildly interested at first. He thought it a pity that class feeling should be strong enough, even in such a dingy square, to prevent people from inviting the piano-tuner to share their midday meal with them—especially as SETH, who was a refined-looking old fellow, seemed to take it to heart so much.

But when SETH LATIMER (of course the name was merely coined for him by PONKER)—when SETH LATIMER (PONKER says the name fitted him to a T) repeated the same performance at one next day, it became evident that he *lived* in the square, and was not a piano-tuner at all. Of course, thought PONKER, it *might* be some new kind of open-air cure; but the chances were against it, because fads are generally confined to the idle rich.

It was not until a little later, when PONKER was contemplating the gold-fish in the basin, that the explanation of it flashed across his mind, and he saw that SETH LATIMER was the hero of a delightfully sordid little domestic drama.

His shiny frock-coat was sufficient evidence that life had not gone too well with him, and things had, perhaps, been at their very worst when his wife came unexpectedly into a little money. Being a woman of coarse fibre she had taunted him from that time forth with his dependence upon herself, till at last his proud, sensitive nature was goaded beyond endurance, and he cried out in his bitterness of spirit: "Woman, never more will I take bite or sup beneath your roof."

PONKER was so pleased with his discovery that he began prodding at the gold-fish, in an absent-minded way, with the point of his umbrella; and the prison warder came and told him that he had made himself liable, under By-law 119, to forty shillings or a month. (I'm not quite sure, but I rather think there was even some hint of corporal punishment.)

But PONKER was not going to be put off the trail of "copy" by a man in postman's trousers; and on

the third day he found himself sitting side by side with SETH LATIMER, on a seat upon which they were both forbidden to carve their names under a penalty of £5. (This, however, was no hardship, as PONKER designed to send his name and SETH's down to posterity in a far more enduring fashion. The whole world should weep over that attenuated figure with the pathetic black bag.)

SETH opened his bag wearily, ate a mouthful of sandwich, and then—and then such a look of dumb agony came over his face that PONKER's heart ached for him. Suddenly it must have been borne in upon SETH that, though he might eat in the garden, his food was none the less of his wife's providing. (Why hadn't he thought of this before? I don't know; one can't think of everything, I suppose.)

He could not eat it. It choked him. With deft aim he flung the ham sandwiches of dependence in among the gold-fish, infringing I know not how many by-laws.

Then his eye met PONKER's.

"Young man," he said, "if ever you marry, you put your foot down, and don't you allow any spring-cleaning. There's my house, now, so poisoned with the smell of varnish that I can't eat in it. But when it comes to putting French polish on ham sandwiches——!"

PONKER expressed his sympathy, and I know he would do it in a nice and gentlemanlike way; but he was a little low that evening. Why, oh, why would not people rise to that pitch of misery which home and foreign realists had taught him to believe was the common inheritance of dwellers in mean streets?

The Danger of a Little Learning.

"Hannibal is a new name for Mr. Geo. Renwick. This suggestion will probably stick to the Tariff Reform candidate. It makes such an interesting picture, full of subtle suggestion for the cartoonist. Mr. George Renwick in toga virilis—we will give him the full adult privilege—assaulting the gates of Newcastle or attempting to squeeze his Tariff Reform wooden horse inside the citadel."

Northern Echo.

None of Mr. Punch's cartoonists is prepared to avail himself of this "subtle suggestion."

The KAISER is reported to be annoyed because none of the German aristocracy has at present married any of the girls in His Imperial Majesty's *Sardanapalus* ballet. He does not care for the Fatherland to be shown up as inferior to Great Britain in this or any other matter.



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Native (to Sportsman, at close of a blank afternoon). "I SEE A TIDY GUDGEON, ABOUT TWO MOILE FURDER DOWN, NOT MORE 'N A WEEK AGO!"

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

[*"It may perhaps be difficult after so much laxity to pull ourselves together, but it is not at all impossible. At any rate, let us save our children from a similar unsatisfied and restless kind of existence by teaching them from babyhood the true joy of self-mastery, of discipline, and of thought for others, lessons to be enforced, if necessary, by wholesome and just chastisement."*—*Privy Councillor* in *"The Daily Mail"* on *"The Sense of Duty."*]

I ADMIT the accusation that, regarded as a nation,

We're developing a tendency to go it;

We've been given up as hopeless, and, as years elapse,
we cope less

With our vices—we are decadent, and know it!

But it's still within our power, if we really try, to dower

All our children with the virtues that we're lacking—

Both by dint of moral suasion, and, of course, on due
occasion,

By judicious, wholesome, necessary whacking!

If my wife and I are seedy (the result of being greedy)

When we've supped at costly cafés two or three times

In a style we didn't oughter, then LOUISE, our little
daughter,

Is deprived of jam at just as many tea-times;

And our manners may be boorish, and our taste in
dressing poorish,

Still, if Baby DERRICK doesn't wear his bib aright,

Then the naughty little sinner gets no pudding with his
dinner—

For no child of ours shall ever be a sybarite!

Though I'm getting on for fifty, I am anything but
thrifty—

I am prodigal and reckless, to be truthful;

But I often stop remittance of my son's half-termly
pittance,

Just to teach him careful habits while he's youthful;

And whenever dissipation brings a harsh communication

From the company with whom I do my banking,

Then, in tones austere and gloomy, do I call my
children to me

And proceed to give them each a thorough spanking!

Though a course of bread-and-butter may constrain
LOUISE to utter

Protestations set to weird, chromatic wailings,

And though PAUL and BABS, in corners, howl like
Oriental mourners,

Still, you *must* correct hereditary failings;

And, in moments of distraction, it's a source of satis-
faction

Thus to visit your offences on a nipper;

When you know your duty clearly is to kick yourself
severely,

You can take it out of Cosmo with a slipper!

Though your task may seem appalling, not to say
distinctly galling,

For I find that, having been discreetly smitten,

PAUL and BABS are in the habit of belabouring their
rabbit,

While LOUISE proceeds to bash the Persian kitten,

Still, by strenuous endeavour, we may teach our children
never

To be like their naughty sires and silly mothers;

Using means at once preventive of that issue, and
incentive

To a life of self-control and thought for others!



THE NEW CULTURE.

"AND, PROFESSOR, ARE YOUR LECTURES SUCH AS I COULD SAFELY TAKE MY DAUGHTER TO?"
 "AH, THEN I HARDLY THINK THEY ARE WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR."

"MAIS SI, MADAME."

TO X. Y. Z.

(Author of the "London Letter" in "The Daily News.")

DEAR X. Y. Z., how do you do it, pray?
 How get that story at your column's foot
 Fresh every day? Fresh as a Norman egg?
 What dogs your friends must be, what *raconteurs*!
 But tell me how you do it; how obtain
 This absolutely regular supply.
 For punctually as the rising sun,
 Or, in these days of gloom, we'll say the milk,
 Your story to the printer's hands is given
 That readers of *The Daily News* may roar.
 I seem to see them in their Clapham homes,
 Around the Bourneville tables, cocoa spread,
 And in the dense constituencies of
 Messrs. L. G. CHIOZZA-MONEY and
 WILSON, P. W., their aching sides
 Holding in fierce hysterical delight.
 Nothing can check the storm; each morn it comes;
 Each evening we anticipate the next.

Here, for example, is a recent jest:

To-day's story. "Did you ever notice any firearms in the house?"
 the coroner asked a domestic servant at a Dublin inquest the other day.
 "Yes," replied the girl, "there were two air-guns."

Isn't that good? (Your ribs, sir, hold them fast,
 Or what the consequences who shall say?
 Madam, I pray you seize a neighbouring prop
 Or doctor's bills will certainly ensue.)

The point? Why, here's the point for all astray:
 A gun of *air* cannot be arm of *fire*.
 'Twas well one laughed at once or there's a chance
 One might be still as sober as a judge
 (Not DARLING, no, nor PLOWDEN; but the rest).
 That is the wonderful hypnotic skill
 Which you exert. your stories make us laugh
 Long ere we study if the laughter's due.
 How you must be desired of hostesses!—
 "Dear X. Y. Z.," I seem to see one write,
 "Now don't refuse, you dear, delightful man,
 But come to-morrow, half-past seven precise,
 And bring the very latest jokes with you.
 I'll take no word but Yes, Come—with the jokes,
 And if you have none rob another school."

How nice to be as popular as that!

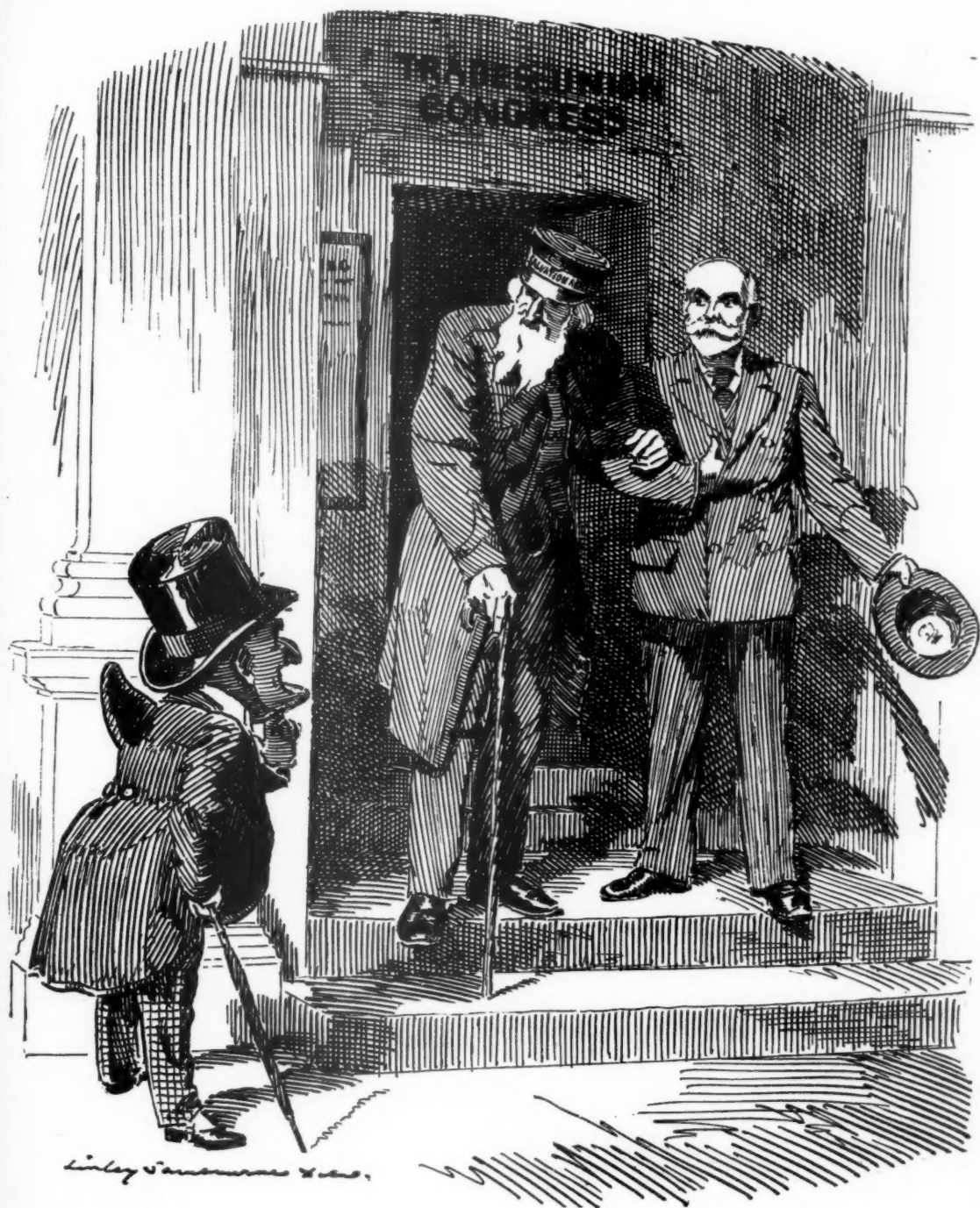
A Cruel Disappointment.

"The execution of Ali El-Arabi has been postponed by the authorities owing to the Parquet-General having received several telegrams which showed that the would be victim is quite innocent."

Egyptian Gazette.

The Invergordon Times, commenting on the contents of *Chambers's Journal* for September, states that

"Mr. Henry W. Lucy writes pleasantly about 'New Jerusalem.'"
 Mr. *Punch* was not aware that his TOBY, who has views on New Journalism, had been taking these higher flights. He declines all responsibility in the matter.



WITHOUT A STAIN ON THEIR CHARACTERS.

GENERAL BOOTH AND MR. JOHN BURNS. "YOU SEE BEFORE YOU TWO CONDEMNED CRIMINALS."

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT."

BOTH. "WE DON'T."

[General Booth and Mr. JOHN BURNS have been the objects of severe criticism at the Trades Union Congress.]

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SCENE—Tea-Shop at Seaside.

Proprietor (to Lady tourist, who has ordered a bun, and seated herself at a vacant table). "EXCUSE ME, MISS; BUNS DON'T SIT!"

DISCURSIONS.

DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

I MET my friend, the pale young stockjobber, again yesterday, and found him, as usual, very communicative. He had complained of the weather, and I had ventured some commonplace about philosophers being independent of weather conditions. He looked at me with some alarm, as though he had suddenly met a ferocious animal, and began: "No larks," he said. "You're not one of those philosopher chaps, are you? No, I thought not. Fact is I don't want to meet any more of them. I only knew one, and that was enough. He just about fed me up with philosophers for the rest of my life. Since then I've done with them. If I hear a fellow talking about philosophers I tell him I'm not taking any."

"How did it happen? I'll tell you. There was a chap used to travel on this line, a skinny fellow with a pasty face and a queer sort of nose. It started with a hook and then finished with a snub—funniest sight you ever saw. He hadn't got a hair on his face—never had had—and he wore a wig. It was a ripping wig, all brown and wavy, but it didn't fit very well at the back, so you could spot it directly. He didn't smoke and he didn't talk much, and I never saw him with a news-

paper. When a chap said, 'That's a tasty bit about Lady GWENDOLEN's divorce,' or, 'This is all rot about the drinking habits of marquises,' he just looked up in a sniffy kind of way, as if he didn't want to be bothered, and then got to work at his book again. He was always reading some book or other covered up in brown paper.

"I fancy he was something in the banking line, but I'm not sure. Anyhow he looked like a banker—pompous, you know, and very high and mighty, as if fellows on the Stock Exchange were mere worms to him. I didn't cotton to the beggar—none of us did—but after a time nobody took much notice of him when he got into our carriage, and we just went on with our talk and jokes as if he wasn't there. Even old 'WHAT PRICE JOE' couldn't draw him out, and it was no good any of us trying if JOE BULLER couldn't bring it off. Generally it was the Bank of England to a blue monkey on JOE in a game of that kind, but I suppose we all have our failures.

"Well, one day I was coming home early by a different train. I was alone in the carriage, and just as the train had started I saw this banker fellow legging it along the platform as if he wanted to burst the world's record. He chucked himself against my carriage, tore open the door and got himself half in, when he slipped.

I had him by the collar in no time and dragged him in on the floor just as all the guards and porters were on to him. It was a near thing, and I wasn't sure at first he hadn't left a leg or two behind him. He wasn't too sure of it himself either, but after he'd taken stock of himself and got his breath and pulled his wig straight he began to thank me twenty-four to the dozen and call me his preserver and tommy-rot of that kind.

"One thing led to another, and before we'd finished that trip I found out he was a philosopher. He'd written a book: *First Principles of Ethics*, by HENRY LAZENBY, was its name. I've got it at home somewhere—he gave it to me—but I couldn't get through a page of it. It was all stuff I'd never heard of before and never want to hear of again—systems and codes and things—and the lingo made you red in the face with not understanding it. LAZENBY was very hard on some of the other philosophers—'poisonous reptiles' he called them. He said he belonged to a school that was bound to beat all the rest. I thought he meant Eton or Harrow, but he told me it was a school of philosophy. They call themselves schools when two or three of them get together and find out that all the other chaps who've been at it before have got hold of the muddy end of the stick.

"Of course I didn't get this out of him all at one go. After I'd saved his bally life I took a sort of fancy to the beggar and used to see a good deal of him one way or another. It made me feel a bit superior, you know, to talk to him before the other fellows and see them open their mouths when he gave old ARISTOTLE beans. He was a Greek chap or something of that sort, but LAZENBY said his day was past. At last one day he said he'd like to get me interested in a meta-something or other—yes, that's the word, metaphysics—and would I dine with him and spend the night? I was a young fool in those days, and I accepted.

"You never saw such a place as he lived in—a great ramshackle kind of barn with books all over it. His wife was worse than LAZENBY. She was the boniest old scarecrow I ever met outside a political meeting, and she'd got an eye on her that looked right through you and dried you up. And what do you think we had for dinner? Nuts, great Scott! Nuts and vegetable onelets and bean cutlets and mess of that sort; and there they were, both of 'em, quarrelling like cats over some blessed philosopher while I was starving and pretending to like their home-brewed ginger-beer. It made me so ill I couldn't go to London next day, and I made out I lost a thou. through not being in the market. That settled me, and I didn't go on with his philosophy after that. He shifted his quarters to Kent a month later, and I haven't met him for years, I'm glad to say."

Some Modern Re-inventions.

The Daily Express, after reporting the up-to-date features of the German Army Maneuvres—the motor cycles and the portable wireless apparatus—sums up the picture with the following historical reflection:—

"In the background were groups of blue-bloused, half-French peasants, some of whom, perhaps, had witnessed similar scenes, under sterner conditions, thirty-eight years ago."

It is an awful thought that these useful devices may once more perish in the next European war and have to be invented all over again.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

[Strangely divergent views upon the duties of wives towards their husbands emerge from the correspondence on "Sport and Husbands" which has been appearing in *The Daily Mirror*.]

I.

WHEN JENNY was wedded to WILL, said she:

"A dutiful wife I mean to be;
His every thought, his every care,
His every sorrow I hope to share.
No thought shall WILLIAM entertain
That is not known to his loving JANE.
His sport shall be my sport and he
Shall never want anyone else but me."

Now WILL had no thought in the world but one—
To kill and slay with his deadly gun;
He tramped the stubbles, he tramped the heather
Ruthlessly slaughtering fur and feather.
So JENNY, though little addicted to sport,
Like a dutiful wife, had her skirts cut short,
And all day long over holt and hill
Wearily toiled at the heels of WILL.

Rain and sun and sun and rain
Beat on the face of the dutiful JANE
Till her skin grew leathery coarse and black,
Her coat hung down like a shapeless sack,
Her hands were knotted, her fingers twisted
And her feet the hugest that ever existed.
With aching limbs she trudges still
Wearily, wearily after WILL.
While he, depressed by the terrible blight of her,
Shudders whenever he catches a sight of her.

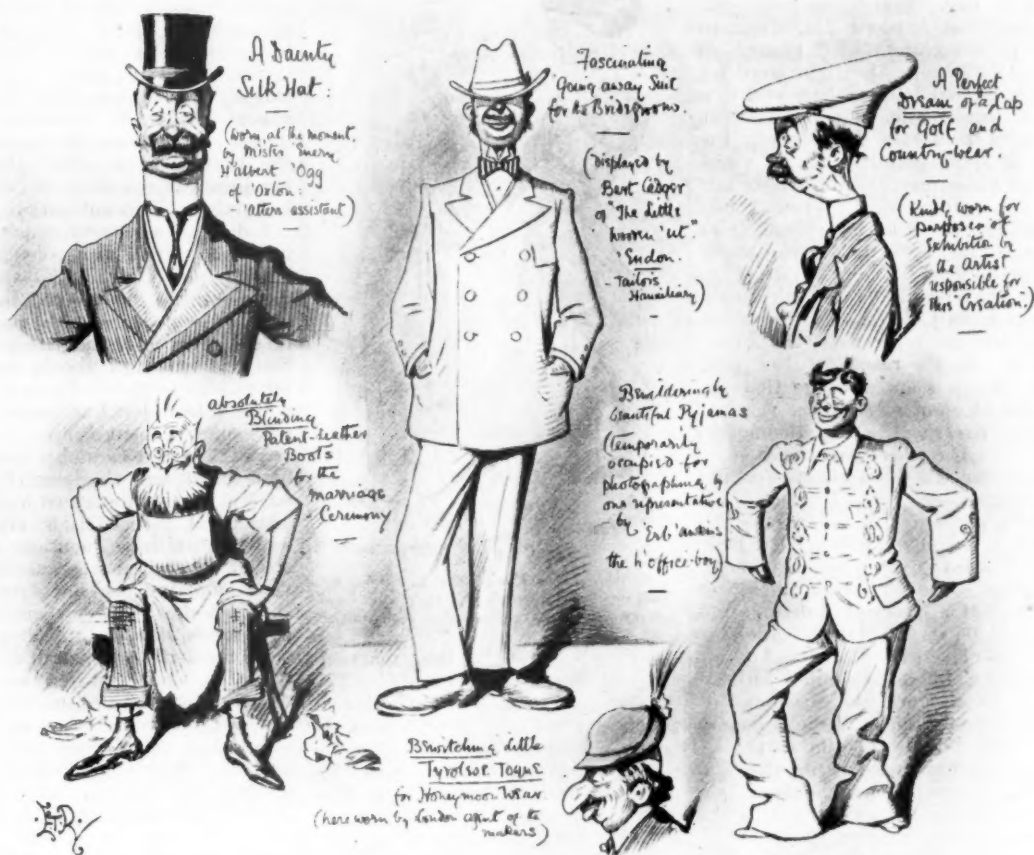
II.

When KITTY was wedded to TOM, said she:

"A spoilt little wife I mean to be;
I don't care a rap what the world may say,
I mean to make sure of my own sweet way,
And instead of my slaving for Tom I'll see
That he is the veriest slave to me."

Scarcely had the wedding-bell chimed grown faint
When KITTY contracted a new complaint,
A sort of a kind of a curious feeling
That seemed to defy all hopes of healing;
It baffled the doctors' diagnosis
And called for sofas and restful poses.
What it might be no man could say;
It came and went in a curious way.
If dinners and dances were on the tapis
KITTY grew suddenly well and happy,
But if household cares began to worry
KITTY relapsed in the greatest hurry,
Sank on a sofa and closed her eyes
And wrung TOM's heart with her deep-drawn sighs.

At first TOM sometimes felt a wish
To gallop or golf or shoot or fish,
But if he indulged such a selfish whim
KITTY was sure to be even with him,
For when he returned he would find her lying,
Stretched on the sofa and all but dying,
Robed in a peignoir that fitted natively,
Crying for brandy and *sal volatile*.
So it continued for several days
Till TOM was weaned from his wicked ways,
And now in his holidays he is tied
To his darling KITTYKIN's sofa-side
Feeding her up with chicken and jelly,
And reading aloud from Miss CORELLI.



THE BRIDEGROOM'S TROUSSEAU: OR, THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

A DISTRESSING PRACTICE HAS GROWN UP IN THE LAST YEAR OR SO OF PUBLISHING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DRESSES, HATS, VEILS, ETC., COMPRISED IN THE TROUSSEAU OF A FORTHCOMING BRIDE, AND OF SHOWING THEM WORN, FOR THE PURPOSES OF PHOTOGRAPHY, BY MISCELLANEOUS STRANGERS—LADIES, WE PRESUME, IN THE EMPLOY OF THE TRADESPEOPLE. OUR ARTIST CANNOT SEE WHY MEN SHOULD NOT RETALIATE IN KIND, EXCEPT OF COURSE THAT VERY FEW BRIDEGROOMS WOULD CONSENT TO TOLERATE AN EXHIBITION OF THIS CHARACTER.

OUR STRENUOUS STATESMEN.

In welcome contrast to all the talk of decadence and physical deterioration by which we are daily beset are the evidences of courage, stamina and agility recently furnished by leading Liberal politicians.

Only the other day we read in the papers of Mr. JOHN BURNS running all the way from Putney to Hamersmith Bridge with an Australian sculler, and *The Daily Chronicle* of the 9th inst. related how Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, while fishing, killed a snake a yard long on the river bank.

These, however, are by no means isolated instances of the exhibition of the manly virtues by our rulers, as the following interesting information, supplied at enormous cost by our

Special Correspondents, will abundantly show.

Thus on Friday last, at Slains Castle, Mr. ASQUITH was serenaded by four pipers for the space of half an hour without uttering a single murmur.

Quite recently, while bathing at a well-known watering-place, Mr. HALDANE was attacked by a porpoise, but beat off his finny foe with several well-planted trudgeon strokes and swam to shore uninjured.

Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., whose devotion to golf is notorious, while playing a round last Tuesday on a well-known provincial course, hooked his drive badly into a spinney and stunned a young luminous owl so badly that the bird had to be revived with a strong jorum of sloe gin.

LORD CARRINGTON, who was the principal speaker at a great Radical jamboree at High Wycombe on Wednesday last; took part in the athletic sports which preceded the speeches and came in eleventh in the sack-race.

Mr. MASTERMAN, M.P., while playing croquet a few days ago, was stung in the hand by a wasp, but after a hasty application of ammoniated quinine pluckily continued the game.

While fishing on Tuesday last Mr. McKENNA killed a trout nearly six inches long without any assistance.

Mr. BIRRELL, during a recent visit to Norfolk, ran from his house to the golf links, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, in 7 mins. 40 secs.

A BROCKEN BENEFIT.

It is easy enough to guess the reasons that induced Mr. TREE to give us a *réchauffé* of "Faust," if *réchauffé* is quite the right word for a version that lets the hero end in a much cooler place than GOETHE assigned to him. First of all, the part of *Mephistopheles* affords a fine test of versatility, with lots of isolating limelight, for a leading actor; secondly, the subject offers great chances for scenic transformations and pyrotechnics; thirdly, Mr. TREE had his two faithful henchmen at call, Mr. COMYNS CARR and Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, to rejuvenate the hoary legend. In the result he was justified, though I am not sure that the human element of the play was not a little overweighted by the supernatural. I could easily have done with fewer angels on clouds and flying bogies on the Brocken and "living pictures" of dead women, if *Faust* could only have been a little less hustled over his capture of *Margaret's* heart. But then, of course, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS—to say nothing of the stage-machinist—had to be given his chances. And, as far as I could follow him, with so much to distract the eye and so many noises going on in the orchestra and the bowels of the earth, he seemed to have used them with discretion. One passage, however, excellent in itself, was damaged by the circumstances attending its utterance. It was the peroration of *Faust*, where he announces his intention of devoting himself, purgatorially, to the good of his fellow-men:—

"May it be mine . . .
To drain the marshland,
circumscribe the sea,
To build and shelter from
the tyrannous sky . . ."
Admirable resolutions, which would have done high credit to a conscientious County Councillor, but sounding rather priggish when you thought of the poor girl whom he had ruined lying dead beside him in her prison cell. I recommend that in future he should utilize the "desolate place" already painted for Act II., Sc. 5, and throw off his speech in decent solitude.

Of the new features and motives imposed upon the old scheme, one at least should be popular—the redemption



HASELDEN

Margaret (Miss Marie Löhr) to *Faust* (Mr. Ainley). "My heart's the right size, but my head seems so much smaller than yours."

of *Faust* through the magnetic force of the "woman-soul." This brought us to a terminal tableau which is practically a replica of the happy ending in *The Darling of the Gods*. Less satisfactory was the fatal effect of the soporific on *Margaret's* mother. One easily recog-

nises the dramatic utility of this new device. It gets *Margaret* to prison several months earlier, and her arrest makes a very effective culmination to the scene of *Valentine's* death. But it introduces an alien note into a tragedy of human passion whose appeal lies in its apparent inevitability. It confuses the issues, since the murder is in effect the direct handiwork of the devil, and the lovers had only an innocent part in it.

I did not care very much for the interpolation of that scene in "a desolate place," where *Faust* is made to lie beside a gloomy pool (at a comfortable angle on an artificial couch) racked with an anticipatory pain in his conscience. I should have preferred him to go blindly to his fault; it would have left him fresher for his subsequent repentance.

Mr. AINLEY was at his best as old man *Faust*. As the lover, for all his natural grace, he seemed less sincere than usual. Miss MARIE LÖHR acted with astonishing courage in the scenes that put most strain upon her youth and inexperience; yet I wish she had never been persuaded to appear as *Margaret*. I hope I am not too sensitive, but, frankly, I think it a pity that, just for the sake of a little more naturalism, so young a girl should have been put through the ordeal of playing the victim's part in a story of seduction.

Miss ROSINA FILIPPI was the best possible *Martha*, and Mr. GODFREY TEARLE made a soldierly *Valentine*. It must have been very exasperating for him to hear the dreadful news from the bibulous lips of the most accomplished toper in the crowd; and I can't imagine why this gentleman was chosen for the task.

Finally, Mr. TREE was a most attractive and capable fiend, especially in his lighter and more satiric vein. A weaker devil might well have been unnerved by his own diabolical fireworks; but not he.

I noticed, by the way, that *Mephistopheles* informed us that he took no interest in the Law. As an ex-private of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") this meant for me the loss of a very dear illusion. But perhaps he has only given up recognising that distinguished corps since it was embodied in the Territorials. Another nasty blow for Mr. HALDANE! O. S.



HASELDEN

Mephistopheles (Mr. Tree) to *Faust* in the Brocken Gallery. "Take your choice! All a-moving!"

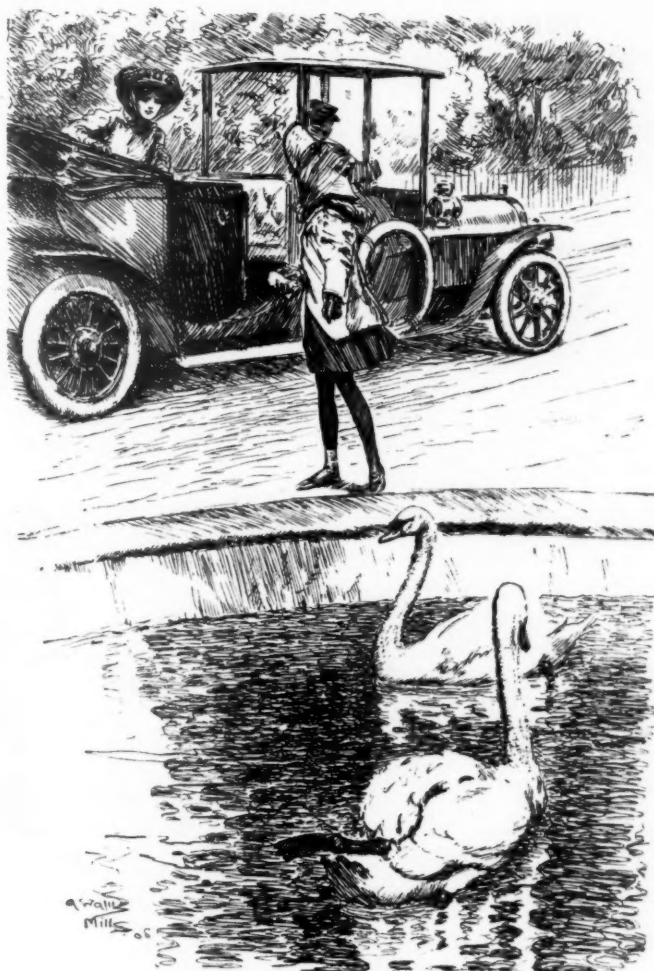
THE LIFE OF LETTERS.

It is only in response to the countless petitions of admiring relatives and curious friends that (though personally holding strongly the view that, in the case of every considerable Writer, it is with the message rather than the man that the public is concerned) I have at last consented to issue the following brief memoir upon my own literary career.

It may be premised as a somewhat remarkable fact, that, although no previous member of my family has actually wielded other than a commercial pen, I have myself been brought variously into contact with literary associations since childhood. Thus my father, a man of secure but not dazzling position in the Leicester boot-and-shoe industry, occupied during the first years of his married life a residence (still, I believe, standing) in that town next-door to the local circulating library, subsequently moving to one slightly larger at Stratford (Bow). How far after-events may be traced to the unconscious influence of these early surroundings might, I dare say, form for the curious in such matters a fascinating subject of speculation.

To resume, however. The inspiration of my first literary effort came to me, I recollect, exactly a decade ago this month, while spending my customary vacation at Smellsea-on-Solent. Since then it has become my habit to confine the practice of composition exclusively to the present season of the year; and from burning Bournemouth to wintry Whitby there are but few of the most select holiday resorts in this island kingdom that have not seen me at my self-imposed labour. It has truly been one of love. I am naturally a quick worker, and, once conceived, the entire MS. was completed practically at a sitting, as indeed has been the case with each one of its successors. It was then submitted, not without some natural diffidence, to the same eminent firm through whom the whole of my subsequent publishing business has been transacted. Its success is perhaps not a theme for me to dwell upon. Without exact information, I believe I am justified in saying that the circulation ran into several hundred thousand copies (including six copies which were purchased by myself for distribution among my wife's family). In the case of later compositions I have had the gratification of seeing these figures far exceeded.

That, indeed, was a memorable



MOTORITIS.

Small Girl. "MUMMY! MUMMY! IS THAT THE SWAN'S SPARE LEG?"

day! How well do I recall the delicious thrill with which on the morning of its publication I discovered a complete stranger asleep with my own words upon his knee, and my wife's emotion when at dinner a fellow-guest at the same boarding-house actually quoted (of course in ignorance of its author's identity) a passage from my work. These are incidents to the influence of which I am even now not wholly insensible, for it is in such apparent trifles that intellectual effort reaps a reward richer than mere pecuniary recompense. The comparison reminds me to mention that I have throughout consistently refused to accept any form of payment for my writings, or rather (to clothe the same statement in language of more pedantic

accuracy) should certainly so refuse did the occasion arise. My own literary work, therefore, whatever may be the case with that of others, is dictated by no aims more ignoble than the education and advancement of my fellow-men. It is better so. Only free from the sordid trammels of finance can the artist hope to achieve his highest level. Thus and thus only can he maintain the distinction of purpose, the fine unconscious altruism, that (I am proud to believe) animates every word that I have written in my annual letter to *The Daily Telegraph*.

An Episcopal Blessing.

"The Bishop of Ripon is in Bath for the benefit of the waters."—*Bath Chronicle*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was the ambition of *Esther Moor* to hear the *vox Dei* with her outward ears so that through her agency it might become the *vox populi* in the little country town of Lowport and the surrounding villages. Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE's pleasantly written *Voices* (HURCHINSON) describes the success and the failure of her venture. At first her hearing of the divine voices—rather unkindly compared to the cry of a bat, which most people find inaudible—was only a pretence. After a time she persuaded herself, as well as the weak-kneed folk whom she cured of hysterical diseases for the moderate fee of half-a-sovereign, that it was a reality, and much hearing would have made her mad if she had not, to test the good faith of her affianced husband, publicly declared that the voices were a delusion. Whereupon that gentleman, who, I regret to say, was a journalist, seeing that the geese who laid the golden coins on which he had proposed to live a life of genteel unemployment were for all practical purposes dead, decided, happily for *Esther*, to remain a bachelor.

If Mrs. MARY BAKER G. EDDY should happen to light upon the book she would have good reason for thinking that it constitutes an infringement of her own patent religion. The two cults are practically identical, though Mr. BUCKROSE makes no mention of the American seer. But that is only his artfulness. His book is obviously meant to be a satire on the weak points of her popular nostrum. But I am afraid it is a case of Criticism's labour lost. These happy people are convinced that they have no weak points. The voice of the satirist is as inaudible to them as the cry of a bat or a turnip to you or me. Still, they might do worse than see themselves, as in a looking-glass, in Mr. BUCKROSE's book.

I don't profess to understand
The legal ins and outs of marriage
As practised in a foreign land,
And so I don't disparage;
But if the Italian method's such
As Mr. RICHARD BAGOT shows it,
It doesn't lure me over much,
And I don't care who knows it.

But, worse than this, he demonstrates
How homely British ties of blood'll
Through weddings and unkindly fates
Produce a ghastly muddle;
So, what with that, and what with this
(His latest novel's all about it),
One almost counts all kith amiss,
And longs to do without it.

Still, though for me to have to don
His people's shoes were too exciting,

I cannot say enough upon
The way he's done the writing;
It's vivid, human, cultured, true;
In fact, I cursed beneath my breath when
I found, too soon, I'd read it through—
Anthony Cuthbert (METHUEN).

Ten years ago we were taught to believe that there was no fun left in Ireland, and that women were deficient in the sense of humour. Then came Miss SOMERVILLE and "MARTIN ROSS" and demolished both assertions in *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* With its treble appeal to lovers of Hibernia, hilarity and horses, the book achieved an immediate success, and has long been regarded as a classic by those best capable of testing its fidelity to life. Of the sequel now issued under the title of *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (LONGMANS), it would be flattery to say that it equals its predecessor. But from any other ordeal of comparison the new R.M. would emerge triumphant. Some of the characters have sobered a little since we met them last,

but *Philippa* can still shriek like a peacock; *Flurry Knox*, though a married man and a magistrate, still presumes successfully on his delusive youthfulness of aspect; that venerable buccaneer, his grandmother, dingy yet be-diamonded, still combines the manners of a *grande dame* with the morals of a poacher; and *Maria*, that incomparable spaniel, "elderly but unimpaired in figure," has only been "fortified in guile by the castigations of seven winters." Happy are those who are prompted by perusal of the new volume to refresh their recollections of the old: still happier those who make their first acquaintance with the R.M. in his latter phase, and have still before them



MORE "LANGUAGE OF POSTURE."
P.C. R.S.V.P. ATTEMPTS TO CONVEY TO FRIENDLY
FOREIGNERS THE UNUTTERABLE FACT THAT THE EXHIBITION
IS CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

the untasted joys of his golden youth.

Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM has inscribed his novel *Spanish Gold* (METHUEN) "To Theodosia and Althea who asked me to write a story about treasure buried on an island," and in a sense he has carried out their wish. But if THEODOSIA and ALTHEA are really children (in spite of their portentous names) they will have to wait a little before they can fully appreciate the author's vein of comedy. Pragmatism, for instance, provides the subject of one of the most delightful conversations in the book, but every child I know would shy at it. Mr. Meldon, the clergyman who took charge of this treasure-hunt and of all the curious people engaged upon it, was not a very perfect moralist, but he was "out" to get the doubloons, and no trifles were going to stop him. If he had not been a clergyman he would have made a most successful company-promoter, for he was never at a loss for words or excuses. In fact, he talked and talked until he found the doubloons. Perhaps THEODOSIA and ALTHEA talked and talked until they got the book, and, if so, I should like to include them (always supposing that they are children) in my vote of thanks to Mr. BIRMINGHAM.

CHARIVARIA.

THE British Embassy in Washington was entered last week, and a large sum of money and some valuables were secured. This is thought to be the work of souvenir-hunters.

The new Court of Arbitration will, it is proposed, be nominated by the Board of Trade from three panels. One panel will be formed, according to the official memorandum, of "persons drawn from the class of workmen and trade unionists." We trust that the distinction, which is bound to cause pain in certain quarters, is not justifiable.

An Optimists' Club is to be founded in London. The membership is to be restricted to persons of a cheerful demeanour, who do not believe that the country is going to the dogs. In fact, on seeing their sunny smiles, people will probably be convinced that the country is going to the Cheshire Cats.

The *Illustrated London News* furnishes us with an interesting piece of information concerning the new Master of St. John's, Cambridge. Mr. SCOTT, we are told, "entered St. John's and matriculated in 1875 as Fourth Wrangler." A man who could take Matriculation and the Mathematical Tripos in a stride is no ordinary man, and we are not surprised that Mr. SCOTT has risen to eminence.

The following extract from a circular inviting artists to contribute to a certain forthcoming exhibition would seem to press somewhat hardly on miniaturists: "Please note:—Prices should not be lower on an average than four guineas a square foot. Prices of pictures valued at too little for their size will not be entered in the catalogue."

"There are many good ways of advertising," says *Modern Business*. "Anything which is in good taste attracts attention." One always is drawn to a novelty.

A motor omnibus entered a front parlour in Cumberland Street, Regent's Park, one day last week. The occupant of the parlour was more than surprised as he had not hailed the vehicle, being asleep at the time. While sympathising with the omnibus companies in the bad times through which they are passing, we



FIRST AID.

Overheated Policeman (to medical gentleman who has been called to a bathing accident). "SORRY YOU'VE HAD THE TROUBLE OF COMING FOR NOTHING, SIR. WE TRIED ARTIFICIAL PERSPIRATION ON THE POOR FELLOW, AND HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW."

think that this touting for orders is undignified.

The Clerkenwell magistrate has suggested that in future when paupers tear up their clothing they shall not be given any other garments. It is thought that the result of this may be that some of the offenders may obtain valuable music-hall engagements, to the advantage of the rates.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that our banks should issue smaller cheque-books. There is, however, a still greater demand, we believe, for larger bank balances.

"WANTED, Room, Unfurnished, by quiet elderly gentleman; with fireplace."

Adelaide Register.
Sybarite!

The Unrest in India.

"In India Soaps are now as plenty as the PROVERBIAL BERRIES.

But certainly there are
SOAPS AND SOAPS.

THE
BENGAL SOAPS

alone have stood the test of time and have stupefied the student community all over India."—*Advt. of a Calcutta firm.*

According to *The Daily Telegraph*, President ROOSEVELT recently made the following observation:—

"The Swedes teach us Americans a lesson, for many of us live with our husbands or wives too far apart."

We do not pretend to know how the Swedes manage in these cases, but surely this arrangement is the most convenient one for pluralists.

PIGS AND THE FUTURE STATE.

[In a paper read before the Congress of Religions at Oxford last week, Mr. MARETT quoted the views of a native of Polynesia, who professed himself unable to "imagine the ghost of a pig."]

Pig of the small suspicious eye,
And nasal organ so expert
At poking round your putrid sty
For dainty bits of offal dirt;
I come to break a piece of news,
Not humorous, not designed for laughter,
Since it concerns the latest views
That bear upon a pig's Hereafter.

Nature denies you many things
Which you regard as hopes deferred—
Such as the joy of wearing wings
And so behaving like a bird;
Calmly you wait the blessed time
When spirits, freed from earth's infections,
Attain a larger, happier clime
Where pigs will fly in all directions.

But now the Polynesian black
Asserts that, when he's had you roast,
No fluff will sprout upon your back,
You cannot even be a ghost;
So far from sailing up the air
Where mortal vision may not follow,
You won't so much as haunt the lair
In which your habit was to wallow!

This thought should prove a fatal blow
To those sublime and soaring dreams
That cheered your piggish life below,
Gilding its muck with ghostly gleams;
If Paradise is barred to swine,
As hinted by the negro mystic,
You must infallibly decline
On courses purely Hedonistic.

Am I indifferent to the pain
This news occasions? Yes, I am.
I would not wish you back again
Except as bacon or as ham;
I trow I should be dead of fright
(At the mere thought my reason totters)
Were I to hear at dead of night
The tramp of your unearthly trotters.

Yet would I soothe your gaping sore
With comfort drawn from logic's well:
If you've no future bliss in store—
If Heaven is sealed, why so is Hell;
And, though your past were bad to beat,
And might not bear investigation,
At least you'll not be asked to meet
The Road-hog, your accursed relation!

O. S.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Nursed by Miss Florence Nightingale after being wounded at the Battle of Alma, a veteran has died in his seventy-eighth year."

We think the imputation is unfair to Miss NIGHTINGALE, and anyhow we feel certain that after this lapse of time no jury would convict.

Several of our contemporaries are devoting their columns to an explanation of the best way to obtain an Old-Age Pension. Mr. Punch's advice is: *Don't save.*

PERCY'S VIEWS ON "SWARMING."

I HAD heard nothing from PERCY since the day he had informed me of the tragic conclusion to his first essay in courtship. So I was the more surprised, on looking up from my writing one afternoon, to see him perched on the top of my travelling inkstand, obviously convulsed with an agony of imperfectly suppressed laughter. If you ask me how I was able to detect this expression on the countenance of a drone, I don't know that I can explain. Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES observes somewhere in *The Lore of the Honey-bee* that the great gulf between the Bee-world and ourselves is conceivably not unbridgable, and PERCY and I, as has been sufficiently shown, had met each other more than halfway from the first.

"Something seems to have amused you, PERCY," I said rather stiffly, for I had a suspicion—unfounded, as it turned out—that he was indulging his sense of humour at my expense.

"Amused, dear fellow!" he gasped. "I've nearly laughed my head off! What do you think our Virgin Tartars have been up to now?" And he was again overcome by a paroxysm of mirth.

"I've no idea," I replied; "and I'm not likely to have, unless you can recover enough self-control to enlighten me."

"Give me time, old boy!" he said, as he wiped his eyes with his forelegs. "Well," he began at length, "the old girls have been gettin' more and more tittuppy for the last day or two. Bargin' into you at every comb-corner, and side-snappin' 'my dears' at one another, the way they do when their temper's more than usually short. And slack over their work into the bargain. I noticed it, and REGGIE and ARCHIE noticed it too. Even old GUS did—after he'd had to wait once or twice for his bee-milk. And this mornin', on comin' in merry and bright from a turn round the garden, we found there was no work goin' on at all!"

"Now, girls, girls!" I said to 'em, 'this'll never do. If you start slackin', how's the show goin' to be run?' Old EMILY turned on me with a queer sort of glare in her indoor eyes. 'What do we care?' she says. 'We're sick and tired of running the show, as you call it!' Just then in bounces CAROLINE and bangs down her bundle of pollen. 'There,' she says, 'that's the last load I mean to carry! Why should we go on slaving like this for a Posterity we'll never see?' 'Hear, hear!' cries PRISCILLA, who's on the Housing Committee. 'Blow Posterity!' 'We've as much right to be jolly as other persons!' says URSULA, our Head Undertaker. 'More!' chimes in MATILDA (she's Inspector of Noosances); 'we've done with work for ever!'

"Of course I'd told 'em often enough what tommy-rot I thought it was toilin' and sweatin' like they did—but I never supposed they'd act on anything I said, or I shouldn't have spoken. 'I think you're behavin' jolly selfishly,' I said; 'and let me ask you this: If you ain't goin' to work, what are you goin' to do with yourselves?'

"Do?" says MARTHA. 'Live our own lives! Be free and happy and heedless of the morrow! Laugh, quaff and be merry!'

"Oh," says I, 'is that the idea?'

"Yes," says EMILY; 'we're all going out to dance and sing and frolic in the sunshine. And you and the other boys must come too!'

"Fancy frolicking about with old EMILY and MARTHA!"



NOT THE BIRD SHE WAS.

FARMER LLOYD-GEORGE. "NOW THEN, BUCK UP, OLD GIRL, AND GET FAT AGAIN."
THE GOOSE. "WELL, THE TRUTH IS, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST CONFIDENCE IN MYSELF."

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"HADN'T WE BETTER GO HOME, NURSE? I DON'T THINK THESE PIERROT SONGS ARE QUITE SUITABLE FOR BABY."

I'll trouble you! I said I was no end sorry, but I'd got a most important engagement at home; and Gus and REGGIE and the rest said the same. Not good enough, don't you know!

"Then stay behind!" says EMILY. "We can get along without you. The Queen's coming, anyway. She's promised faithfully to join us presently. Come along, girls!"

"And out the whole pack of 'em swarmed, singin' and screamin', and waltzin' like a lot of lunatic midges. There were only two or three steady old stagers left. I shouldn't have known the city, it was so quiet and peaceful.

"I didn't much believe what EMILY had said about the Queen joinin' 'em. She might have given 'em to understand so, to pacify 'em—but, little as I knew about my Lady-Mother, I didn't think it likely that she'd take to larkin' about at her time of life. And I was right, for she stayed at home, like a sensible sovereign.

"BERTIE and REGGIE and ALGIE and I went out on the terrace and watched the proceedin's, just to see what sort of notion the old girls had of a right-down regular rollick. Whether they'd expected some of the other drones to put in an appearance is more than I can tell you. Any way, they didn't—weren't takin' any. You see, these bustlin' managin' Bee-women of ours are pretty awful when they're serious; but when they go in for bein' skittish—well, they're simply holy terrors!

"So, bein' left to themselves, all they could do was to frisk about with one another, and, never having had any practice, naturally they were a bit awkward. REGGIE and ALGIE and I nearly rolled off the terrace with laughin'. You never saw anything so dash ridic'ous

as those prim old things conscientiously tryin' to frivol and pretendin' what toppin' fun it was, and how they were havin' the time of their lives!

"They were gettin' more sick of it every minute, but they wouldn't give in. If the Queen had only been with 'em, there was some idea of goin' off somewhere and startin' a new State on the go-as-you-please principle. But they couldn't do anything without her, and they were beginnin' to see that she didn't mean turnin' out. How much longer they'd have kept goin' I don't know, if it hadn't been for a shower luckily comin' on and givin' 'em an excuse for breakin' off the revelry. Doosid foolish they looked, too, sneakin' in one after another, and goin' on with their jobs as if they'd only been away for a minute or two on business!"

I hope I need not say that I felt no inclination to share in PERCY's ribald mirth at such a fiasco. To me the futility of this attempt of the Worker-Bees to throw their bonnets over the mills, so to speak, was pathetic rather than ludicrous. But PERCY could not be induced to see it in that light. I suppose it was hardly to be expected.

"At least, PERCY," I said, "I hope you were drone enough to refrain from taunting them?"

"I didn't rag 'em, of course, old man," he replied. "All I said was, 'Well, girls, now you've found what enjoyin' yourselves is like, p'raps you'll understand that it's us fellows, after all, who've got the hardest work to do!' And then I came on to you, to have my laugh out.

"But they'll be waspier than ever after this little outin'," concluded PERCY; "and, between you and me, my boy, I shouldn't be surprised if my poor old Mother isn't havin' a rotten time with 'em at this very minute."

F. A.

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."
IV.—"THE PLANTS OF ASIA."

We had been reading in a superior weekly how a certain young novelist, after being dined by the New Réclame Club, had gone forth alone into the slums, "to toil and sorrow and suffer with the people," for six mortal weeks—by way of preparation, of course, for his autumn novel.

This made PONKER jealous, for he wanted to do something equally great for English literature. "Then why don't you toil and sorrow and suffer with the people you want to make 'copy' out of?" suggested PONKER's best adviser.

PONKER said he was quite sure that they wouldn't let him do anything of the kind. One of the most tragic things about the Grey Underworld of London was the fact that you might live all your life next-door to a man, and never even learn his name until the black plumed horses came for him—when the charlady would tell you it.

And then the same patient adviser had a masterly idea. Why shouldn't PONKER go from door to door all through the Grey Underworld disguised as a book-cannasser, and so compel these retiring folk to their doorsteps? They might not be very chatty, but PONKER would at any rate see a little way into their houses, and intuition would do the rest.

PONKER brightened at the suggestion; and a few days later a monumental work in forty parts, entitled *The Plants of Asia*, was made, by arrangement with a friendly publisher, his justification for a house-to-house visit.

No photographic weekly told of his exploit; no club *fêted* him as the guest of the evening. He simply had an egg for breakfast, and set out one morning, dressed in a rusty morning coat that he thought proper to his part, and heavily weighted with copies of the monumental work. And in the evening he came home footsore and weary, and said that the whole plan was rotten. He had only learnt that some people had mutter for dinner, and some had fish; some people kept more umbrellas in their hall than any Christian family could possibly have come by honestly, and some people had no umbrellas at all; and there were dark moments, so he told me, when he felt inclined to pitch *The Plants of Asia* into some yawning area, and come home in a hansom.

Nevertheless the next day he set out again—but only to return an hour

later, with no *Plants* under his arm, and possessed by a mysterious fit of silence.

It was not until the genial hour of after-dinner that the secret came out.

It appeared that he had selected that morning the dullest, greyest street he could possibly find—Mafeking Street, S.E.—a street in which, he felt sure, nobody could ever be happy by any effort whatever—and had knocked at the door of the first of an endless row of brick boxes, all exactly alike. After waiting for a minute or two he thought he might as well knock again, to find out whether *all* the inmates of the house had made away with themselves in a fit of depression.

Well, one hadn't; she came to the door jingling a little bunch of keys, rather breathless, and wearing a kind of large pink pinafore over her dress. ("Pretty?" said PONKER's audience, in parenthesis. "Yes," said PONKER, "awfully;" and smoked in silence for two minutes and a-half.)

The door being opened, it seemed that PONKER had given *The Plants of Asia* a slap, cleared his throat, and enlarged upon the advantages of Art in the home.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I should like to see—"

So PONKER showed her the first coloured plate—a pine-apple in bloom, or something of the sort. (Pine-apples do burst into flower sometimes, don't they? In the spring, you know.) She looked at it with evident admiration, and PONKER took the opportunity of explaining that it was done in fourteen colours by a new process, and was simply being given away at a loss to everyone concerned—except the purchaser.

"It's beautiful," she said. "Only sevenpence for each part?" Then, with a little flutter of self-consequence, she produced a new purse and took out some money. "CHARL—I mean, my husband, is so fond of flowers," she explained rather shyly.

Now PONKER, relying upon the idea that no one would give him an order for the preposterous work, and having found that carrying a dead weight was no joke the previous day, had only brought out with him one number of the thing; and this recklessly extravagant young person proposed to clear out his whole stock-in-trade at once, and upset his plans for the day. He felt he couldn't spare the copy.

"I say, have you thought that it goes on for forty months?" he said anxiously—"nearly for ever?"

"But that will be delightful," she

observed, looking actually happy at the idea. (The absurd creature. Forty pleasant surprises for CHARLEY! What?)

Then PONKER seems to have fallen away from his rôle altogether. "Delightful? Do you mean it?" he said. "It would bore me awfully, do you know, to have a thing like that happening every month."

She smiled—(I should think a cat would have laughed at PONKER's notion of doing business)—she smiled; and PONKER gave up *The Plants of Asia* at once, ungrudgingly.

"I'm sure CHARL—I mean, your husband, will be pleased," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she nodded; and the door closed, but the glamour remained.

As PONKER's occupation was gone, he turned homewards for more copies of the monumental work. But when he got home he changed his mind and stayed there.

And there is a sequel to this. Yesterday, I saw on PONKER's desk a sheet of paper headed "Chap. I.," and "Chap. I." opened like this:—"Although, Heaven wots, my fingers are apter with the sword-haft than with the goose-quill, yet am I minded, now while the matter is fresh in my memory, to set down what wondrous chances have befallen me since I rode from the field of Worcester fight with the rowels of my spurs all blooded—"

POINTS FOR PENSIONERS.

"TOO YOUNG AT SEVENTY."—You say that in spite of all your efforts you cannot induce your hair to become thin or turn grey, and so the pension officers won't believe your age. We can only advise the daily use of a hair restorer; you will find the advertisements of them in the papers.

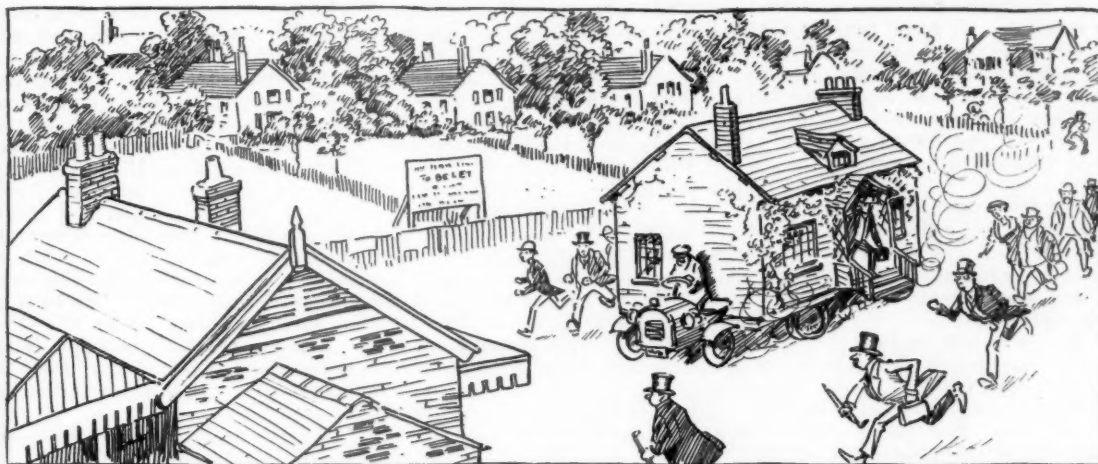
"ANXIOUS."—There is nothing technically criminal in having once run a bazaar, but we should strongly advise you to conceal it from the authorities.

"FATHER OF TWENTY-THREE."—No, the pension will only be given to yourself—your grandchildren will have to wait a little. Meanwhile let them begin a course of study on how to fill up a pension form.

"COQUETTE."—Sorry; you will have to fill in your age. But the pension officers are very discreet.

"CONSTANT READER OF 'PUNCH.'"—No other evidence of character needed.

SOME EXHIBITS AT THE FORTHCOMING "IDEAL HOME" EXHIBITION.



THE MOTOR BREAKFASTING-ROOM. A DOON TO CITY MEN WHO SIT UP LATE.



SCREEN FOR BREAKFAST-TABLE. (BETTER THAN A NEWSPAPER.)



COMBINED PIANO AND WRITING-DESK FOR MUSICAL AND LITERARY HOMES.



DUMMY DEVICE FOR KEEPING THE HUSBAND AT HOME IN THE EVENINGS.

GEO. MORROW

THE BROWN BAG.

JOHN walked eight miles over the cliffs to the nearest town in order to buy tobacco. He came back to the farmhouse with no tobacco, and the news that he had met some friends in the town who had invited us to dinner and Bridge the next evening.

"But that's no reason why you should have forgotten the tobacco," I said.

"One can't remember everything. I accepted for both of us. We needn't dress. Put on that nice blue flannel suit of yours—"

"And that nice pair of climbing boots with the nails—"

"Is that all you've got?"

"All I'm going to walk eight miles in on a muddy path."

"Then we shall have to take a bag with us. And we can put in pyjamas and stay the night at an hotel; it will save us walking back in the dark. We don't want to lose you over the cliff."

I took out a cigar.

"This is the last," I said. "If, instead of wandering about and collecting invitations, you had only remembered— Shall we cut it up or smoke half each?"

"Call," said JOHN, bringing out a penny. "Heads it is. You begin."

I struck a match and began.

Next day, after lunch, JOHN brought out his little brown bag.

"It won't be very heavy," he said, "and we can carry it in turns. An hour each."

"I don't think that's quite fair," I said. "After all, it's *your* bag. If you take it for an hour and a half, I don't mind taking the other half."

"Your shoes are heavier than mine, anyhow."

"My pyjamas weigh less. Such a light blue as they are."

"Ah, but my toothbrush has lost seven bristles. That makes a difference."

"What I say is, let every man carry his own bag. This is a rotten business, JOHN. I don't wish to be anything but polite, but for a silly ass commend me to the owner of that brown thing."

JOHN took no notice and went on packing.

"I shall buy a collar in the town," he said.

"Better let me do it for you. You would only go getting an invitation to a garden-party from the haberdasher. And that would mean another eight miles with a port-manteau."

"There we are," said JOHN as he closed the bag, "quite small and light. Now who'll take the first hour?"

"We'd better toss, if you're quite sure you won't carry it all the way. Tails. Just my luck."

JOHN looked out of the window and then at his watch.

"They say two to three is the hottest hour of the day," he said. "It will be cooler later on. I shall put you in."

I led the way up the cliffs with that wretched bag. I insisted upon that condition anyhow—that the man with the bag should lead the way. I wasn't going to have JOHN dashing off at six miles an hour, and leaving himself only two miles at the end.

"But you can come and talk to me," I said to him after ten minutes of it. "I only meant that I was going to set the pace."

"No, no, I like watching you. You do it so gracefully. This is my man," he explained to some children who were blackberrying. "He is just carrying my bag over the cliffs for me. No, he is not very strong."

"You wait," I growled.

JOHN laughed. "Fifty minutes more," he said. And then after a little silence, "I think the bag-carrying profession is over-rated. What made you take it up, my lad? The drink? Ah, just so. Dear, dear, what a lesson to all of us."

"Wait till his turn comes," I murmured to myself, and changed hands for the eighth time.

"I don't care what people say," said JOHN argumentatively; "brown and blue *do* go together. If you wouldn't mind—"

For the tenth time I rammed the sharp corner of the bag into the back of my knee.

"There, that's what I mean. You see it perfectly like that—the brown against the blue of the flannel. Thank you very much."

I stumbled up a steep little bit of slippery grass, and told myself that in three-quarters of an hour I would get some of my own back again. He little knew how heavy that bag could become.

"They say," said JOHN to the heavens, "that if you have weights in your hands you can jump these little eminences much more easily. I suppose one hand alone doesn't do. What a pity he didn't tell me before—I would have lent him another bag with pleasure."

* * * * *

"Nobody likes blackberries more than I do," said JOHN. "But even I would hesitate to come out here on a hot afternoon and fill a great brown bag with blackberries, and then carry them eight miles home. Besides, it looks rather greedy. . . . I beg your pardon, my lad, I didn't understand. You are taking them home to your aged mother? Of course, of course. Very commendable. If I had a penny, I would lend it to you. No, I only have a sixpence on me, and I have to give that to the little fellow who is carrying my bag over the cliffs for me. . . . Yes, I picked him up about a couple of miles back. He has mud all up his trousers, I know."

I began to think of some of the things I would say to him in half-an-hour's time. It would be rather fun to pretend—

"Dear, dear," he said solicitously, "did you knock your knee? I am sorry. If I had seen where you were going to, I would have warned you. I do hope you won't do it again. A man once told me that they fill the corners of those bags with lead, so as to keep the moths out. Was it lead? Oh, well, I suppose you couldn't tell exactly. It's rather an art, telling things by the feel."

He was silent for ten minutes, and then broke out rapturously once more.

"What a heavenly day! I am glad we didn't bring a bag—it would have spoilt it altogether. We can easily borrow some slippers, and it will be jolly walking back by moonlight. Now, if you had had your way—"

* * * * *

"One minute more," I said joyfully; "and oh, my boy, how glad I am we brought a bag. What a splendid idea of yours! By the way, you haven't said much lately. A little tired by the walk?"

"I make it *two* minutes," said JOHN.

"Half a minute now. . . . There! And may I never carry the con-founded thing another yard."

I threw the bag down and fell upon the grass. The bag rolled a yard or two away. Then it rolled another yard, slipped over the edge, and started bouncing down the cliff. Finally it leapt away from the earth altogether, and dropped two hundred feet into the sea.

"My bag," said JOHN stupidly. And that did for me altogether.

"I don't care a hang about your bag," I cried. "And I don't care a hang if I've lost my pyjamas and my best shoes and my only razor."

And I've been through an hour's torture for nothing, and I don't mind that. But oh!—to think that you aren't going to have *your* hour—"

"By Jove, neither I am," said JOHN, and he sat down and roared with laughter. A. A. M.

URBS IN RURE;

TO A RAILWAY MOTOR-BUS.

SUPERB conveyance, strong and fleet,
Exploiter of the Earth's recesses,
And (in the handbill) bound to meet
The London corridor expresses,
With what delight by vale or hill
I hear your horn the woodland thrill,
While every listening cove admires
The crunch of those pretentious tyres!

Here where, a few brief summers back,

An exile from his fellow-creatures,
All day the tourist used to track
The coastline's firmly-chiselled features,

And wondered at the wilful waste
Of waters round him, as he paced,
And felt, monotonously dull,
A kinship with the gaping gull:—

To-day when, tired of cliff and main,
He half denies the silver sea's use,
Behold, as once the Wine God's wain
Descended on the spouse of
Theseus,

Across the desert blank and mute
There sounds the well-remembered hoot,

And by his side you pause elate,
Proud catafalque, to lubricate.

In clouds of dust the road is rent;
With petrol run the mountain-tossed rills:

The rare inimitable scent

Of Piccadilly smites his nostrils;
As one that sees before his eyes
An errant angel in disguise,
He gazes on his past abode,
He seems to be in Fulham Road.

'Tis sweet for those that toil to rest
Afar from London's mad diversions,
In Rivieras of the West,

Accessible through cheap excursions;

But oh! in nooks beside the foam
One hungers for a taste of home,
And, thanks to you, each morn I see
And smell my town in Arcady!

"T. E. Hammond Wins 24 Hours Race in Record Time."—*Lloyds' Weekly*.

It seems that he took exactly 24 hours to do it, which is, of course, a record.



Impatient American (after an hour's pause). "SAY, GUARD, WHAT IN THUNDER ARE WE WAITING FOR? WHAT TIME D' WE PULL OUT ANYWAY?"

Guard (who has survived two generations of hustlers). "THAT ALL DEPENDS, SIR."

American. "DEPENDS ON WHAT?"

Guard (judicially). "AH, SIR, THAT AGAIN DEPENDS!"

THE LEAGUE OF MOTORING GENTLEMEN.

THERE is no truth in the statement that a League with the above title has been formed, the members of which pledge themselves to:—

1. Drive very slowly through all villages.
2. Drive as little as possible on dusty days.
3. Contribute largely to the rates of their own county, so as to relieve the poor who use the roads only on foot.
4. Refrain from exceeding the speed limit.
5. Overtake pedestrians, whether children or grown-up, with caution and due warning.
6. Stop whenever the driver of a horse signals.

7. Stop immediately if there should be an accident and give every help possible.

8. See that the chauffeur also behaves in the above manner.

THE SHORTEST RACE ON RECORD.—
The Four-inch Race in the Isle of Man.

"L'homme propose."

"The Lord Provost has arranged to return to Glasgow on Monday, refreshed and strengthened."—*Glasgow News*.

"Mr. Clodd quotes an experiment made by the late Mr. Romanes upon a Skye terrier in the latter's own words."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

What was our friend *The Spectator* doing not to get hold of this item?



Officer. "WHAT THE DICKENS WAS THAT CALL YOU SOUNDED?"

Bugler. "THE RALLY, SIR."

Officer. "I NEVER HEARD IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT BEFORE."

Bugler. "WELL, THAT'S 'OW THEY 'UMMED IT TO ME!"

OUR TITLED WARBLERS.

[Respectfully dedicated to the author of "The Earl as Vocalist" in "The Daily Mail" of Sept. 17th.]

LADY DOROTHY BOODLE, whose pianoforte solo was the *pièce de résistance* at the Penny Reading held in the Parish Room at Tuftonville on Thursday last, is a performer of no mean accomplishments. Though her left hand is somewhat lacking in the robustness necessary for the interpretation of such momentous composers as BOBRINSKY and MANDY-CZEWSKY, she plays with an *élan*, not to say a *verve* and an *abandon*, that is highly impressive. Such talents,

in short, would be an acquisition to the musical profession, but Lady DOROTHY BOODLE has so far steadily declined the tempting offers of lucrative engagements showered upon her by the leading impresarios of the metropolis.

LORD BERTIE PANGBOURNE, who sang at the Band of Hope Charity Bazaar at Yattendon on Saturday night, is undoubtedly one of the finest teetotal tenors in the United Kingdom. The *timbre* of his voice is undoubtedly of a more delicate quality than that of TAMAGNO in his prime, but his tones easily penetrated every corner of the Workman's Institute, and, with practice and experi-

ence, would probably prove equally efficacious in a more extensive auditorium. Both of his efforts were rewarded by encores, and though neither of the vocal items selected imposed a serious demand on the dramatic qualifications of the vocalist they nevertheless sufficed to display some of the most engaging features of the tenor voice. A touching incident marked the conclusion of LORD BERTIE's last contribution, when Mr. JOSHUA NOBBS, the oldest farmer in the neighbourhood, by way of testifying his appreciation of the noble vocalist's efforts, threw on to the platform a splendid vegetable marrow, which he had been saving up for the Harvest Festival.

"A wonderful child was Lady ARABELLA MULLION, now COUNTESS OF HELSTON," writes *Musical Home Chat*. "While she was still a prattling infant, she used to accompany her mother to the Ballad Concerts, and before she had completed her eighth year she could play several tunes with one finger on the piano. Her father, an accomplished performer on the flageolet, knew too much of the seamy side of the musical profession willingly to let his daughter follow it, but the ruling passion was too strong. At the age of fifteen she insisted on learning the banjo, with results only too well known in the most *recherché* drawing rooms of Mayfair."

The Marquis of KINGUSSIE, who made his *début* at the Annual Smoking Concert of the Cairngorm Golf Club at Aviemore last Monday, possesses a baritone voice of remarkable flexibility and charm. Some of his high notes have a shrillness which is certainly rather disconcerting to the naked ear; but this defect, if it is a defect, will rapidly yield to the training which the Marquis is undergoing in the studio of Professor CODY GLOTT, the famous American "voice-builder." The handling of his solos throughout evinced the enthusiastic artiste, who was perfectly in sympathy with his voluntarily assumed task, and we can only say that such a voice, apart from the exalted rank of its possessor, would enormously strengthen the ranks of the musical profession.

Notice displayed at a cottage near Llanfairfechan:

"JOHN JONES

POULTERER

FRESH DAILY."

We like to think of this intrepid Welshman washing himself every day.



“ISOLATION.”

PEACE (*attending the Inter-Parliamentary Congress at Berlin*). “EVERYBODY ELSE SEEMS TO BE MY FRIEND; WHY DO YOU STAND ALOOF?”

GERMAN KAISER. “BUT HAVEN’T I ALWAYS SAID THAT I WAS YOUR FRIEND?”

PEACE. “YES; BUT CAN’T YOU DO SOMETHING TO PROVE IT?”



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OVERHEARD AT THE
OPTIMISTS' CLUB.

[A new club, intended solely for smiling and cheerful persons whom nothing can dismay or depress, is to be opened in London—if enough members can be found.]

I.

First Member (as cheerfully as possible). I've just come from the Oval. Pouring. No play possible.

Second Member. Yes, I noticed the rain. Jolly for the ducks. I love ducks, and, in fact, all water-fowl.

First M. That's all right. I love them too—and moorhens, don't you know, and teal. But what pleases me is the thought of my sixpence going to swell the Surrey Club's balance. All cricket clubs want money nowadays.

Second M. How did you come here?

First M. In a cab. I liked to think that the driver was getting a job at least. I gave him twopence extra.

Second M. You didn't hurry enough, I hope, to hurt the horse?

First M. Oh, no. I kept on chirruping to the horse; and when we got here I gave him a lump of sugar. I always carry sugar for cab horses.

II.

Third M. That was a terrible fire last night.

Fourth M. Yes; but it seems to have kept the neighbourhood very warm. I hear that all kinds of poor old things turned out to warm their hands.

Third M. Very heavy loss, I'm afraid.

Fourth M. No doubt; but it was high time they rebuilt. Now they'll have fine sanitary premises. Much better for all the hands.

III.

Fifth M. You look rather down, old chap. What is it?

Sixth M. Stopping payment, that's all. But I try to bear up.

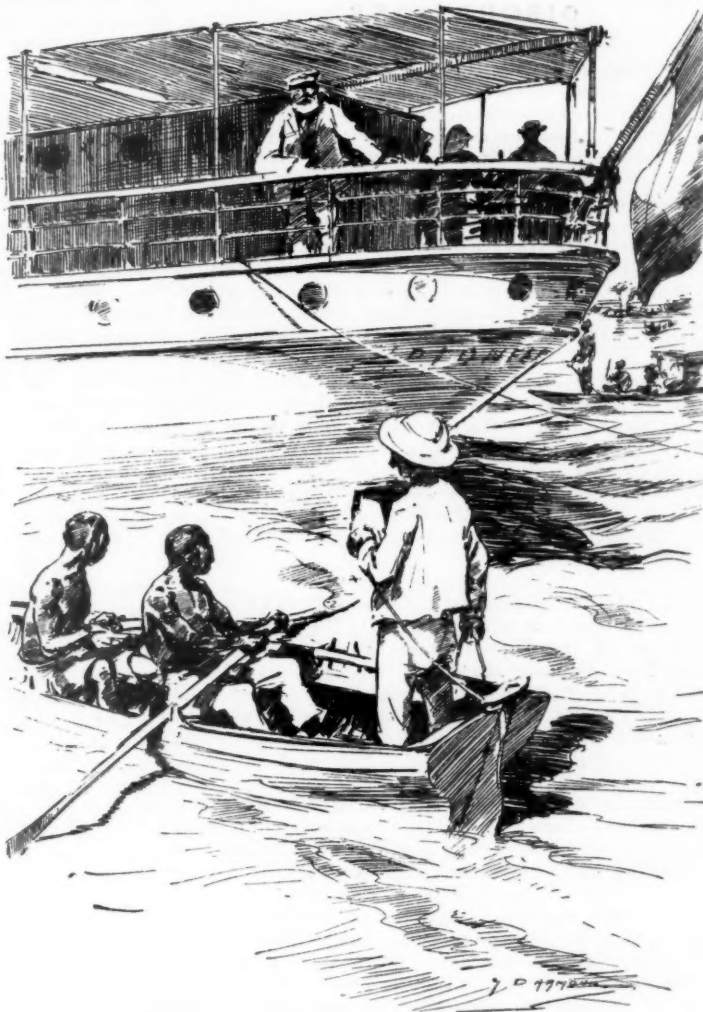
Fifth M. You don't let it worry you, I hope?

Sixth M. It's very difficult not to, but I do my best.

Fifth M. Why, my dear fellow, you are a benefactor. Don't you owe our friend B— money?

Sixth M. Yes, a deuce of a lot.

Fifth M. Well, that's splendid. Now he won't be able to go to Monte Carlo, and that means he won't gamble and make an ass of himself. He told me it was your debt he was going with. I'm so awfully glad, and so will Mrs. B— be.



SIGNS OF CIVILISATION—A MIXED CARGO.

Agent (hailing newly-arrived steamer). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US?"

Captain. "THERE'S THREE HUNDRED CASES O' GIN. AND THERE'S A COUPLE O' MISSIONARIES!"

IV.

Seventh M. I've got a horrid operation before me.

Eighth M. Never mind, old man; it's good for the medical profession.

Seventh M. But it may be fatal.

Eighth M. Call no one happy till he's dead. And think of the poor undertaker fellow that the job may just save from trouble.

When Dear meets Deer.

"In the Forest of —, the first stag of the season was killed by Miss —, a fine animal with eleven points."—*Scotsman*.

We regard this description of the lady as being in the worst taste.

The *Daily Mail* is responsible for the statement that Baron von USLAR, who has been making marvellous discoveries of water in S.W. Africa by the aid of his divining-rod, "was accorded an ovarion when he left the colony." A very happy thought; for the ovarion, like that other musical instrument, the guitar, sounds most effective when heard across water.

"ANOTHER
WORLD'S
AEROPLANE
RECORD."

Liverpool Echo.

Yes; but what we want is a good aeroplane record for *this* world.

DISCURSIONS.

A CHINESE RAILWAY.

THE young man with the square shoulders and the clean-cut regular features had hitherto been a silent listener to our conversation, but he now looked up—I think somebody had mentioned Chinese railways and the reform movement in China—and began to speak. The crispness of his voice and the intonation of his sentences confirmed the impression made by his intelligent, determined face, and declared him to be, as in fact he was, an American. He spoke with no semblance of swagger, but cheerfully and meditatively, with a suggestion of finding in his own doings an amusing subject of study. I will try to set down his story, but I cannot undertake to guarantee the proper names.

"Yes," he said, "the Chinese are going ahead. Their railroad system isn't so bad, and they're making it better all the time. Still, there are some things they might learn from you. I had a queer experience not long ago when I was Acting Consul-General at Haifoo. It was one on me at the finish, but while it lasted I was no end of a fellow, quite the death-dealing white man taking up his burden—you know the sort. I'll tell you how it happened.

"I'd had information that there was a bright sort of rascal at Haifoo, a man named O'HANLON, who'd cleared out of the United States at the time of the Dakota land frauds. He'd got any amount of rich friends who were interested in getting him away, and keeping him away for fear he might save his skin by going on the witness-stand and getting them convicted. Anyway he quit, and the United States Government wanted him back in the land of the free, and they instructed me to lay hands on him, secure his extradition from the Chinese authorities, and bring him down to Chien-lin, where somebody else was to take him over and ship him off to America to stand his trial.

"Well, I got the chap easily enough, and the Chinese made no difficulty about the extradition. That was all plain sailing, but the rest didn't seem quite so smooth. O'HANLON himself didn't look up to much. Pretty poor wreck of a man he was when I got him. Been wandering over China for months and didn't look as if he'd got any kick left in him. Seemed kind of happy to get caught and have the American Eagle flapping over him. Still, I'd heard he could command any amount of money, and I thought surely some of his friends would feel like risking a dollar or so to keep him out of America. I tell you it made me mighty careful, and whenever I saw any rough fellow slouching about I made sure it was one of O'HANLON's gang looking for a chance of rescuing him.

"The Chinese gave me a guard of three soldiers, great big fellows, but no grit in them, about as fierce as a ten-year-old cow in a pasture, and on the appointed day I marched O'HANLON to the station at Haifoo and packed him into the train. I had a whole car reserved for me, and I fixed him up somewhere in the middle of it. I put two soldiers at one end of the car and one at the other, and I told them if they let anyone in, no matter who it might be, they'd have to do without their heads for the rest of their lives. Then I went off to finish up the last extradition formalities with the Chinese officer who'd come to the station with me, and when I'd got

all the papers signed it was starting time and I went back to my prisoner. You may judge my feelings when I found three Chinese toughs sitting with him and talking to him.

"O-ho, thought I, the game's begun." By this time we were started and the train had got some way on. I'd got a six-shooter, but I guessed I'd try persuasion first, and not being much on the Chinese language I let go in English. I told 'em politely they'd got to quit, and I've no doubt I looked pretty angry. Two of them moved off sharp and didn't trouble me, but the third wouldn't budge. "Me no go," he said. "Out you go," said I, "or I'll shift you." "Me no can go. Me belong this side," was all his answer. Well, there was nothing for it. I got a good hold of him, lifted him up, shoved him along the car and threw him out at the rear end into the brake-van. He didn't fight much, just resisted passively and clawed hold of things. He made an almighty crash when I threw him, but my blood was up and I didn't care if I broke his neck. "Next station out you go," I called to his remains, and with that and a quiet word to my soldier I went back to O'HANLON.

"When the train stopped at the next station I raced along to the brake-van. There was O'HANLON's friend, right enough. He was writing on a bit of paper, but I didn't wait for him to finish—just grabbed him, and away he went on to the track. Back he came, and I tell you we had a high old time in that brake-van, back and forth. The train was moving, but I didn't care; I was bound to throw him out, and at last I did it. He fell like thunder, but he was up directly, racing after the train. They must have paid him pretty well, I thought, to show such nerve. As he ran he passed his bit of writing to a fellow standing by—a confederate, of course—and went on a hundred miles an hour till he got to the front part of the train. There by some miracle he hitched on and got in.

"When we arrived at the second station I was on the look-out, but nothing happened except that they brought me a telegram from the authorities of the railroad company. It asked me to allow their officials to inspect the train, or something of that sort. I didn't quite understand it, but it didn't worry me. They might inspect all they pleased so long as they left O'HANLON with me. However, nothing more happened, and I delivered up the prisoner tight and comfortable at Chien-lin. So that's how I bested the O'HANLON gang." There was a pause after the ex-Consul-General had finished his story. Then someone asked him if he had ever found out anything more about the Chinaman whom he had thrown out. "That fellow?" he laughed. "You bet I did. He was the conductor of the train. That bit of writing he passed on the platform was the cause of the telegram I got. Plenty of sand he had; but it all came of their conductors not wearing uniforms. I guess he's had about enough of mad Americans."

"Patrick Reynolds," says a correspondent in a contemporary, "has been a smoker of tobacco for 96 years. He took to the use of the weed at the age of thirteen, and is therefore now 109 years old." This shows the mistake of beginning too early. If he had only waited till he was twenty-five before he began smoking he would have been certain of living till he was 121.



SUGGESTION FOR A PSEUDO-QUADRIGA FOR THE DECORATION OF THE ARCH ON CONSTITUTION HILL, 1908.

OUR ARTIST HESITATES TO ENTER INTO COMPETITION WITH MR. ADRIAN JONES'S BRILLIANT GROUP FOR THE COMPLETION OF THIS ARCH, BUT HE FEELS STRONGLY THAT IT IS A PITY THE TREATMENT SHOULD NOT BE MORE UP-TO-DATE. THE ABOVE COMPOSITION (FOUR TYPICAL PEDESTRIANS RAMPANT, A MOTOR-CAR URGENT) WOULD, AT A SHORT DISTANCE, BE ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE CONVENTIONAL CHARIOT, AND THE WINGED FIGURE CONTROLLING FOUR RESTIVE HORSES WITH A LAUREL WREATH.

WHISTLES: A WARNING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In yours of August 5th there appeared an article dealing with "The Use of the Whistle." The truth of the assertions therein contained is incontestable, and the style in which they are set forth is unimpeachable, as I of all the people in the world am most competent to declare, being myself the writer thereof. By that simple but elegant monograph I have doubtless gained for myself a world-wide repu-

tation as the final authority upon Whistles, and I conceive you, Sir, sitting at your desk in your shirt-sleeves (with reversible cuffs) waiting and waiting for another contribution from my pen upon the same all-important topic. The desire of your heart is now about to be gratified.

Our chauffeur is a man of invention and not without ambition. In the latter part of August he turned his hand to the manufacture of an instrument for the further oppression of pedestrians. In short he created

and fixed to the car a whistle, to be worked from the exhaust and to equal that of the most aggressive railway locomotive in the world. I was called upon to examine it when finished, and, being the person best qualified to speak the first word as well as the last upon the subject, was present at the trial trip. This was in every way successful; men and animals were terrified and made miserable, supposing not without reason that there was a runaway train loose upon the road behind

them. When we came home again the family were keen to hear this whistle, of which even I had approved. "Blow it," I said to the inventor (without offence). "It will not be blown when the car is at a standstill," said he, dismissing my exclamation of surprise with contempt. "This is a racing car and not a movable orchestra."

On the following day we set forth to break all records. We had covered but ten miles of country (with dust), whistling most of the way, when a sharp turn brought us to a level crossing, the gates of which were being hurriedly shut as we approached. We waited for ten minutes but no train came. "This," said I, "is not the way records are broken," and I enquired of the Shutter of Gates whether trains upon that line were usually so late. "On the contrary," said the S.-G., "this train is an hour and a half before its scheduled time." "But there is no train to be seen," we shouted. "Maybe," he answered, "but there is one to be heard, for I heard it whistling myself."

What a situation! To be prevented by our whistle, devised for the harassing and incommoding of others only! We laughed our fill and mounted to proceed, explaining to the S.-G. the true state of affairs. But we were not to proceed, for that official combined with a loathsome appearance an obstinate nature. He would not believe us. We argued, cursed, wept, swore, preached, pointed out, abused, bribed, ridiculed, lectured, laughed, raved and mentioned great names in vain. A crowd of cattle and pedestrians, bicycles and carts, gathered there for the same purpose as ourselves, made ominous noises, but the S.-G. remained unmoved. "If that was your whistle," he said, "blow it" (meaning nothing wicked), "and I can judge for myself." Need I remind you that, being unable to move forward or backwards, we could not gratify his lust for music?

How and when (if ever) the car got away another must tell you, for mine is not the nature to remain upon a sinking ship when there is a way out. All I know is that there were no records, but only hearts, broken that day. For the rest, if ever I have anything further to write upon the subject of Whistles which is fit for women and children to read, you, Lucky Sir, shall have it.

Your faithful

CONTRIBUTOR.

MR. WALLER AND OTHERS.

AFTER *Faust*, I indulged in what I may perhaps venture to call a Waller-purgis Night at the Lyric. *The Duke's Motto* ("I am here!") reminded me by its simplicity of the motto of my College—founded by ELIZABETH DE CLARE of blessed memory—which runs as follows: *Cave, adsum!* (I have always supposed that these two words constituted the entire stock of schoolboy Latin known to the original Earl of CLARE). Neither in form nor sentiment does the motto of the Duke err on the side of subtlety; and in this respect it was admirably re-



Henri de Lagardere (Mr. Waller). "Me voici! (I am here!)"

Infant Blanche de Nerers (Miss Valli Valli). "Très bien! (Right!)"

flective of a play that went straight home to the primitive bosoms of a September audience, out for blood.

The actual owner of the motto expired almost as soon as he appeared; but *Henri de Lagardere* (Mr. WALLER) very generously took it on, out of respect for a friendship of two minutes' standing. And it suited him well, for he generally *was* there or thereabouts. And this was fortunate, since he was the whole play. The intervals during his temporary absence were filled with people in costumes—brigands, of whom two persuaded themselves and some of the audience, but not me, that they were funny dogs; a colourless King who did little beside touching his hat; and courtiers who kept on bowing and curtsying, but between times were largely negligible, with the exception of Mr. SHIEL BARRY, a gallant with a pretty humour, and Miss SYBIL CARLISLE who looked sweet and gentle.

There was also an interlude, in

which Miss DOROTHY MINTO gave what is popularly supposed to be a Spanish gipsy dance. Someone who knows his Seville should tell her to dance more from her hips and keep her feet down.

I confess that I was a little disappointed in the number of corpses allotted to Mr. WALLER's sword. I made out that his total bag was actually not more than a couple of brace; and his best individual piece of work, the killing of *Æsop*, was done off the stage, and we had to take his word for it.

A born conqueror, I understand that he is peculiarly irresistible at matinées, for then the ladies are in a strong majority. O. S.

DANGEROUS DRAMAS.

POIGNANT APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I learn with deep concern and indignation that at only fourteen out of the nineteen theatres now open in London is interest directly focussed on the wealthy classes. As England is the richest country in the world, this unpatriotic behaviour on the part of these five theatres deserves to be held up to the strongest reprobation. The best teaching of proverbial philosophy points to the paramount importance of money. What are the sinews of war but money? What is it that makes the mare to go? And again, in the racy phrase of a North-country philosopher, "Them as 'as brass don't care a d— what them as 'asn't thinks on 'em." Yet in spite of this overwhelming testimony to the paramount value of the cult of the Golden Calf, we find a play at the Queen's Theatre in which the interest centres on a poor inventor, while Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, at the St. James's, devotes his great abilities to the impersonation of a supernatural character. Worse still, at the Duke of York's and the Aldwych the central figures are a railway porter and a poor clerk respectively! For Heaven's sake, *Mr. Punch*, exert your powerful influence to awaken the public to the disastrous consequences of neglecting to worship success and bow the knee to Boodle. Trade is bad, as the latest returns show. If we cannot be rich, let us at least reverence riches and banish from our midst this most pestilent and pernicious of all miseries—the worship of humility, frugality and failure.

Yours in great distress,

CÆSUS JUNIOR.

TO HENRY.

[A fortnight ago Henry and Methuselah, the ancient and elephantine tortoises at the Zoo, were tucked up for their six months' winter doze. Methuselah went off at once into a dreamless sleep, but Henry has been suffering from insomnia and wandering away from his bed.]

HENRY, summer has departed,

Cosy lies thy winter bed;
Wherefore, therefore, hast thou started
From the couch that we have spread?
Lo, Methuselah beside thee
Sleeps with calm unruffled breast!
Henry, let the blankets hide thee!
Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!

Dost thou scout the foolish notion
That a tortoise should be tame
When an ocean of emotion
Rages in his fevered frame?
Tell me, then, what passion surges
Through thy troubled bosom! Tell
Why thy wakeful head emerges
From thy agitated shell!

Is thy tender heart sob-shaken
Thinking of the coral strand
Whence thy graceful form was taken
By some heartless human hand?
Dost thou see the palms and mangos
Where the painted parrots
screamed

And the monkeys danced fandangos
While thy fathers lay and dreamed?

Has some freak of fancy made thee
Fondly think of her who bore—
Rather let us say, who laid thee
On that sandy, sun-kissed shore?
Is thy bosom sorrow-laden
As thy wistful fancies fly
To some fair crustaceous maiden
Loved in centuries gone by?

Or—who knows how many a winter
Thou hast slept serenely
through?—

Thou may'st be the fabled sprinter
Whom the late Æsopus knew,
And to-day, when all around thee
Talk about Olympic sports,
Haply has some rumour found thee
In the Zoo's frequented courts:—

Haply thou hast heard some story
How the hare of old B.C.
Hungers to regain the glory
Wrested from her brows by thee.
Frightened lest thy star be waning
And that thou hast lost thy pace,
Henry, hast thou started training
For a Marathonian race?

If, amid the crowd that there is
Ever round thee in a swarm,
One hath told thee that the hare is
Once again in her old form—
If, I say, such words were spoken
They were but an idle jest;
Therefore be thy dreams unbroken!
Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!



Beggar (who has been refused alms on the ground of "No change"). "IF YOU'LL GIVE THE SILVER TO THE CHILD, LIDY, SHE'LL BRING YER CHINGE. SHE WON'T RUN AWY WIV IT, PORE INNOCENT, SHE AIN'T GOT THE SENSE!"

"SELF-DENIAL WEEK."

[At a recent wedding, says *The Observer*, the bride and bridegroom specially requested their friends to send no presents.]

A PROMINENT actress is protesting against references in journals to her jewellery or carriage accidents.

Postmen are petitioning the Postmaster-General against the pernicious practice of presenting indiscriminate Christmas-boxes.

Injunctions have been applied for by a taxi-driver against persons offering him more than his legal fare of eightpence a mile. The state of his mind is being examined into by medical experts.

All information as to the latest engagement of a chorus-girl to a Peer is withheld by the halfpenny Press as being educationally worthless.

Acquitted on his own charge of driving to the public danger, a motorist has presented the police with several valuable stop-watches as a token of esteem.

Mass meetings are being organised in Whitechapel and the Old Kent Road in favour of a stringent Licensing Bill.

A lady advertises herself in *The Star* as follows:

"Authoress; inspirations called up; cheap rate, 30s., 20s., 15s."

If some of the inspirations which reach *Mr. Punch* come from this quarter, we think that even the 15s. variety is very dear at the price, especially when one takes into account the cost of stamped envelopes for return of MSS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE woman whom ROBERT ELSON would have us adore is a minx (his own pet name for her) who suffers from the illusion that her body is much cleaner than anybody else's. To escape from a sordid situation as mother's help in a third-rate Manchester villa, she makes a marriage that is loveless on her side, and limited by strictly Platonic conditions. The man whom the author, with your true North-countryman's reverence for wealth, wants us to delight in is a multi-millionaire made in Sheffield. He picks up the lady without introduction on the sands at Ilfracombe; bribes her to become his wife in name; loads her vainly with dresses and jewels and luxuries—all duly set out as in a shop-window; leads a dog's life while she makes him ridiculous by her stupid flirtations; and goes on hoping for the one thing which his beastly money cannot buy. There is an almost suburban naïveté about the methods of the author of *The Magnate* (HEINEMANN). He locates the honeymoon in the

Riviera because he has been there and thinks that we should all like to be told something about the neighbourhood and how the novel game of roulette is played at Monte Carlo. Cannes, Nice and Monte are called by their real names, but Mentone is childishly disguised as Torrento, Cap Martin as Cap Montferrat, La Mortola as La Tombola. There was a moment in the early part of the book when I felt ashamed of persevering, and wondered what the critics had found in it to flatter so loudly. I never to the end discovered this, though the second half is very good reading. I trust Mr. ELSON will not allow his head to be turned by these reviewers. For a first effort his book is well enough: it shows promise above the average, and his study of the millionaire has many merits. But let him in future concentrate his powers, avoid catalogues and other unessentials, and use one word where now he uses ten. And I hope he will grow out of the irritating habit of claiming for himself a special erudition in the lore of Woman's ways; and also not allow the lady who helps him in the millinery department to have quite so free a hand.

My! Hully Mike! Gee! Gee! Wiz! I swan! Mercy sakes! My Suz! It beats the Dutch! And really, you know, I think it does. But, according to Mr. GEORGE NORMAN, and Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN, not forgetting the *Westminster Gazette*, in which smartest of smart Society journals *Sylvia in Society* first made her curtsy to the polite world, this is how *Sylvia* used to talk at Dieppe when she was in one of her exclamatory moods. Who in Sam Hill, you naturally ask, is *Sylvia*? I don't care a dote whether I tell you, but I'd

as lief as not if you want I should. Mercy sakes! I'm crazed to have you know. I don't want to make a towse about her, but you'll be plumb-crazy and hoppin' mad when I tell you she was less than a yard high, and therefore, I suppose, not more than six years old. Most like you've been thinking she was the most poisonous ole cockroach unbusted. Now haven't you? That only shows you're not worth a hooter. You've been flying right off the handle all the time, you everlasting poppy-cock. But don't fret, honey. You needn't worry any. I'm about tuckered out quoting *Sylvia*, and bimeby I shall hand in my checks and quit. Guess you think I'm puttin' on frills right from the jump. That only shows what you know about li'l *Sylvia* and the American language doesn't amount to a pile of beans. She wasn't any hayseed, wasn't *Sylvia*, and she'd gotten the daisiest English aunt, as good as candy, and that's a cinch. Say, honey, aren't you tickled to death? Or are you as mad as a pin? Stars and Stripes! I'm through. Gee Willikins!

If industry were the principal quality demanded of a

novelist, *Arnoul the Englishman* (METHUEN) would bring immediate fame to Mr. FRANCIS AVELING. The author has evidently studied many contemporary documents for the purpose of making his romance of the thirteenth century a faithful picture, but as he is entirely without the power of selection I soon found myself wishing that his researches had not been so thorough. He seems to me to have axes to grind, and in the process his poor hero is

elbowed into corners by a crowd of Cistercians, Carmelites, Premonstratensians, Bernardines, *biblici, sententarii*—and others. I felt at last as if I were playing a game of hide-and-seek, in which Mr. AVELING was trying to conceal *Arnoul* and I was endeavouring to find him. I did not care twopence whether *Arnoul* became a secular or a religious, but I did want him to do something worthy of a hero of romance, and nothing of the kind occurred till the tale was nearly told. Mr. AVELING has, in fact, failed to combine *Arnoul's* love-story with the bitter struggle of creeds, and in spite of some strong descriptive writing his book requires almost as much industry to read as it must have taken to write.

The following notice appears in a Gloucester hotel:—

"THE AUTOMATIC TROUSERS PRESSER

(Penny in the Slot)

in use at this Hotel.

APPLY TO THE BOOTS."

The method suggested certainly relieves one's boot-trees of a great deal of labour and responsibility, but is it acting quite fairly towards one's trousers to leave them out of the treatment?



WANTED—A GOLF CLUB THAT CAN BE USED ON THE RIBALD SPECTATOR.



CHARIVARIA.

"JAPAN," says *Commercial Intelligence*, "is, in a sense, the missing link between the apathetic East and the commercial West." When one remembers the trouble that was caused by the Russians referring to our plucky little allies as "Yellow monkeys," we cannot help thinking that the expression "missing link" is a wee bit unfortunate.

"GOETHE'S *Faust* has had many translators and many adapters since MARLOWE'S day," says *The Sphere*. Aye, and since CHAUCER'S day, too.

The Local Government Board has issued a circular condemning motor-omnibus racing. A vigorous protest from sportsmen is expected.

A lady artist who attempted to sketch from one of the L.C.C. piers was stopped by an official because she had not complied with certain red-tape requirements. This may explain why the L.C.C. steamboats failed to draw.

Apparently* the Government does not intend to replace the torpedo-boat destroyers *Gala* and *Tiger* which were sunk in collision. The official view is, we believe, that the new boats might be lost in the same way, so the money is to be saved.

The Select Committee on the Reform of the House of Lords recommends that the Upper Chamber be popularised. This is taken to mean that those members who have Musical Comedy wives will be asked to invite their spouses to give an occasional performance at Westminster.

As a result of the intimation that no more attempts on the Channel will be made this year, the water has now calmed down and may occasionally be seen smiling.

*
"I regard angels as sexless," says Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Yet the police, we believe, do not look upon the militant Suffragettes as angels.

With reference to the recent burg-

lary at MARK TWAIN's country home, we are reminded that this is not the first occasion on which the veteran humourist has been the victim of thieves. His jokes are constantly being lifted.

The statement that the "Autumn Girl" is to wear toilettes in all the season's colours—russet and bronze and gold—points to a striking difference between the two sexes. We doubt very much whether the man who appears in a black coat which

"There now. I've left my book at home!" He. "Never mind. 'Ave a look at the scenery." She (with *withering scorn*). "What d'you take me for!"

TEASHOP GOLF.

THE object of the game is to eat cakes, muffins, ices, etc., in the least number of bites possible. Each player's plate must originally contain eighteen specimens.

It was the other day that I met SMITH in the Oxford Street A. B. C. Amateur Championship.

I won the first, a currant bun, in 4, SMITH, who got well through the brown with his first, going to pieces,—or rather one of his teeth did—on a stone in the third bite.

Having the honour, I now negotiated a bath-bun, the bogey for which is, I believe, 3. I got into difficult stuff with my second, and could only manage a nibble, and in the end SMITH won. The third, the raspberry sandwich, I won in 4 while SMITH was victorious at the cheese cake and chocolate éclair. We halved the crumpet in two, and I won the muffin, SMITH getting into casual butter. He, however, took the meringue and the apple dumpling, and at the turn was two up.

Coming home, I began by being badly bunkered in the crust of the custard. Finally I gave it to SMITH. The eleventh, however—the plum tartlet—I did in four, SMITH, who was bothered by the stones, taking twelve and two cups of tea. SMITH took the tea-cake, but I took the biscuit, in what I found afterwards was a for the café.

At the seventeenth we were like as we sat, and everything depended on the strawberry ice. SMITH drove on to the cup-brim with a good swallow. I got off slightly better, reaching the pretty. With his second, SMITH lifted the melted remains. I saw I had only one chance unless we were to play another currant-bun for the nineteenth. I took my spoon with a low grip, and playing well through, ran the rest of it down with my second. SMITH, who was lying practically dead, recovered a week later.



Very late Customer (on evening of Sept. 30, after studying the Menu for some considerable time). "AH-UM-YES-LET ME SEE-UM, AH-ER-YES, I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME PARTRIDGE."

Waiter (*very weary, but anxious to oblige*). "YESSIR. IF YOU GO ON THINKING A LITTLE LONGER, SIR, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT PHEASANT."

by reason of its age bears autumn tints will be considered good form.

Motorists are said to be in favour of the recommendation of the Cyclists' Touring Club, to the effect that deaf cyclists, in order to show that sound signals are inaudible to them, shall attach two red and white discs to the back forks of their bicycles. These will make it clear to the Coroner that the accident was not the fault of the motorist.

The Londoner at the seaside!
An overheard conversation:—*She.*

HOW A SISTER OF PERCY'S BECAME QUEEN.

"So you're still a bachelor, eh, PERCY?" I remarked as he flew in. "All right up to now," he said; but I noticed at once that he was not in such high spirits as on his previous visit. "My old tarmagants have had other things to think about than marryin' me off. Been havin' no end of a ruction—a revolution and that. My Mother ain't Queen now. One of my Sisters is. I call it playin' it rather low down, if you ask me."

I asked for particulars.

"It's a long story," he said, "and I daresay I haven't got to the bottom of it. They don't tell us more than they can help. But you'll remember me tellin' you I expected my poor old Mother would find herself unpopular after leavin' 'em all up the pole as she did over that silly swarmin' business? Well, she did, and no mistake. They've had a down on her ever since. Went about buzzin' that she was past her work, and it was time to think of lettin' out one of the young Princesses to take her place. They always keep a few handy, you know, in case of a vacancy on the throne. Well, when my Lady-Mother got wind of what was up she was awful wild. Got her scimitar out and made a rush for the cells where the Princesses were, to settle the whole lot of 'em. Only they were so well guarded that she couldn't—which made her simply frantic. Mind you, I'm not excusin' her—but it was only natural that, after having reigned such a dooce of a time as four years she should cut up rather rusty at the idea of abdicatin'."

"Next thing I heard was that they called a meetin' of the Cabinet to decide what was to be done with her. I wasn't there, of course, but, from what I picked up, they voted for packin' her off to start a Colony somewhere on her own. She wouldn't hear of it—said she'd jolly well stick where she was and be hanged to 'em. So they were in a bit of a fix."

"It was old CAROLINE that pulled 'em through by comin' forward with a confession. She'd been gettin' shaky for a long time, but it was the swarmin' that broke her up. Never the same bee afterwards. Now, she said, she felt she was nearin' her end, but she couldn't fly off with a quiet conscience to the usual dyin' place until she'd unburdened herself of a State Secret that had been weighin' on her mind ever since it had been revealed to her by her aunt, who'd had it from her aunt, who'd been told it by hers. So the Council invited her to get it off her chest."

"Accordin' to CAROLINE, several generations ago the Queen they had then was missin', and there wasn't a single Princess ready to succeed her, and CAROLINE's great-great-aunt, bein' Prime Minister, saw *something* had got to be done. Her first idea was to get hold of a worker-larva, slip it into a royal cell, and feed it up into a Sovereign of sorts. But there didn't happen to be a larva about who was young enough to fill the bill. So what did CAROLINE's unscrupulous great-great-aunt do but go off on the quiet to a neighbourin' State, sneak a common larva of theirs, bring it home, and pass it off as the rightful heirress. 'That larva,' said old CAROLINE, with quavering antennæ, 'is her present Majesty!'

"I call it a jolly thin story myself," was PERCY's comment, "and it's my belief that either old CAROLINE was dotty or else she'd been put up to tellin' it. If her great-great aunt ever had managed to get into a foreign city, she'd have been stung to death long before she could have boned a larva. What?"

But I could not help remembering that in *The Lore of*

the Honey-Bee it was stated that in certain emergencies worker-bees have been known to resort to such unprincipled expedients. I feared that the scandal was only too well founded, though, of course, I did not mention this impression to PERCY.

"Well, when the old girls heard CAROLINE's rigmarole they declared they'd suspected something all along—there were lots of little things they'd noticed in the Queen (so they said) that showed bad breedin'—though they'd never believed till then she was actually a low-born foreigner. Anyway, it gave 'em the excuse they wanted for gettin' rid of her."

"It may have been necessary, but what I barred was the way they went about it. It isn't etiquette, it seems, to use violence to the Queen, so—you mayn't believe it—those confounded humbuggin' jades all closed round and kept on cuddlin' her till they'd cuddled the life out of her! I saw them at it, and though I only knew my Lady-Mother by sight and she wouldn't have known me from a bluebottle if she'd ever noticed me on the comb, still, after all, family ties *do* go for something, and I did think it was a bit *too* thick. So did ALGIE and REGGIE and poor old Gus. We shouted 'Shame!' round the corner, but we might have been so many maggots for all the effect it had!"

"No sooner was she no more than they proclaimed one of my Sisters. She'd been out and crawlin' about for some time, but none of us had noticed her. But I will say she made a ripplin' Queen. I felt quite proud of her at the Coronation. Top-hole, she looked! Then she sailed off on her weddin' journey with some poor devil of a drone from the next State, and when she arrived home alone I can tell you she had something like a reception. The old girls went almost off their heads with excitement. Though they kept us out of it—we weren't even allowed to come and offer our congratulations to our own Sister! Humiliatin', I call it. What?"

"But I must say her next proceedin' rather put me off; for she went straight to the other Royal cells, which had been left unguarded on purpose, and polished off all the Princesses, one by one, with her scimitar. Seemed to be enjoyin' it, too! Girls will be girls, I suppose, and she had her position to think of; but, all the same, a fellow don't like to see any sister of *his* goin' on like that, and it's given me a fit of the blues."

"One good thing about all this," he continued more cheerfully, "it's put all that matchmakin' nonsense out of their heads so far as I'm concerned, as I said when I came in. I'm beginnin' to hope they've given up ARCHIE and ALGIE and Gus and me as hopeless bad jobs by this time."

"But mayn't they get tired of keeping you some day, PERCY?" I ventured to hint.

"They may get as tired as they like, dear old chap," was his reply, "but they've jolly well got to keep me!"

I said nothing. After he had flown away I wondered whether I ought not to have warned him, as I might have by the knowledge I had gained from Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' volume, of the fate that awaited him, whether he married or remained single.

But no warning of mine could avert it, even if it succeeded in shaking an optimism which was probably incorrigible. I thought—and still think—that silence was the truest kindness.

F. A.

The Pioneer.

"On Sunday, September 20, the wife of — of a daughter. Others please copy."—*The Daily Telegraph*.



IN AND OUT.

ENGINEER (returning to work—to cotton operative). "OFF TO PLAY? WELL, I'VE JUST HAD SEVEN MONTHS OF IT, AND I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE DONE MYSELF OR ANYBODY ELSE MUCH GOOD."



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Squire's Daughter. "Would you mind throwing your little boy into the pond? I want to see if my dog will rescue him."

Villager. "Certainly not."

Squire's Daughter. "I do wish you would. You're the second woman I've asked who has said 'No.'"

WILSON HADDINGTON;

OR, THE USES OF A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Hostess. Mrs. DE FORREST, I want to introduce Mr. WILMINGTON to you.

Mrs. De Forrest. Charmed.

Hostess. Mr. WILMINGTON is an old friend of WILSON HADDINGTON.

Mrs. De F. How very interesting.

[*The Hostess recedes and retreats.*]

Mrs. De F. So you know WILSON HADDINGTON? How very interesting.

Mr. Wilmington. Yes, yes, he is an old friend. Do you know him?

Mrs. De F. A little. Isn't he charming? Have you seen him lately?

Mr. W. I saw him only last week.

Mrs. De F. Since they came back from Venice, then?

Mr. W. Yes, they were just back.

Mrs. De F. She is very attractive, don't you think?

Mr. W. Yes, very.

Mrs. De F. Was ALISON there?

Mr. W. No, ALISON was away. Staying with the TERRYs, I believe. Do you know the TERRYs?

Mrs. De F. I don't know them properly. We met once. I thought she seemed very charming.

Mr. W. Yes, I believe she is. The HADDINGTONs are very fond of them.

Mrs. De F. Have you known WILSON HADDINGTON long?

Mr. W. Several years. We first met at the WILBRAHAM FAYLES'.

Mrs. De F. At Bentwood?

Mr. W. Yes. It was just before they moved to Moorlands.

Mrs. De F. What a beautiful place Bentwood was!

Mr. W. You knew it?

Mrs. De F. I saw it once. I did not know the WILBRAHAM FAYLES. I was taken over by a neighbour to see the gardens. Is Moorlands as beautiful?

Mr. W. Not quite, I think.

[*Pause.*]

Mrs. De F. It was at Bentwood, then, that you first met WILSON HADDINGTON?

Mr. W. Yes, at Bentwood.

Mrs. De F. He was not grey then, I suppose?

Mr. W. No, he's greyer than his years now.

Mrs. De F. Let me see, how old would you say he is?

Mr. W. Forty-seven, I should guess, or perhaps forty-eight.

Mrs. De F. Oh, do you think so?

I should have said forty-six at the most. But how very young he seems!

Mr. W. Yes. This is a nice garden, don't you think? Those snapdragons are really wonderful. After so much rain, too.

Mrs. De F. Yes, indeed. [*Pause.*]

Mrs. De F. Is WILSON HADDINGTON writing anything just now?

Mr. W. A novel, I think. He spoke about something of the kind. I can't think how people get turf like this. I wish I could. Our turf is so hard.

Mrs. De F. Where do you live?

Mr. W. In Berkshire.

Mrs. De F. Is that near WILSON HADDINGTON?

Mr. W. Everything is near now, with the motor car. [*Pause.*]

Mrs. De F. Has WILSON HADDINGTON got a new car?

Mr. W. I don't know. He drove over in a large red one. Have you been seeing any of the new plays?

Mrs. De F. None, I am sorry to say. I have not been to town since June. [*Pause.*]

Mrs. De F. When is WILSON HADDINGTON going to give us a play? It's quite time. [*And so forth.*]

DISCURSIONS.

THE MEETING.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country House. He is writing at a table near the window, with his back turned to Her. She is standing irresolutely in the middle of the room behind an armchair, which she has just dragged and pushed laboriously from its usual place. The time is 3 p.m.*

He (turning round upon her suddenly). I wish to heaven you wouldn't make such a frightful racket in the room! I can't get a thing written, and I counted on an hour or two of quiet.

She. Oh, don't bother about your writing now. You'll have to give it up anyhow in about twenty minutes, so you may as well get up at once and help me with these chairs.

He (pettishly). Bother the chairs! Why can't you leave them as they are? But you're never happy unless you're moving gigantic pieces of furniture from one place to another. My wardrobe, for instance. Where's that gone? It was in my dressing-room two days ago, and now—

She (appealing to the universe). There—he grudges me the wardrobe, the only place where I can really put anything comfortably. He wants it for his coats and his trousers and his overgrown riding-boots. And I'm not to have even a tiny corner to hang a dress in. CHARLES, how can you be so selfish and so heartless?

He (desperately). Oh, take the wardrobe—

She. I have.

He. Take everything. I never met a woman yet who didn't consider a man selfish for wanting to keep what belongs to me.

She. Him, CHARLES, him. You're getting your pronouns mixed. However, if you'll help me with these chairs, I'll forgive you even that.

He. But what on earth do you want to move the chairs for? Why can't you leave them where they are?

She (again to the universe). He's forgotten again. Didn't I see an advertisement of Memory Powders somewhere the other day? CHARLES, you must take one in water after getting out of bed in the morning. It'll help your writing, too, you know. You're always forgetting where the quotations come from—

He (jumping from his chair). Will you or will you not tell me what game you're up to?

She (placidly). I'm not sure I like that expression, CHARLES. It doesn't seem to be quite in your best "four-guineas-a-thousand" style. "What game you're up to"! No, no. "What design you are contemplating," or "What project you have set your hand to." I'm sure something of that sort—

He. If I were a weaker and a more brutal man, I'd throw you out of the room—

She. Don't be unjust to yourself, CHARLES.

He. Once more; what are you up to?

She (cheerfully). Now honestly, CHARLES, do you really mean to say you've forgotten that the S.P.A. are to meet here at 3.30 to-day?

He (passing his hand over his forehead). The S.P.A.? What's that? *Senatus Populus*—no, that won't do. What is it?

She. Don't be absurd, CHARLES. You know well enough it's the Stocking and Petticoat Association.

He (blankly). Never heard of it.

She. My dear! It's had two meetings here already.

He. No. That was the Tea and Coal Club.

She. Same thing. It's changed its name. Instead

of giving tea and coal to the parents, we're going to give stockings and petticoats to the children.

He. Oh, that's it, is it? But why is it to meet in this room? We had it in the dining-room last time.

She. My dear, it's too dreadfully formal having them all sitting round the dining-room table. We shall be much cosier here.

He. If you've settled it, of course there's no more to be said. I know that well enough.

She. That's a good sensible boy. Now—

He. But, I say, didn't they make you Secretary last time?

She. Yes, I'm Secretary.

He (malignantly). Have you posted up your minutes?

She. What a funny thing to say, CHARLES. What does one do when one posts up minutes? Is it a painful thing to do?

He (appealing in his turn to the universe). Here's a woman, a Secretary, who doesn't know what minutes are. (To her) Have you written your account of the last meeting in the minute-book?

She. Don't be ridiculous. Of course I have. How could I know you meant that? Listen. (She takes up the minute-book from a chair and reads): "Monday, July 6th. A meeting of the Tea and Coal Club was held at Bristol House, Sir WILLIAM LAMPETER in the chair. There were present—" There you are, all complete and beautiful. In fact, I'm the champion minute-poster of the parish— (There is a sound of carriage-wheels outside, and a ring is heard at the front door.) Gracious! There they are. Hurry up, CHARLES, and help with the chairs.

[He dashes in and helps magnificently. In the space of a minute they perform prodigies of chair-and-sofa-and-table-changing together. The whole aspect of the room is altered. A butler throws open the door of the room. With a whisk of her hands she smooths herself and advances smiling. He remains in the background also smiling.]

The Butler (announcing). Sir WILLIAM and Lady LAMPETER!
(Curtain.)

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have read with profound admiration the letter that Mr. S. F. EDGE has addressed to *The Times*. He promises, in deference to public feeling, to abstain in future from entering his motor cars (he mentions their name) for dangerous and abnormal competitions; with the proviso that, if this abstinence is found to affect his business unfavourably, he will conclude that he has "mistaken the trend of public feeling" and will again "lead the way," as he modestly says, in these unnatural contests. I like Mr. EDGE's hedging, and I am going to imitate it. I am a female writer of disgusting and nauseous novels: but in deference to public protests I shall in future abstain from this kind of thing and take to clean writing. If, however, my sales fall off, I shall conclude that I have "mistaken the trend of public feeling," and shall revert to my wallowing in the mud.

Yours faithfully,

ANOTHER HEDGER.

"Quote, if you choose, publicans on liquor laws or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Marshall as a witness to purity or Bacchus to sobriety."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

"Snelgrove to sobriety" would have looked better, if it was impossible to spell Martial's name correctly.



Amateur Agriculturist (after a blank forenoon, pointing to field knee-deep in weeds, mostly groundsel). "NOW WE OUGHT TO FIND A BIRD OR TWO HERE. BEST BIT OF COVER I'VE GOT."

Friend. "ER—BY THE WAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT ARE WE SHOOTING?—ER—CANARIES?"

WHAT EVERY WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW.

["Time-Savers for Servants" are described as a feature of the Grocers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.]

AMONG Time-Savers which our housekeeping expert missed from the Exhibition were:—

Daylight-Saving Clock, constructed to go half an hour fast in the morning and half an hour slow in the evening. Testimonial from boarding-house lady:—"It bamboozled my general for five years."

Pair of gramophones for conducting courtships at the back door, graduated from "First Advances" to "Proposals," with special apparatus for breaking off engagements.

Time-Limit Servant's Candle, with attachment for extinguishing it at 9.30 p.m.; not relightable until next day.

Penny-in-the-Slot Letter Writer.—"Saves my servants four hours a day."—*Householder*.

Patent Dummy Door-Opener.—

Opens hall door within ten minutes of a knock. Complete with clean apron, cap and trigger.

Account-Book for Single Entry.—Saves the cook the trouble of entering housekeeping items twice over. To which is attached the Secret Commission Ready Reckoner.

"Experience has already shown that there is no limit practically to the sum which even a relatively poor nation will spend on a single armoured ship. The money, it may be, is found with difficulty, but the possession of a vessel of maximum size and power ministers to the armour propre of the population."—*The Naval and Military Record*.

Not good. And, anyhow, quite out of place in a serious article.

"When a boy named Fred Haylor attempted to kill a large snake at Shaldon, South Devon, the reptile jumped at his face. The boy bent his head, and the snake went over him."—*The Cork Constitution*.

This exciting story of adventure falls quite naturally into a column headed "Passing Events."

A good game for the long autumn evenings can be played in this way. Each person in turn reads out a little paragraph from *The Daily Mirror*, and the others try to guess what the paragraph is headed. Here is an example from the issue of the 23rd:—

"If you please, sir, I want to be a soldier," said a boy who was "going on for sixteen" to the Lambeth magistrate yesterday. It was arranged that he should see the court missionary.

Probably somebody would suggest *A Young Briton* or *Lambeth Lad's Longings* as a suitable title; hardly anybody would think of the right answer—*A Centenarian's Estate*.

"It is curious to see Mr. Winston Churchill with anything of a flush on his dead-white face (says *The British Weekly*), but when he entered the church from the vestry there could be no question of his nervousness, and Lord Hugh Cecil, who stood over him gravely pulling at his moustache, took the very proper course of insisting upon the bridegroom seating himself as quickly as possible."—*Daily Dispatch*.

We always thought Mr. CHURCHILL's dead-white face was clean-shaved.

AT WILLIAM'S WEDDING FEAST.

I ENVIED not the novel bliss
That glittered, WILLIAM, in your
eyes;
I should have held it much remiss
Had you looked otherwise,
And your hilarious moods did not
Cast shadows on my single lot.

Your blushing bride (who won all
hearts)

I gazed upon without annoy;
She seems a thing of pleasing parts,
What about dress, dear boy?
But all her charms did not abate
The comfort of my lonely state.

No, WILLIAM, no. Howe'er divine
Your fortune (and the girl's) may
be,

I yet remained convinced that mine
Was good enough for me;
And I had been contented still
But for those lovely presents, BILL!

Silver on silver, new and old,
Rich furnitures for either sex,
The jewels, WILLIAM, and the gold,
The cheques, ah gods, the
cheques!—

Oh, WILLIAM, WILLIAM, these to scan
Was painful to a single man.

And ever as I gazed, my breast
Grew heavy with a growing doubt;
What had you done to be so blest?

Why should I go without?
Nay, to upset my simple mind
Was bad, but worse remains behind.

I could condone the jealous fire
You kindled in a lonely bard;
But, WILLIAM, was it well to hire
A sleuth from Scotland Yard
And put him there as sentinel?
That was not well. It was not well.
DUM-DUM.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL WHITE.

AT a mass meeting held on the
Flip Flap last week, to decide as to
whether or no the White City should
be an Eternal City, there were
present H.R.H. the PRINCE OF
WALES, Sir GEORGE WHITE (in
the Chair), Mr. RICHARD WHITEING,
Messrs. A. and C. BLACK, Sir JAMES
CRICHTON-BROWNE, Messrs. GREEN-
ING, Mr. J. B. PINKER, the Mayor of
READING, Sir EDWARD GREY, various
representatives of the Yellow Jour-
nalism, and a variety of coloured
gentlemen.

On the opening of proceedings
letters were read from various foreign
Powers that wished for an *entente*
with Great Britain, and thought that
Shepherd's Bush might help to

cement such a bond. The Prince of
MONACO suggested a Monaco-British
Exhibition, and offered a handsome
subsidy towards it and the loan of a
royal bodyguard of croupiers. "In
this case," he wrote, "the colloquial
name might be the Rouge et Noir
City, and the Earl of ROSSLYN would
perhaps take the place of Mr. IMRÉ
KIRALFY."

President CASTRO also wrote asking
that a Venezuelo-British Exhibition
might be arranged, with the substitu-
tion of a Great Wheel (at several
Revolutions a minute) for the Flip
Flap.

The Chairman then called upon
the meeting to offer suggestions as to
(1) the desirability of opening the
Exhibition again next year, and (2)
the nature of the Exhibition to be
held.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF
WALES suggested that next year a
quite new kind of Exhibition should
be held—an Exhibition that was
really ready for the public on the
day it was opened. That, he said,
would be a novelty worth visiting.
(*Loud cheers, during which H.R.H.
returned to Marlborough House.*)

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said
he was in favour of continuing the
Exhibition, but he failed to see why
they should continue to show such
exclusive preference to one colour—
if, indeed, it was a colour at all.
The only advantage about a White
City was that it was the easiest to
paint red. (*Sensation.*) Sympa-
thising as he did with his friend
CARLYLE in his estimate of human
folly, he thought the best thing to do
with it was to convert it into a resi-
dential estate for vegetarians, and re-
christen it the Green City.

Sir THOMAS MOUNTAIN DEWAR sug-
gested that the Exhibition should be
continued under the title of the
Black and White City. The Editors of
The Graphic, *The Sphere*, and
The Illustrated London News strongly
protested.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS pointed out
that London was singularly deficient
in an adequate museum of crimin-
ology. Madame TUSSAUD did what
she could, poor old lady, but her
space was limited, and Scotland Yard
showed a curious and old-fashioned
reluctance to admit the public to view
its treasury of turpitude. The Shep-
herd's Bush buildings were admir-
ably suited for the display of morbid
relics, reconstructed crimes and so
forth. His suggestion was to hold a
Murder Exhibition next year and call
it the Black City.

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS said that his

idea of an Exhibition was an Exhibi-
tion where people got hungry. It
did not in the least matter what they
saw. All that was needed was
plenty to see and plenty to eat. If
he had his way the present Exhibi-
tion would remain untouched, but
the title would be changed—say to
Russo-British or Græco-Roman, or
anything catchy.

M. PAILLARD, the famous Parisian
restaurateur, supported Mr. LYONS.
The great thing, he said, was to
choose a good name. Nothing mat-
tered after that. The people came
and asked no questions.

Mr. TOM B. DAVIS, the manager of
the Lyric Theatre, said that as
Honorary President of the K.O.W.
League he had no hesitation in ex-
pressing his opinion that the White
City ought to be the permanent and
abiding home of the Whitest of
White Men—need he say that he
referred to their idolised friend Mr.
LEWIS WALLER?

Mr. CHIRGWIN, who addressed the
meeting through the spout of a
patent coffee-pot of his own inven-
tion, was understood to say that if
the Exhibition was going to be re-
served for Albinos he would have to
reorganize his entire complexion.

General ROGER Pocock, command-
ing the Legion of Frontiersmen,
pleaded eloquently for the conver-
sion of the Exhibition buildings into
a permanent barracks for his famous
corps. Camping out in the open was
all very well in a tropical or sub-
tropical climate, but there were
moments when even his hard-bitten
veterans hankered after a roof. For
himself he would be content with the
Court of Honour if the Stadium were
covered in for the gallant fellows
who had escorted LA MILO in her
perilous ride through the streets of
Coventry, and who were all ready to
do the same service for the biblical
hornpipist of the Palace. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON said that it
gave him great pleasure to sustain
the rôle of skeleton at the feast.
They could not all hope to live for-
ever. (*Applause.*) What better use
could they make of the White City
than paint it black and turn it into
a standing reminder of their mor-
tality? It might then be utilised for
a great Exhibition of mausoleums,
cenotaphs, sarcophagi, cinerary urns,
tombs, vaults, epitaphs and other
funereal adjuncts. Music would natu-
rally form an important feature at
such a show, and he had already
composed one-hundred-and-fifty vari-
ations on "Down Among the Dead
Men" for the opening concert.



"THANK GOODNESS! THERE YOU ARE, AUGUSTUS. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE THE CHILDREN AWAY, AND—ER—SEE IF THERE IS ANY SUPPER FOR THEM, OR I SHALL NEVER GET THIS DONE IN TIME FOR THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION!"

A novelist and dramatist, who preferred to remain incognito, and who had red hair, a Shakspearean brow, three legs and no tail, suggested that the Exhibition should be transformed into a permanent wax-work representation of the characters in his many works. (*Help! Help!*)

A similar suggestion was made by a retiring lady from Stratford-on-Avon with regard to the romances from her pen. (*No offers.*)

The meeting then dispersed without coming to any definite conclusion; but whatever happens to the Exhibition there is every reason to fear that the Golden Dome will continue to draw its millions of enraptured sightseers every day. Nothing can alter that.

Things which might have been put differently.

"Mr. Lloyd-George, who has been suffering from a cold, is staying with Mrs. Lloyd-George at Follkstone, and the change has done him much good."—*The Daily Mail.*

"Lost.—Fox terrier, all white except black one side face and ear; answers moderately to Cinders."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Probably he would be most amenable to lumps of coal.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

["Bill's just gone back to school . . . You might write and give him a little sound advice." —*Extract from a letter.*]

I'M rather pleased with what I wrote:

It didn't cost me much reflection, Yet struck, I fancy, just the note A letter should, in this connection.

I might have written, if I would, Some such advice as, "Be industrious;

Be punctual, my boy; be good; And one day you will be illustrious."

But then he'll have that preached him by

Some other chap more skilled to speak it,

One better qualified than I To take his moral ear and tweak it.

I might have spoken of his sports, And bade him "tackle low—and hard, too!"

With other points, of divers sorts, A rigger man should pay regard to.

Yet that, again, though just the stuff I happen to be rather apt in—

He'll hear it all quite soon enough, With more conviction, from his captain.

And so I let didactics go, And wrote (you'll notice) simply, briefly: He didn't think it "rot," I know— And that was what I wanted chiefly:

"Dear BILL,—Here's luck from Auntie BESS And me, as well as GEOFF and WINNIE! Your loving Uncle DICK. P.S.— Enclosed with this you'll find a guinea."

"HAMPSTEAD.—Unique UPPER PART of seven rooms and bath."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

We accept the advertiser's statement as to the unique character of his offer. But we should like to know whether the water that wants to get to the upper half of the bath would have a right of access through the lower half, or whether a false bottom would be necessary. And if this contrivance were made a fixture, what about the tenant of the lower half? But that, of course, is his affair.

The Personality of Boots.

Seen in a Paris shop:—

"BOTTINES À L'ANGLAISE. TRÈS SNOB."



MOOR MYSTERIES.

"DID YOU MARK THAT BIRD DOWN?"

"NO, A' MARKED UN OOP!"

THE DANGER OF OVERDOING IT.

[“It is not often an English actor is approached for playing a part too sympathetically, but Mr. Allan Aynesworth . . . has just had this curious experience. After a recent performance of ‘Idols’ . . . a young Varsity man appeared in his dressing-room with very red eyes. ‘Look here,’ he said, ‘if you want the piece to have a long run you must tone down your part a bit. A man can’t stand having his feelings worked on till he makes an ass of himself—like me this evening. If you make the men cry they will be afraid to come to the theatre. Act a bit less as though you really felt it all.’”—Daily Paper.]

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has recently been the recipient of a gratifying testimony to the extraordinary lifelikeness of his acting. After a performance of *Faust*, in which, as everyone knows, the famous actor-manager sustains the rôle of the Prince of Darkness, a young curate burst into his dressing-room in a state bordering on frenzy. “Pardon my intrusion,” he observed in soul-shaking accents, “but if you wish to secure the approval of the clergy you really must modify your conception of the part. If you frighten grown men like me they will be afraid to come to the theatre. For heaven’s sake make the part a little more amusing—a little less devilish.”

Among recent visitors to Le Mans to witness the astonishing exploits of

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT has been Mr. HENRY BIRD, the popular accompanist and organist. After Mr. WRIGHT’s record flight Mr. BIRD was among the first to accost the intrepid aviator. “Oh, Mr. WRIGHT,” pleaded the talented musician, “I beg, I beseech you not to fly so high. A man cannot stand having his feelings worked on till he wants to be a bird in nature as well as in name.”

The seclusion of The Pines was rudely disturbed last week by a sudden visit from Mr. RAYMOND BEGTHWAYT, the famous professional panegyrist and interviewer, who, bursting into Mr. SWINBURNE’S sanctum, besought him in poignant tones to abstain from the passionate invective which bespangles his new volume of Essays. “If you want your book to sell,” panted Mr. BEGTHWAYT, “you must tone down your abuse. To hear EURIPIDES described as ‘a mutilated monkey’ is more than I, an Oxford man, can stand.” Here Mr. BEGTHWAYT wiped away a few natural tears and proceeded: “You are the most opulent of eulogists. Why, then, deviate into censure at all?” Hurriedly pressing a copy of *M.A.P.* into the hand of the great poet, Mr. BEGTHWAYT returned to his motor.

As Mr. MARK HAMBOURG was leaving the Queen’s Hall by the artists’ entrance the other day, he was abruptly addressed in Russian by a sinister-looking stranger with a pale face and blazing eyes. “I was an Anarchist two hours ago,” he began, “but I am one no longer. Your miraculous playing of SCHUMANN’S *Études Symphoniques* wrought such an overwhelming effect on my nature that I am now consumed and pervaded with the spirit of universal brotherhood.” The ex-Anarchist, whose real name we understand is quite unpronounceable by British vocalists, has now assumed the alias of PHILADELPHUS LOVEJOY, and follows Mr. HAMBOURG everywhere with dog-like fidelity.

Seventeen illustrated interviews with Mr. BERNARD SHAW have been the inevitable result of the reference to the gifted playwright which appears in Miss ELLEN TERRY’S autobiography. Mr. SHAW is deeply wounded by the phrase “A good, kind, gentle creature” applied to him by Miss TERRY, and has let her distinctly understand that if this deplorably erroneous impression of his true character were to be generally accepted, his reputation as the all-wool Machiavelli of Mayfair would be blasted for ever.



THE GATHERING STORM.

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THE COMPLETE KITCHEN.

I SAT in the drawing-room after dinner with my knees together and my hands in my lap, and waited for the game to be explained to me.

"There 's a pencil for you," said somebody.

"Thank you very much," I said, and put it carefully away. Evidently I had won a forfeit already. It wasn't a very good pencil, though.

"Now, has everybody got pencils?" asked somebody else. "The game is called 'Furnishing a Kitchen.' It's quite easy. Will somebody think of a letter?" She turned to me. "Perhaps you'd better."

"Certainly," I said, and I immediately thought very hard of N. These thought-reading games are called different things, but they are all the same really, and I don't believe in any of them.

"Well?" said everybody.

"What? . . . Yes, I have. Go on. . . Oh, I beg your pardon," I said in confusion. I thought you—N is the letter."

"N or M?"

I smiled knowingly to myself.

"My godfather and my godmother," I went on cautiously—

"It was N," interrupted somebody. "Now then, you've got five minutes in which to write down everything you can beginning with N. Go." And they all started to write like anything.

I took my pencil out and began to think. I know it sounds an easy game to you now, as you sit at your desk surrounded by dictionaries; but when you are squeezed on to the edge of a sofa, given a very blunt pencil and a thin piece of paper, and challenged to write in five minutes (on your knees) all the words you can think of beginning with a certain letter—well, it is another matter altogether. I thought of no end of things which started with K, or even L; I thought of "rhinoceros," which is a very long word and starts with R; but as for—

I looked at my watch and groaned. One minute gone.

"I must keep calm," I said, and in a bold hand I wrote *Napoleon*. Then, after a moment's thought, I added *Nitro-glycerine*, and *Nats*.

"This is splendid," I told myself. "Nothing Hill, Nobody and Noon. That makes six."

At six I stuck for two minutes. I did worse than that, in fact; for I suddenly remembered that gnats were spelt with a G. However, I



Harassed Visitor. "HERE, YOU TWO TERRORS, I WANT TO BARGAIN WITH YOU. I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR SISTER. HERE'S HALF-A-CROWN BETWEEN YOU IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO STOP WORRYING FOR AN HOUR."

Elder Terror. "MAKE IT TWO BOB EACH, AND SHE'S YOURS FOR EVER!"

decided to leave them, in case nobody else remembered. And on the fourth minute I added *Non-sequitur*.

"Time!" said somebody.

"Just a moment," said everybody. They wrote down another word or two (which isn't fair), and then began to add up. "I've got thirty," said one.

"Thirty-two."

"Twenty-five."

"Good Heavens," I said, "I've only got seven."

There was a shout of laughter.

"Then you'd better begin," said somebody. "Read them out."

I coughed nervously, and began.

"*Napoleon*."

There was another shout of laughter.

"I am afraid we can't allow that."

"Why ever not?" I asked in amazement.

"Well, you'd hardly find him in a kitchen, would you?"

I took out a handkerchief and wiped my brow. "I don't want to find him in a kitchen," I said ner-

vously. "Why should I? As a matter of fact, he's dead. I don't see what the kitchen's got to do with it. Kitchens begin with a K."

"But the game is called 'Furnishing a Kitchen.' You have to make a list of things beginning with N which you would find in a kitchen. You understood that, didn't you?"

"Y-y-yes," I said. "Oh, y-y-y-yes. Of course."

"So Napoleon—"

I pulled myself together with a great effort.

"You don't understand," I said with dignity. "The cook's name was Napoleon."

"Cooks aren't called Napoleon," said everybody.

"This one was. CARRIE NAPOLEON. Her mistress was just as surprised at first as you were, but CARRIE assured her that—"

"No, I'm afraid we can't allow it."

"I'm sorry," I said; "I'm wrong about that. Her name was CARRIE SMITH. But her young man was a soldier, and she had bought a *Life of Napoleon* for a birthday present for him. It stood on the dresser—it did really, waiting for her next Sunday out."

"Oh! Oh, well, I suppose that is possible. Go on."

"Gnats," I went on, nervously and hastily. "Of course I know that—"

"Gnats are spelt with a G," they shrieked.

"These weren't. They had lost the G very early on, and consequently couldn't bite at all, and Cook said that—"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I'm sorry," I said resignedly. "I had about forty of them—on the dresser. If you won't allow any of them, it pulls me down a lot. Er—then we have *Nitro-glycerine*."

There was another howl of derision.

"Not at all," I said haughtily. "Cook had chapped hands very badly, and she went to the chemist's one evening for a little glycerine. The chemist was out, and his assistant—a very nervous young fellow—gave her nitro-glycerine by mistake. It stood on the dresser, it did, really."

"Well," said everybody very reluctantly, "I suppose—"

I went on hastily.

"That's two. Then *Nobody*. Of course, you might easily find nobody in the kitchen. In fact you would pretty often, I should say. Three. The next is *Noon*. It could be noon in the kitchen as well as anywhere

else. Don't be narrow-minded about that."

"All right. Go on."

"*Non-sequitur*," I said doubtfully.

"What on earth—"

"It's a little difficult to explain, but the idea is this. At most restaurants you can get a second help of anything for half-price, and that is technically called a "follow." Now, if they didn't give you a follow, that would be a *Non-sequitur* . . . You do see that, don't you?"

There was a deadly silence.

"Five," I said cheerfully. "The last is *Notting Hill*. I must confess," I added magnanimously, "that I am a bit doubtful whether you would actually find Notting Hill in a kitchen."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. My feeling is that you would be more likely to find the kitchen in Notting Hill. On the other hand, it is just possible that as Calais was found engraven on MARY's heart, so— Oh, very well. Then it remains at five."

Of course you think that, as I only had five, I came out last. But you are wrong. There is a pleasing rule in this game that, if you have any word in your list which somebody else has, you cannot count it. And as all the others had the obvious things—such as a nutmeg-grater or a neck of mutton or an omelette—my five won easily. And you will note that if only I had been allowed to count my gnats, it would have been forty-five. A. A. M.

THE IDEAL DIET.

WE have received several letters respecting an article in last Thursday's *Westminster Gazette* entitled "Wild Scenes in the Bohemian Diet." Space will not permit us to print them in full, but we feel strongly that such regrettable occurrences justify the publication of any reasonable means that may be suggested for their prevention in the future. Mr. EUSTACE MILES writes that he has been much shocked by the news. "I do not know what the diet of the Bohemians may be, but I feel confident that it is not in accordance with my rules for healthy feeding. My E. M. Proteid Mush and Chips are perhaps the ideal foods among quiet diets, and I would humbly commend them as a sure prevention of future trouble of this unhappy nature. Any Bohemian sending me a stamped addressed

envelope shall receive an explanatory booklet, fully illustrated, by return."

Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE writes us a strong letter against the use, as diet, of sausages and kippers, which, as he very truly says, are the main food of Bohemians of the present day. In all his long experience he has never known a sausage and a kipper live peaceably together, and he gives it as his firm opinion that only in good red beef can quiet be found.

One Who Knows.

"There were two Johnsons—one the poet, essayist, critic, editor, and dictionary-maker; and another Johnson the talker. The first was a very second-rate poet, an essayist whose style the classicists of the present age rightly reject; occasionally incisive and brilliant, but as often overlatinised, pompous, and turgid, who talked not of a 'chain,' but of a 'concatenation' of ideas."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We cannot help feeling, as we reach the end of this passage, that this is an instance of the little pot calling the big pot black.

A Natural Phenomenon.

"A HEAVY SHOWER.—Between 2.30 and 3 o'clock this afternoon the sky in the City grew very dark, and a heavy shower came up from the east. For ten minutes or so the rain fell furiously in drops so large that at first they were taken for hailstones. The streets were flooded for a short time, and the man without overcoat, umbrella or shelter thought himself very unlucky."—*Westminster Gazette*.

We congratulate our wide-awake contemporary on being the only newspaper to report this truly remarkable occurrence.

Professional Football.

"At the beginning of each season it is customary to take a more or less sanguinary view of a team's chances in the League campaign."—*Blackburn Weekly Telegraph*.

"Burns the boxer, and the late Burns, bridge-jumper, are different persons."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

"So are BURNS the Cabinet Minister, and the late BURNS, poet."—*Punch*.

"Miss Marie George wears an invisible green and dark red tartan kilted skirt."—*Daily Graphic*.

So does Miss MAUD ALLAN.

"SHORTHAND.—100 words 1 month. Call and see world's fastest writer."—*Belfast News Letter*.

Nearly four words a day—the imagination reels at it.

"AS GARDENER, Head or Second, inside or (inside out)."—*The Yorkshire Post*.

Personally we should love to see him inside out for a second.

SOME MORE AMATEUR PRESENTATION STATUES.



OUR ARTIST HAS NOTICED THAT ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION OF LATE STATUES OF THEIR OWN PRODUCTION HAVE BEEN OFFERED BY AMATEUR SCULPTORS TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, AND THEY HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AND SET UP IN THE PUBLIC STREETS. THIS PRACTICE, IF PERSISTED IN, SURELY OPENS UP SOME APPALLING POSSIBILITIES.

AMONG THE DUKERIES.

THE way in which marriages are made in Mayfair has long been an unwritten scandal. You start by being already married and sick of your old wife; then you get a divorce in some obscure country, such as Switzerland, by a process which doesn't count in England; then you marry again and are still received in a Society that is rotten to the marrow. It was high time that the whole ugly system was exposed; and Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, like the ardent reformer he is, has undertaken to do so, with Mr. HAMILTON's assistance, at Drury Lane. It is true that in his drama, *The Marriages of Mayfair*, there is only one Mayfair marriage, and that a perfectly sound one; so that the moralist's design might have escaped our notice but for a long premonitory interview in the Press, in which he clearly defined his lofty motive. Yet I half fear that the pulpit homilies of Father BERNARD RALEIGH are like to be overwhelmed by the gorgeous pomp and ritual supplied by Lay-brother COLLINS; and that many an erring Mayfair sheep, that should have left the sacred edifice resolved to make cleaner marriages in future, will retain nothing but vivid pictures of RUMPELMAYER'S, of the theft of the Tower jewels, of a warm corner in the *Duke of Exmoor's* covers, with a cock-pheasant stuck fast in mid air, and of a villain and a pony precipitated down an Alpine snow-shoot.

I am certain that the intelligence of a Drury Lane audience is higher than mine: for nobody else seemed to be worried about the plot, which, as I gathered, runs as follows:—The late *Lord Alaric Villiers* gets himself divorced in Switzerland from his first wife, and within a year marries *Lady Margaret Constable*. His son by this second marriage eventually inherits the Marquisate of Deerminster. It is then shown that the Swiss divorce was invalid in our courts, and that therefore the new Marquis was not born in good British wedlock. He is accordingly ousted from his title. But there is still a chance left of restoring his poor mother's honour. The first wife is known to be dead; it is merely a question of proving that she died

before *Lord Alaric's* second marriage. Unfortunately there is but one person who can witness to the date of her death, and he is a gentleman of so obscure a life that he is only traceable once a year in a hospice on the top of a snow-bound Alpine pass. However, he is run to earth, and admits that the deceased lady, of whom he has many kind things to say, perished in a neighbouring drift two years before *Lord Alaric's* second marriage. This contented everybody but myself, I being left wondering how she contrived to die a whole year before her own divorce.

Another thing that troubled me was the stupidity of the Tower guard.



WIDEAWAKEFIELD TOWER.

Jim Callender (Mr. Lyn Harding) to Dudley Gore (Mr. Vincent Clive). "Hist! We are unobserved!"

Not only were the arrangements for the theft of the jewels made under the very nose of the sentry, but the poor amateur burglar actually stood for quite a long time palsied with fright not more than six feet off a squad of soldiers facing his way, while an officer put them through their night-drill. It was an extraordinary oversight on their part.

Thirdly, I could not understand why *Lord Adolphus Villiers* should have regarded himself as incapable of revoking a power of attorney which he had once made in favour of *Miss Bess Bissett* of the Halls. On this subject I should have liked to consult a retired Anglo-Indian Judge whom I saw in the stalls. But in recalling acquaintance I might have been tempted to remind him of another

performance at which we jointly assisted—namely, a knock-out fight at a Calcutta circus—and in deference to his dignity I refrained.

The cast included several very capable performers, to whose credit it must be laid that they never let you see their cheeks bulging with their tongues. Mr. LYN HARDING seemed really to enjoy himself as the villain. His presence on the stage always inspires me with confidence, so sound are his methods; and he doesn't mind what he plays in, from SHAKESPEARE to RALEIGH. Miss EVA MOORE was very graceful and natural, although she suffered dreadfully from second-sight. This infirmity was shared by Mr. CHEVALIER, who shot a beater in the middle of the thigh and excused himself on the ground that he mistook the fellow's feet for a rabbit. It was very difficult after this buffoonery, and his previous comic vagaries, to take seriously the many noble sentiments which he threw off with a superb rotundity which greatly impressed the Pit.

People who sacrifice their dinner so as to be in time for the First Act should be warned to bring matches and a candle, or one of those little electric bull's-eyes as used by the pew-openers; otherwise, in the awful darkness that shrouds the intervals between the scenes (rendered more appalling by a pitiless orchestra) they will be unable to consult the chart and get their bearings in a most bewildering sea of characters.

A final tribute of praise is due to the glories of the renovated Lane; and I felt rather a brute for having carried off, on the sleeve and tail of my coat, a lot of lovely fresh paint from the box which the Management kindly placed at my disposal. This sort of souvenir-hunting was, I now think, a mean return for so much luxury both in the spectacle and its setting.

I was late for *The Early Worm*, which had had some ten days' start and was going strong. It is a nice, careless, inconsequent play—on the borderland of farce—dealing with the harmless intrigues of some comfortable middle-class people to whom the author (Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE), out of deference to the demands of the British snob, assigns such titles as *Duke of Tadcaster*, *Lord Steyne*,

etc. "The Worm" is a term of boyish endearment applied to *Allan Marchmont*, a delightful outsider; but I never discovered that he did anything to deserve the attribute of "early." The epithet must have been thrown in just for joy. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH played the part with infinite relish. Miss FANNY BROUGH, as *Lady Steyne*, lightly ignored the nominal dignity of her social status, and made a really admirable domestic shrew; and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as her errant lord, preserved, with great decorum, the traditional demeanour of the weaker vessel. It was impossible to mistake Mr. MATTHEWS for a Duke, and to do him justice he made no attempt to impose upon us. Indeed, I thought he carried to greater lengths than usual his charming air of indifference, as if he found the whole thing too absurd. Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT was very attractive, and Mr. BASKCOMB a really humorous figure as a yacht-steward, whom the rival lovers bribe to fall overboard that they may rescue him and so establish a claim to valour in their lady's eyes.

A pleasantly ridiculous little play, and saved from commonplace by the novelty of the situation on the yacht, and by the fresh candour with which people gave one another, and themselves, away, in the manner established by Mr. BERNARD SHAW. The author of *Arms and the Man* will have to keep a sharp eye on his patent rights.

O. S.

•MAXIMS FOR MOTORISTS.

FOR THE CHAUFFEUR.

1. Don't in busy places run over sixty miles an hour, or, in fact, over anything that is likely to injure your reputation or the car.

2. Don't take up a lot of room in turning street corners. All self-respecting chauffeurs do this on the two outside wheels.

3. Don't creep under the car at every little dislocation. This, besides suggesting the comic postcard, looks cowardly. If the fault be actually underneath, wait until the car turns over of itself, then operate before righting it.

N.B.—An exception to this rule is where a constable is seen approaching with his notebook, in which case both owner and chauffeur may do well to crawl beneath the chassis for a space.

4. Save with an upward lift of the eyebrows or a downward turn of the mouth, never deign to notice other



ZYNNING-KING

Tourist (after a long discussion with Station-master on the subject of catching a steamer). "SO YOU WOULD ADVISE ME TO COME BACK BY THE SUNDAY NIGHT TRAIN IN ORDER TO CATCH THE BOAT ON MONDAY MORNING?"

Station-master (severely). "A WUD ADVISE NAE MON TAE PROFANE THE SAWBATH; BUT A'LL JUST REPEAT—IF YE WAIT TILL THE MONDAY YE'LL NAE GET THE CONNECTION."

makes of cars or the driving abilities of other chauffeurs.

5. Always leave the thingummy vibrating when the car is pulled up for a long roadside chat. It is a great assistance to conversation.

FOR THE OWNER.

1. Attempt no familiarities with the chauffeur; at the same time avoid obsequiousness.

2. When being towed home by another car lean back and look amused.

3. Except in the presence of the chauffeur let your conversation be heavily charged with technical terms.

4. For districts infested by the police a disguisable number-plate should be used. The letters and figures can be temporarily changed by the pulling of a cord from inside

the car. As to *personal* disguise no reminder is necessary, its advantages having been recognised from the first.

FOR THE OWNER'S WIFE.

1. Avoid any appearance of interest in the scenery.

2. Cultivate the motor bow. It is less formal than the carriage bow, and is sometimes accompanied by a flutter of the left hand.

3. Back up your husband's protest at a "hold-up" by the police with a look of haughty astonishment, as if to say, "But surely this is absurd! We were only doing seventy miles an hour."

4. In town, if the car is a showy one, leave it palpitating at the shop door while you purchase your pins or tape. The sound of it may strengthen your credit.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the critics of *Diana Mallory* (SMITH, ELDER) observes that in reading it "we soon feel as if we had been at a reception by a highly popular hostess with a wide circle of political friends." I'm not so sure that I do feel this. I suppose I ought to appreciate more than I do the high privilege of reading the minds of the eminent politicians, from the PRIME MINISTER downwards, whom Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD brings into relation with her latest heroine. But, except that I enjoy the shrewd knocks which she deals to such people as platform women of the baser sort and wealthy democrats who must have the best of everything, the political part of the book leaves me cold. It seems to me more artificial than the work which one naturally expects from the creator of *Robert Elsmere* and *Sir George Tressady*.

study in character-drawing *Marshall* is a masterly achievement. But as a fit mate for *Diana* he is impossible. And I think Mrs. WARD asks too much if she expects us all to be as forgiving as *Diana*.

No coterie has been more fully or more frequently written about than that which in the early half of last century was gathered under the hospitable roof of Holland House. GREVILLE, MACAULAY, BROUGHAM, ABERHAM, HEYWORTH, SYDNEY SMITH, TOM MOORE, BYRON and GUIZOT have contributed to the gallery of portraits. In *The Holland House Circle* (METHUEN) Mr. LLOYD SANDERS does not add anything to the familiar story. A diligent gleaner in the fields where grow the harvests of other men, he has garnered in a portly volume a fascinating collection of reminiscences. Lucidity is not his most shining virtue. To tell the truth, he is occasionally as "confused and unintelligible" in his narrative as was CANNING's friend GEORGE

A CONTRAST.



THE YELLOW PRESS AS IT APPEARS IN ALLEGORY



AND

A FEW OF THE INDIVIDUALS WHO PRODUCE IT.

It is like a picture-frame, carefully squared and neatly dovetailed, but composed of machine-made moulding which can be turned out by the yard. On the other hand the portrait of *Diana* herself is in all respects natural and charming; and *Ferrier*, the Opposition leader, *Sir James Chide*, the eminent lawyer, and one or two other of the most prominent characters are well and truly drawn. But when we come to the figure of *Oliver Marshall*, the weak, vacillating, insincere member of the Radical Party, who is throughout the object of *Diana's* love, the general harmony of the picture is to my mind spoilt. At his mother's instigation he feebly consents to break off his engagement to *Diana*, on discovering that her mother had been condemned to death for a murder which was in reality only an act of self-defence, and he is basely disloyal to *Ferrier*, his party-leader. Yet in spite of these two acts of treachery, both of them the natural outcome of his character, *Diana* continues to love him, and eventually marries him on what is wrongly supposed to be his death-bed. As a

ELLIS in conversation. But the theme is so attractive that, having turned back in vain attempt to see where odd sentences lead to, one can pass on to be reminded of SYDNEY SMITH's sparkling wit or Lady HOLLAND's studied rudeness. The value of the book, which is great, is increased by the reproduction of portraits of most of the men whose names are associated with Holland House. A company that included SAMUEL ROGERS, SYDNEY SMITH, BYRON, GUIZOT, SHERIDAN, LUTTRELL, TOM MOORE, FRANCIS HORNER, MONCKTON MILNES, to mention only a few names, was never before drawn together, and its equal has not since foregathered.

"The marriage of Miss — to Mr. — took place in Brussels, the ceremony being performed on account of the advanced age of the bridegroom's grandmother."—*The Times*.

How rare, indeed, is it nowadays (as they say at Drury Lane) to hear of a marriage taking place simply and solely for Love.

CHARIVARIA.

THE next bare-foot—or should it be bare-faced?—dancer to visit us is to be Miss RUTH ST. DENIS. This fair American has confided to an interviewer that her dances are “real expressions of the soul,” and that she does them for no other reason in the world than that they are beautiful to her. After this statement the rumour that the customary fees will be charged for seeing Miss ST. DENIS’s performance may be dismissed as a spiteful invention.

We regret to learn that Lord ROSSLYN is suffering from a shock to his system.

The KAISER, it is said, has appealed to Count ZEPPELIN and Major CROSS to sink their differences. Does this mean that they are to attempt to cross the North Sea?

If ever a misprint was pardonable it was the following:—

SEIZURE OF A RAILWAY
BY BURGULARIA.

The combined indignation of the nine Bank Managers who were duped last week by Mr. D. S. WINDELL is, we hear, a mere flea-bite compared with the wrath of the taxicabby who drove Mr. WINDELL on his long journey of adventure and received a gratuity of sixpence. Even before the fraud on the banks was discovered this astute Jehu had come to the conclusion that his fare was no gentleman.

Is ten minutes sufficient for a sermon? asks *The Daily Mail*. In our opinion one requires more sleep than this in these strenuous days.

The craze for novelties in wedding-presents has received a set-back. Two persons have been arrested for sending an infernal machine to a bridegroom.

A fashion authority informs us that the vogue of the Large Hat is on the wane. Any jubilation would, however, be premature in view of

the further intimation that the Big Toque is coming.

The fact that the Pereira Medal—the annual “blue riband” of the world of pharmacy—has been won by a lady makes one wonder what a female chemist should be called. A Chemisette?

An account of the *début* of the Aldershot aeroplane states that “an

We are surprised that *The Daily Chronicle*, which we have always understood to be in favour of an improvement in the relations between this country and Germany, should have published the following paragraph, which is bound to cause grave offence at Potsdam: “It is perhaps not too much to say that at the present moment the two most prominent Sovereigns in Europe, after the SULTAN, are King CHARLES of Roumania and Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria.”

Penny Post has now been established between England and America, and this renders it possible to send a letter to a friend in the next street for the same price as is charged for a journey of five thousand miles.

As a result of continual complaints from the Metropolitan magistrates of the constantly-increasing pressure of work it is now proposed that a special tribunal shall be instituted to deal with all charges relating to the JOEL family.

The Morning Post reports Mr. HALDANE as follows:—

“The Government had crossed the Rubicon and burned its boats (*cheers*), and they did that with their eyes open. They knew perfectly well they were driving away many people who had supported them, but in the main the current of opinion in a great nation made for righteousness. The Government would trust their barque to this current.”

Perhaps the earlier part of this heroic statement would have been received with less enthusiasm had it been known that the

Government had taken the precaution of sparing one ship from the flames.

From a notice in an American store:—

CLEANERS, ETC.

YOUR SUIT PRESSED BETWEEN TRAINS.
It seems rather a drastic method.

“Between twelve and noon to-day a Vanguard motor-bus suddenly burst into flames.”

The Westminster Gazette.

This defines the moment of the occurrence with an accuracy almost pedantic.



“To cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a t-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-a-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.”

Enthusiastic Golfer (from the gallery). “JOLLY GOOD ‘FOLLOW THROUGH, SIR!’”

artificial bunker belonging to the Command Golf Club lay in its course, and this it cleared quite easily.” Where’s your WILBUR now?

Major W. P. DRURY, in an article in *The Western Daily Mercury*, insists that England is threatened with an attack by Japan on India, a second Indian Mutiny, and a German invasion. However, things might be worse. Now that Lord ROSSLYN’s system of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo has been discouraged nothing is to be feared from Monaco.

"THE ARGONAUT."

[Dirge on the loss of Dr. Lunn's famous Steam Yacht, beloved by schoolmasters.]

TOLL for the gallant ship just gone below,
And with your salt tears swell the briny main;
Yea, let the universal chest heave-ho
To think that she will never float again;
Never, in charge of her respected skipper,
Carry to Isles of Greece the cultured tripper.

What high and hallowed memories haunt her sleep!
Visions of poets rampant on the poop,
Rehearsing HOMER's views about the deep,
Or flinging off at some enchanted group
A lyric wail inspired by southern waters,
Yet not unfit for clerics' wives and daughters;—

Visions of scholars, steeped in antic lore,
Who, in return for food and passage free,
Played showman to the panoramic shore
Or else located legends of the sea—
The spot where Bacchus found the lady stranded,
Or Aphrodite left the foam and landed;—

Visions of spinsters, dumped in Greekish ports,
Consulting guide-books on the glorious age
When good old PINDAR boomed the Olympian sports
And SOPHOCLES repaired the Attic stage;
While ushers pointed out that trams and steamers
Were still unknown to these delightful dreamers.

Yet, though we mourn the fair ship's dolorous fate,
She might have ended worse; she might have sunk,
Some night of winter, with her homing freight
Of pedagogues, wrapt each within his bunk,
Wasting the local tips that they 'd collected
And leaving many a schoolboy much dejected.

Nor you, O Doctor, count yourself undone;
She was insured, I hear; and soon you 'll build
A second *Argonaut* to sally, LUNN,
On the old trail with all her cabins filled,
And, ere her educative mission ceases,
Carpet your nest with further Golden Fleeces.

O. S.

A PUNCH EXHIBITION.

THIS is to give notice that *Mr. Punch* proposes, early in next year, to make an unparalleled Exhibition of himself. He therefore begs to invite all his friends who possess any desirable memorials of his career—from its inception in 1841 to the present day—to be kind enough to make him a temporary loan of them.

This is the class of thing he wants:—

- (1) Original drawings by *Mr. Punch's* artists, especially those whose work is over.
- (2) Prints, lithographs, coloured plates, etc., from pictures by *Mr. Punch's* artists.
- (3) Documents and autograph letters relating to *Mr. Punch*.
- (4) Manuscripts of *Mr. Punch's* articles.
- (5) Objects of interest that have been in the possession of *Mr. Punch's* men.

The above will be very gratefully received, cared for, and eventually returned by MESSRS. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

PERCY'S LAST VISIT.

ABOUT the middle of July the weather suddenly turned wet and chilly. I had not seen PERCY for some days, and was feeling considerable anxiety about him, when he suddenly appeared one morning at my window, which was fortunately open. But on this occasion he did not fly in—he crawled over the sill, and had to wait there some time before he could muster up sufficient strength to wing his way on to my breakfast-table. I was greatly shocked by the change in him; it was difficult to recognise the trim and debonair drone he had once been in the abject dishevelled creature that clung trembling to the toast-rack. "I'm done for, dear boy," he said, with a pitiable effort to preserve his former jauntness. "These infernal old judies have put me in the cart this time! Only looked in to say good-bye and that."

I said I hoped things weren't so bad as he seemed to think, that "while there was life," etc.; but even as I said the words I felt how horribly banal they must sound.

"Wait till you've heard!" he said; he was too unnerved to say more just then. "There's been a good deal goin' on lately," he began at last, "which struck me as rum, though I didn't think much of it at the time. They've been doosid stingy with the bee-milk for one thing, and cut me off my nectar altogether. I made complaints of course—but nothing came of it. Then, the other day I found MATILDA and URSULA and some others haulin' the little nipper-drones out of their cells before they were half hatched, and pitchin' 'em over the terrace! 'Why the dooce can't you let the poor little beggars alone?' I said. 'What harm have they ever done you?'"

"There's hard times comin'," said MATILDA, "and the fewer mouths to feed the better."

"Well, I saw there was some sense in that—but it was the sort of way she said it that gave me cold chills. However, that soon passed off. But this mornin'—(he could not continue for a moment)—"this mornin' I was snoozin' comfortably in a corner when I was awoke by a most fearful shindy. So I tumbled out to see what was happenin'. And a pleasant sight it was when I did see it! BERTIE rushed past me, sprintin' for all he was worth, with MATILDA after him, full cry. Next came MARTHA cheyvin' ALGIE, and PRISCILLA leggin' it after ARCHIE, while that beast MARIA had got poor old GUS by the hind-leg with her great heavy jaws. And no rompin' about it, mind you—they meant business! I could see that every one of the poor dear chaps was green with funk. Then I saw RHODA comin' along with every feather on her back bristlin', evidently makin' for me. I didn't wait for her. Over and under the combs we went, and round and round—till by good luck I saw a heap of late pollen they'd forgotten to store, and dodged behind it. RHODA ran on, thinkin' I was ahead, and as soon as she'd turned the corner I made a bolt for the gates. It wasn't much of a chance, for I knew it was old EMILY's turn to be on guard, and she'd be safe to spot me before I could slip through. She did right enough—but she let me pass, only tellin' me to take care I didn't come back. She ain't such a bad old sort. After I'd got out I hung about, waitin' to see how the other fellows got on; and presently out they all came tumblin' in couples—MATILDA hangin' on to BERTIE, MARTHA scufflin' with ALGIE, and MARIA clawin' poor old GUS, till they jockeyed 'em up to the edge of the terrace—and what do you think they did next? Gnawed off one of each of those poor chaps'."



A CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

1415—1908:

HALDANE. "O THAT WE NOW HAD HERE
BUT ONE TEN THOUSAND OF THOSE MEN IN ENGLAND
THAT DO NO WORK TO-DAY!"—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., Sc. 3.

[Mr. Haldane has conceived the admirable idea of recruiting his Army Reserve this winter from the ranks of the unemployed.]



THE LITTON COMPANY

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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He (impulsively). "DARLING, I RATHER THOUGHT OF KISSING YOU!"

She. "HOW DARE YOU? WHEN YOU KNOW I CAN'T SCREAM WITH SO MANY PEOPLE ABOUT!"

wings close to the root, so that they'll never fly any more, and bundled 'em all over, neck and crop, to starve! Last thing I saw was old Gus flounderin' on his back in the grass, tryin' to make out what it was all about. Poor dear old Gus—he wasn't over bright—but one of the best! And by this time I expect they've served every blessed drone in the city the same way. After all their talk about 'the good of the State,' too! Perfectly rotten, I call it. I tell you what it is, my boy, if we'd only kept these Bee-women in their place, instead of lettin' 'em have everything their own way, they'd never have got above 'emselves as they have! But there," he concluded dismally, "it's too late to think of that now. The question is, What's goin' to become of Me?"

"Why not stay here, PERCY?" I suggested. "I can put you up. There ought to be enough for both of us."

He turned a lack-lustre eye on me. "What's the good of talkin' rot like that, dear fellow?" he said. "I can't eat the sort of stuff you do. I want bee-milk, and chyle, and lots of it, if I'm to keep fit. Besides, as I've told you already, I've never been taught to feed myself. I'm entirely dependent on those confounded girls. Which reminds me I came away without my breakfast this mornin', and I'm feelin' uncommon peckish. I shall have to be gettin' back to 'em soon. And yet if I do, they'll nip my wing off and kick me out as soon as look at me. It's the dooce and all of a hat to be in!"

It did seem to be a particularly unpleasant kind of hat. I could only express my profoundest sympathy. But gradually he trimmed and pulled himself into a

somewhat less despondent state. "I'll go home and chance it," he said. "I might manage to get round old EMILY. If I could only get 'em to give me one last blow-out of bee-milk before they gnawed my wing off, it would be something to go on with. Well, old fellow, I'm afraid I'm not very likely to run up against you again, so I'll say 'Good-bye.'" And he flew out, humming with a light-heartedness that was too obviously assumed.

I saw him off, with a sad foreboding that it would be his very last flight in this world.

My foreboding proved, I am happy to say, to be unfounded. Two or three mornings later I was equally surprised and delighted on coming down to breakfast to find PERCY waiting for me on the top of a loaf. "Came round to tell you I was in clover again," he said. "Thought you might like to know." And after my landlady had brought in my bacon and eggs, he proceeded to relate his experiences. "I got back to the hive the other mornin'," he said, "feelin' as limp as a last year's cocoon—didn't think I had an earthly! But instead of tearing off my wing and givin' me the chuck, they all came rushin' out to welcome me! 'It's PERCY!' they cried. 'Oh, PERCY, we were afraid you'd deserted us for ever!' And I'm blest if RHODA didn't fling her forelegs round my neck! 'When I left,' I said, 'I didn't notice that any of you were exactly pressin' me to stay.' At that they all started apologisein' and explainin'. It appears they'd sacked all of us they could get hold of because they'd got nervous about there not bein' enough stores to go round.

Then they'd found they'd miscalculated somehow; there was plenty of food for everybody, and later on the State might come to grief for want of the very drones they'd been in such a hurry to get rid of! Another of their confounded silly mistakes! But it gave me my chance. 'All I came back for,' I said, 'was to tell you girls that, after the disgustin' ingratitude you've treated me with, I've made up my mind to cut the whole concern, and share diggin's with a Human Man pal of mine who knows how to appreciate me!'

'They said if I'd only stay, they'd agree to any conditions I liked. First thing I insisted on was that old Gus and the others should receive out-door relief for the rest of their lives. It was the best I could do for the poor dear chaps. And the old girls are all as meek as maggots now—do everything I tell 'em to. I'm Chairman of the General Purposes Committee, and no end of a pot! I make the hive fairly hum, for they know I won't stand any slackin'. And they like it, my boy. They've found out at last that they get on twice as well when there's a Man to manage 'em! There's some talk of makin' me Prime Minister, and of course if it comes off you mustn't expect to see any more of me. Doosid responsible business, bein' Prime Minister. So p'raps you'd better take this as a partin' visit. Good-bye, dear old chap; pleased to have met you and that!'

PERCY never came to see me again after that, so possibly he really was made Prime Minister. In any case I feel no further anxiety about him, as he is clearly able to take extremely good care of himself.

F. A.

THE END.

DISCURSIONS.

THE DINNER PARTY.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country House at 5.15 p.m. on an Autumn afternoon. Tea is just over. He is about to light a cigarette. She is still sitting in her presidential position at the tea table.*

He. But what's the point of having a dinner? Why have we got to give one? What's the use—

She (scornfully). Don't be a base utilitarian. There's no use in a cigarette, but you're going to have one.

He. I am, if I can make one of your matches burn.

[He strikes a wax match viciously. The top drops off alight and settles on his thumb.

He (shaking the injured part violently). Ow! Ow! Why will you have these rotten matches? I haven't got a limb on my body which isn't burnt to a cinder through this new mania of yours for cheap matches. (He sucks his thumb vigorously.)

She (laughing heartily). Oh, my dear CHARLES, if you could see yourself now!

He. That's right; laugh away. I suppose if you saw me blazing all over you'd think it the best joke in the world. (Continues sucking.)

She (seriously). Certainly not, CHARLES. I should be very, very sorry. I should run very fast for the extinguisher, and I should do my best—yes, CHARLES, my very best—to put you out. How can you be so cruel as to doubt me? (Turns her head away, sniffs, and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.)

He (laughing uneasily). Oh, don't let's have any more nonsense. About this dinner, now. What day did you—

She. Never mind about the dinner. I see it worries you, and I'm not sure it doesn't worry me. Let's give it up.

He. I don't see why—

She. No, CHARLES, we'll give it up. I wanted to tell you about baby. He was so sweet just now. He had got his feet entangled in his frock, and nurse was trying to arrange him, and he turned quite red with rage and hit her on the head—

He (admiringly). The little rascal!

She (continuing). And then he opened his little arms to her and smiled like an angel, and wouldn't be satisfied until she'd kissed him. I often wonder where that child gets his sweet disposition from.

He (gallantly). I don't.

She. Well, perhaps it is so. Your mother told me you had charming ways as a child.

He. But about this dinner. I daresay we'd better get it over.

She. Just as you like, of course. There's really no absolute necessity, but perhaps— (She pauses.)

He. What were you going to say?

She. I thought perhaps a little hospitality of that sort might be expected of us.

He. I daresay you're right. Let's—

She. But mind, CHARLES, I don't want the dinner. In fact, I shall be happier without it, but if you think we ought to, of course I'll do my best.

He (cheerfully). All right. You can put it on me. I'll carry the burden. What date?

She (with alacrity). Tuesday the 20th.

He. Right. (Enters it in a little red pocket-book.) Whom shall we ask?

She (diffidently). We ought to have the LAMPETERS, I suppose, and the BOWLES-DICKSONS, and the COLINGWOODS.

He (airily). Why not the DORLEYS?

She. The DORLEYS! Of course, if you want paint and powder, Mrs. DORLEY's the one.

He. Oh, come, she's not as bad as all that. I thought she'd cheer it up a bit, that's all.

She. Yes, she's just the sort of woman that twists all you men round her little finger. You're all as blind as a bat, and you're the battiest of the lot.

He (with a suspicion of jaunty devilry). Didst think me blind, when—

She. A lucid interval. No, CHARLES, I was the blind one then. However, have your DORLEYS. Only, if you do, I'll have Captain OKES and his sister.

He (loudly). No, no.

She (insistently). Yes, yes. Captain OKES has a bold, free, irresistible way with him, and even if MARY OKES has turned forty she's a pattern of all the girlish virtues.

He. Let's toss.

She. Right. (He produces a coin and tosses.)

She. Heads!

He. Tails it is. (He pauses.) I choose the OKESSES.

She (loudly aside). He has a noble heart after all. (To him). You shall have the DORLEYS, too. It shall never be said—

He. I don't want the DORLEYS now.

She. And I don't want the OKESSES.

He (resignedly). Let's have the lot.

She. All right. That makes twelve with ourselves. Now come up and see baby.

He. But hadn't you better get the invitations off? There's not too much time left, you know.

She (with sweetness and dignity). My dear CHARLES, what do you take me for? I sent all the invitations out yesterday.

He. Well, I'm—

(Curtain.)

OUT OF TRAINING.

[A Penalty of the Vacation.]

ALAS for days sublimely slack,
Of lounging over gorse-clad acres,
Of flogging with relentless smack
The burn that could not hit me back,
Of idling with the breakers!

Of links that hardly let me go,
Of earth and sky's voluptuous
kisses,
Of hanging on by tooth and toe
To mountain-crags, with views below
Of bottomless abysses.

They had their charm, those hours of
ease,

In spots unspoiled by urban bustle;
But oh, the wild regret for knees
So soon deprived, on moors and seas,
Of town-engendered muscle!

With helpless limbs again I face
The strife that turns the heart-
blood chilly.

Re-enter for the Vanguard chase,
And try to hit the spanking pace
For crossing Piccadilly.

I fear the elemental roar
That issues from the Strand's ap-
proaches,

And, cleaving to its strap once more,
My unaccustomed arm grows sore
In restive railway coaches.

Oh, interlude of heath and brine,
That all my hard-won thews re-
laxes!

Where are those District-legs of mine?
When shall I reassert my fine
Unflinching nerve with taxis?

A NEW LINE IN ADVERTISE-
MENTS.

["For to admire an' for to see, for to be'old
the world so wide, it never done no good to
me, but I can't drop it if I tried.—Able;
Colonial experience; straight record. POSITION
WANTED."—*Adet. in a morning paper.*]

THIS application of verse to the
"small ad." suggests possibilities:—

"Tiger, tiger, shining bright." Dis-
engaged through master giving up
trap for motor. Seven years present
place.

"Kind hearts are more than coro-
nets." Nobleman's valet desires
change with greater liberty.

"I must learn Spanish one of these
days." Young gentleman about to
proceed to South America requires
lessons in local vernacular. State
terms.

"Learn to labour and to wait."
Having learnt latter in good provincial
club, advertiser desires sit. in London
ditto.



*Small Boy (whose father is very bald, to Nurse, who is rigorously brushing his hair).
"I SAY, WHEN SHALL I BE OLD ENOUGH TO LEAVE OFF HAIR?"*

"There is none like her, none." General, 25, cook, wash, iron, bake, wait at table, attend children, darn and mend.

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew." Wanted, someone to take care of it, also pony.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Does not describe advertiser, who is eager to find work. Under-gardener or handy man; 29.

"Yearning for the large excitement that the future years would yield." Advertiser seeks sit. Draper's bargain counter preferred.

"Rejoice that man is hurled from change to change unceasingly." Par-
lourmaid seeks new sit.

"Maud is not seventeen but she is tall and stately." Same here. Experienced housemaid-waitress. Suitable for bachelor household.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken; or like stout Cortez." If you do not want to feel like stout Cortez write for our pamphlet of figure-reducing exercises.

"Several cars were having round Hilberry corner at a speed which as one of the Vinots with its carburettor and a S.C.A.T., which had water in the petrol"—*The Liverpool Echo*.

Obviously a very serious accident.

NEW NAME FOR HABITUÉS OF THE
LYCEUM THEATRE.—*The Repeters.*

WILLIAM'S WORD.

I DON'T go in for Anagrams myself, but WILLIAM did once, and he has told me all about it, and what very hard luck he had not to win a prize.

WILLIAM'S word was *Anti-bilious*; and the anagram he made from it was "*Better, Oswald! — Much, Sadie,*" or something like that. I don't say that that was the actual sentence, but it was certainly the idea. There were a lot of Christian names in it which nobody is ever called, and a distinct impression that you were getting too many letters for your money. Of course the word may not have been *anti-bilious* after all—in fact, I am pretty sure now that it wasn't—but it was quite that sort of word, and that is as near as we can go. Anyhow we may be certain that the whole thing was extremely clever of WILLIAM, and that he had the two hundred pounds absolutely safe.

Tactics was the name of the paper, and WILLIAM bought a copy next day. When he had signed his name and written down his anagram, he made an unfortunate discovery. The word had to be taken from pages 203, 204, 205, 206, and 207 of that number. WILLIAM, rather anxious now, turned to page 203, and found that it was the beginning of an exciting story of Spanish life. With an eagerness which would have made the author blush with pride could he have seen it, WILLIAM read that story through. He paid particular attention to the doings of the heroine, because (as he said) you never know what a Spanish lady is going to do next. But though the *Señorita* was sometimes fierce as a tiger, sometimes caressing as a dove, and sometimes one of the animals in between, she was never once *anti-bilious* as anything.

The story went on to page 207, at the bottom of which, to his extreme disgust, WILLIAM read the words "*Another of this series next week.*" Next week, as he had feared, the same pages were chosen (the editor was evidently determined that his stories should be read *somehow*), and WILLIAM once again chased the *Señorita* through five pages. There was a moment on the fourth page when she staggered back, put her hand to her brow, and wailed in a voice of indescribable emotion, "My head, TERESA, ah! my poor head." WILLIAM was longing to jump forward and say, "Excuse me, madam, but have you tried these anti—" only TERESA was too quick for him. "*Mañana, sancho panza; buenos ayres,*" she

said, and led her mistress into the fresh air.

This went on for a month. At the end of that time WILLIAM was in a desperate state. He calculated that the author had used every word in the English language except "*anti-bilious*" (which would be held by any decent editor to give it the required standing for an Anagram), and confessed reluctantly that Spanish life was more healthy than people thought. And he came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to write the next *Tactics* story himself.

Authors will tell you that the beginning of a story is the most difficult part; there are, moreover, proverbs in several languages to that effect. WILLIAM'S trouble was quite otherwise. He began easily and at once:

"*Anti-bilious,*" said the Colonel as he leant back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. There was silence for a moment.

That was his opening, for he was taking no risks; the difficulty was to go on. WILLIAM was, and indeed is, a stockbroker; fiction—save for one slight effort about OSWALD and SADIE—had never been in his line. A strenuous week at it now made him more sure than ever that he was right to have become a stockbroker.

Now WILLIAM was a man of resource—as I gather stockbrokers have to be. One chance was left to him. He called upon a journalist friend of his.

"Hullo," he said, "I've come to business. An editor man I know wants a short story from you. Have you got one? I said I'd see you about it."

"How much?" said the journalist.

"Twenty pounds," said WILLIAM hurriedly, "and I'll pay you now."

"Done," said his friend, and got up to rummage in his desk. "There, take it away. I'm sick of it."

"It isn't about Spanish life by any chance?" asked WILLIAM nervously.

"No. Why?"

"Er—well, it's— Fact is, I don't think the editor's very keen about Spanish life. Can't say why. Just a fancy of his. Hullo, this looks a bit short—just about five lines short, I should say. Well, we can easily stick five lines in somewhere. Here's your cheque. Many thanks."

WILLIAM went back to his office and wrote in five lines at the beginning:—

"*Anti-bilious,*" said the Colonel, as he leant back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. There was silence for a moment. Then he told me the following story.

He had it typed, and forwarded it to the editor of *Tactics*, pointing out that he (WILLIAM) owned the copyright and would take the brass.

I must bring this sad history to a close as quickly as I can. There came a day when the Colonel's story appeared. (There was another day later on when WILLIAM only received three guineas for it, but we cannot bother about that now.) Of course the Spanish stories had been read to the end by this time, and apparently that was all the editor cared about. This week the Anagram word had to be chosen from the City Notes. In a way it was a compliment to WILLIAM'S judgment in selecting stories; as much as to say that anyone would read a tale submitted by him, without the incitement of an anagram; but he wouldn't see it in this light. He was quite angry; and he went out at once to try and persuade his journalist friend to return some of the twenty pounds. On the way he noticed a poster of *Imitations* which called attention to the fact that an Anagram competition was proceeding within. In the faint hope that "*anti-bilious*" might have strayed into their story too he bought a copy. . . .

He was really *very* angry. It seems that for the *Imitations* competition you are not limited to certain pages. You may select any word in the language that you like. Of course, then, any time the last six weeks he might have sent up his *anti-bil*—

As I say, I can quite understand his being angry. For a word in the list of winning Anagrams of the week before caught his eye. It would have caught his eye anywhere by now:—

Anti-bilious: "Better, Oswald! — Much, Sadie" (or whatever the wretched thing was).

The word WILLIAM used when he read this was useless for Anagram purposes. On the other hand I cannot help feeling that it would have come quite easily into a story of Spanish life. A. A. M.

A writer on Hockey begins an article in a contemporary as follows:

"It is a fact, but nevertheless essentially true. . . ."

We forbear to give the name of the paper which has bred in him this cautious spirit.

"V. B., it was alleged, did twenty-five miles in one hour over the measured quarter of a mile."—*Daily Mail*.

And at the end of it they went and fined him!

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT.

[An Ohio policeman had to arrest an alligator last week. It happened at the time to be following an intoxicated pedestrian.]

ROBERT, I envy not

Thy lot!

When chill the night and polar,
And thou art whistled to thy work
To probe my garden's inky murk
Lest haply some slim burglar lurk
Behind the ghost-like roller;
And when thou rushest in where I
Tremble to tread lest bullets fly,
Then, Robert, as I watch thee go
I marvel? Yes!—I envy? No!

Nor, Robert, would I choose

Thy shoes

When Suffragettes will fight thee,
And thy coercive arm must quell
The lawless wrath of CHRISTABEL
And all those Amazons who swell
The swarms that scratch and bite
thee.

Yet though, when all is said and
done,

Thy lot is not a happy one,
Believe me, thou art blest beyond
Thy luckless peers across the Pond.

If oak and brass be bound

Around

The length of thy equator,
What adamant canst thou suggest
Must gird the hero's dauntless breast
Who may be summoned to arrest
A scaly alligator?

No Suffragette has such a jaw
To scare the guardians of the law,
Nor such a long and moving tale
To make them tremble and turn pale.

It makes my heart grow queer

To hear

The tasks they may be brought to,
If they must seize each fearsome
beast

That hunts, with fury still increased,
Convivial gentlemen who feast

More freely than they ought to.
Ah! if 'tis difficult to snare
An alligator which is there,
How much more hard his hapless lot
Who has to capture one that's not!

TRUE DIFFIDENCE.

["The Duke of the Abruzzi, now that the naval manoeuvres are over, will shortly leave for America, where his marriage with Miss Elkins will take place in November.

"Although the Duke does not wish the wedding to be accompanied by much ceremonial, he will, on his return to Italy with his bride, be escorted by several Italian warships."

Reuter.]

The great Bostock, on the completion of his engagement at Earl's Court, will, it is said, deliver a



THE "EMPIRE" STYLE IN SUFFOLK.

THANKS TO OUR FASHION PAPERS, EVEN THE HUMBLEST CLASSES ARE ENABLED TO IMITATE THE MODES OF MAYFAIR.

course of lectures at the Royal Institution on "The Power of the Eye." Mr. Bostock, who is of an exceedingly retiring disposition, has stipulated that there shall be no advertisements or fuss, but he will be escorted to Albemarle Street each Wednesday evening by a bodyguard of lions, tigers, elephants and camels.

Madame MELBA, on passing through Paris the other day, considerably requested President FALLIÈRES not to meet her at the Gare du Nord. She has, however, graciously signified her willingness on her return journey to receive a deputation consisting of sixty Deputies, who will present her with a magnificent tiara and an address asserting her incontrovertible superiority to all human wafblers alive or dead.

For the Home.

A Scots contemporary kindly explains how "to keep butter cool in hot water." For the moment we cannot think of any situation which would call urgently for a solution of this problem, but if ever the emergency should arise it would be our duty to inform our readers that the contemporary in question is *The Oban Times*.

The Daily Telegraph on the police arrangements at the Licensing Demonstration:—

"Half of them were told off to line the great thoroughfares... a third of them were stationed in the park itself and the remaining third were ordered to various important points to meet the various processions."

This is known in the trade as "half-and-half."



PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD: A STUDY FROM LIFE.

"MOTORISTS MUST LEARN THAT OTHER PEOPLE BESIDE THEMSELVES HAVE A RIGHT TO THE ROAD."—*Antimotoring Press.*

STRANGE INNOVATION.

HEAVILY DRESSED ETHICAL DANCER.

YET another intellectual dancer of world-wide repute is to make her appearance in London shortly in the person of Miss VASHTI ST. VITUS, a young American of Semitic origin and extraordinary command of the moralising influences of corybantic undulation.

It should be noted at once that there is a vast difference between Miss ST. VITUS's method and that of Miss MAUD CUNARD or Miss MUSIDORA BUNCOMBE. As might be expected from her name, it is at once more strenuous and more saintly—more in keeping with the best Bollandist traditions. Miss ST. VITUS never wears less than three skirts, five petticoats, and four pairs of stockings; and she usually dons goloshes over her shoes. There is naturally very little play of the feet about her dancing, but especial emphasis is laid upon facial expression, *frou-frou*, and vortical convolution of the drapery in accordance with the theory of the late Lord KELVIN. The main aim of her performance, it cannot be too insistently asserted, is to inculcate ascetic Altruism on the lines of the strictest Pragmatism.

Miss ST. VITUS—who, in the chaste phrase of *The Daily Chronicle*, is a most charmingly-lissom, fresh, lively, practical and thoroughly American young person—contends that it was *she* who first invented the vermiform arm-wriggle which is one of Miss MAUD CUNARD's most applauded achievements. "I introduced it at Boston," she said, "long before even Miss MUSIDORA BUNCOMBE came out. As a matter of fact, I started my ethical and pragmatic dancing—in a previous incarnation, of course—just about the time that TAGLIONI first made her appearance in London." This settles the question of priority once and for all.

"There's just one thing," said Miss ST. VITUS in an interview with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, "that I want to say slick out. My dances are in no way connected with the prevalent cult of Apolaustic Hedonism. They are just the real expressions of the soul, and a white soul at that. Other dancers may appeal to Cabinet Ministers and the Smart Set, but I aim at doing a stunt on the great Puritan Heart of the British public. No dancer since the world began ever wore so many clothes as I do. Why, one of my

dances, is called 'The Dance of the Nineteen Petticoats'!

"Then I'm a Theosophist as well; and that of course gives me a far wider spiritual outlook. At the Congress at Oxford the other day I gave illustrations to one of the lectures representing a Hindoo saint practising emotional exercises in the solitude of the jungle. I tell you Oxford is still humming with it, and the Headmaster of Eton has invited me to cavort on the ethical platform before the school twice a week for the rest of the term. To-morrow I give them the Stoical Sand-dance, and next Tuesday, with ten of my best pupils, I am going to show them the Angel Cake-walk and the Self-denying Tarantella, which typifies the liberation of the soul from a sordid craving for jam-puffs."

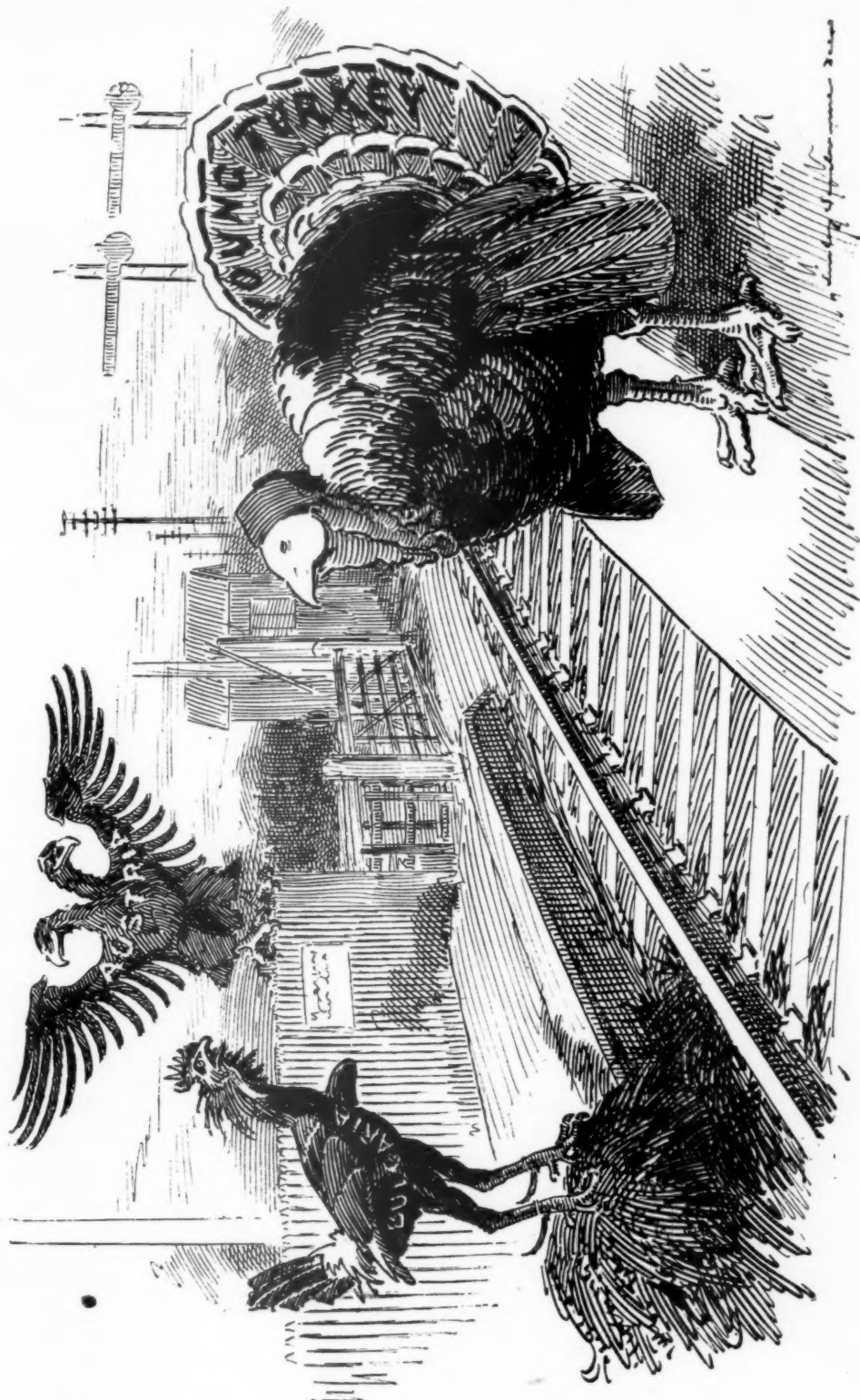
Making the Frenchman at Home.

On a box of advertisements in the Machinery Hall at the Exhibition:—
"AIDEZ-VOUS."

"The course is marked out by three turning posts forming a triangle, of which the sides are 1,000, 700, and 300 metres respectively."

The Times.

Poor old Euclid! He has had a good run, but the boom in his books couldn't last for ever.



BULGARIAN PRECOCITY.

GAME COCK. "NOW'S MY CHANCE, WHILE HE'S NICE AND YOUNG?"

DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE. "I THINK I OUGHT TO GET SOME PICKINGS OUT OF THIS."

PLATE 1. 1880.



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A MATTER OF OPINION.

Stalker (to Sportsman, tottering on the edge of space). "YE'D BETTER TAK THE SHOT, OR MAYBE THEY'LL BE MOVIN'! YE'RE IN A GRAND POSEITION NOO."

MORE MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD.

How these ghostly communications came into Mr. Punch's hands he does not intend to say; but here they are. The *lacunae* are the result of defective sympathy, inevitable but much to be regretted. The conjectures as to the meaning of mysterious initials are Mr. Punch's own; so are the translations from foreign tongues.

FROM MARLOWE AND WEBSTER.

Tell that good man SWINBURNE to go on. We like it here. Trowel-work for us; and the butter can't be too thick.

FROM EURIPIDES.

BROWNING's the man for me. I would rather read AL[GERNON] ASH[TON] than AL[GERNON] of the P[INES]. 'Otorotoi nonoi dā.

FROM JAMES BOSWELL.

The Lichfield statue is very gratifying. I waive the Nonconformists' patronage. Rather amusing to see PERCY [? FITZGERALD] coming in for praise after so many years of the other thing.

FROM ARCANGELO CORELLI.

SCHUMANN tells me that he wrote

Novelettes, but none of my family ever did that I know of. Anyhow, so long as she writes in English, it makes no difference to me.

FROM CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The news of yet another book about us by C K S [? Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, the eminent critic and BRONTË expert] is causing utmost dis . . . [?disquietude] to myself and my sisters. Is there no stopping him?

FROM ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Why all this fuss about WIN[STON] CHUR[CHILL]? The world was too small for me when I was thirty, and at thirty-three he is only President of a stuffy little Board of Trade.

FROM ICARUS.

The word aeroplane is a monstrosity to Elysian ears, and the mere mention of W[ILBUR] W[RIGHT] puts me in a wax. Anyhow, no sea can ever be called after a man with such a name . . .

"E. G. P. desires clerkship in office of solicitor; willing to work and learn."—*Law Times*. Such willingness to undertake duties slightly outside the usual routine is the first secret of success.

AMERICAN BREVITIES.

MR. HEARST denounces Senator FORAKER as a paid tool of the Standard Oil Trust.

Senator FORAKER denies the charge in a two-column letter, but retires from the political arena.

President ROOSEVELT says that BILL TAFT is a bigger man than himself—in three columns and a half.

Governor HASKELL gives Mr. HEARST the lie direct in two thousand words, and resigns.

President ROOSEVELT says ditto to Mr. HEARST in six thousand words.

Mr. BRYAN rebukes President ROOSEVELT in four columns.

President ROOSEVELT says Mr. BRYAN is a fraud in ten thousand words.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER says nothing.

"The removal from the sea shore of the bathing machines is proceeding, but large numbers still indulge in the morning sea-bath." *The Daily Telegraph*.

They often look as if they needed it.

EPITAPH ON A BORE.—He was not for a time, but for all day.

UNCLE TOM'S TRANSFER.

[N.B.—Unless readers possess exceptionally strong nerves they are warned not to peruse this harrowing story of our modern slave trade.]

AUNT CHLOE stood with smiling face as she watched UNCLE TOM demolish his tea. "Deese here openin' games gib you a mazin' appetite, honey," she observed.

UNCLE TOM (so called by the Hookerham crowd because the veteran had played for that famous First League club no fewer than three seasons) nodded assent.

AUNT CHLOE recollected something, and her face grew grave. "I hearn tell dat one ob dese Southern traders war hangin' round de Secretary's office to-day. Spees he's after some ob de young uns."

The Secretary wiped his eyes as he sat at his desk.

"Massa," said UNCLE TOM, "hain't I served you faithful for years? Hain't you trusted me to train myself? Hain't I allers been sober 'cept ob a Saturday night an' in the close season?"

"UNCLE TOM, you have," replied the Secretary; "but the club is in debt. All the directors have had their fingers in the gate-money. Chelsham has offered a thousand pounds for you. I tried to get them to take MUGGINS, JOSSER, or STARK, but they would have you. UNCLE TOM, you won't betray your old club? If you run away and we can't deliver you to Chelsham there's no dividend for our shareholders."

UNCLE TOM looked the Secretary straight in the face. "Trus' me, Massa; I'll go."

"Go?" cried LITTLE EVA. (N.B.—The Secretary's golden-haired daughter. Please don't confuse with racehorse of same name.) "Go? UNCLE TOM, surely you're not going?"

"Yes, Missee, goin' South."

The golden-haired angel burst into tears. "We're jiggered for the Cup this year," she sobbed.

"UNCLE TOM," said the Secretary, "I promise that if we've any luck at all in gates this season we'll buy you back."

AUNT CHLOE was too grieved for tears. "I knows what dose dratted slave-holders down South 'll do," she groaned. "Dey 'll wear ye out wid dere Saturday matches an' dere mid-week matches. An' dat ar 'Sidesman'—he 'll be drivin', drivin' ye till ye drop. Dar 'll be a jedgment on him—wantin' football three times a week. Shame on dem sellin' ye down South."

Out of consideration for our emotional readers we simply have to omit the scene of LITTLE EVA's death-bed. But we must state that she lay with an angelic smile on her face whilst Topsy read *The Athletic*

shoulder-charge constitutes his entire repertoire. He lacks the subtle instinct which teaches the expert when and where to trip."

The field seemed to spin round UNCLE TOM and he fell in a heap.

"Pide a thousand fer 'im," shouted the spectators; "'e'd be dear at a tanner."

When UNCLE TOM revived he found the Secretary of the Hookerham Club bending over him.

"UNCLE TOM, I've come to buy you back. The Tariff Reform candidate for Hookerham has given a thousand pounds to set the old club on its legs. I came here the moment we got the cheque."

UNCLE TOM's face brightened for a moment, then he sighed. "No, Massa, I'm done for football now. I don't blame dem—not eben Massa 'Sidesman.' Poor fellow, he knew no better. I forgive dem all. But listen, Massa, listen."

The Secretary bent down. A smile of almost seraphic beauty passed over UNCLE TOM's face as he murmured, "Spees, Massa, it's about time I took a pub ob me own."

The Millennium.

LIONS AND LAMBS LIE DOWN TOGETHER.

ENCOURAGED by the happy conclusion of the "Book War," Mr. LEVER (so rumour goes) is about to combine with *The Daily Mail* to bring out a new soap. Mr. WALKLEY is said to contemplate collaborating with Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES in the production of an Original Comedy; and a hope has been expressed that the Bishop of HEREFORD will see his way to take the chair at the next meeting of the Licensed Victuallers.

The Cats of the "Argonaut."

SEVEN cats, each with nine lives, perished at the sinking of the *Argonaut*; and we understand that the severest restraint had to be put upon a sub-editor of one of our most strenuous Evening Papers to prevent his issuing the following poster:—

"ARGONAUT" FOUNDERS.
LOSS OF 63 LIVES.



[The *Daily Graphic*, in a review of *The Romance of Modern Geology*, speaks of the coming of Man, and "that mysterious distinction which places him apart from and above the lower members of the animal kingdom."]

Lord of Creation (after reading passage). "EAR! 'EAR! BRAVO, 'DAILY GRAPH-HIC! I'VE OF'S NOTISHED THAT MYSSTERISH D'STINC'SHULUM."

News aloud. (Again we beg readers not to confuse golden-haired angel with racehorse of same name. Racehorses are too intelligent to take an interest in Soccer.)

UNCLE TOM was panting in mid-field, worn out by the exertion of two matches a week. He had done his best, but he had just failed to trip the opposition centre-forward at a critical moment. He knew that this slip would entail awful chastisement. In the press-box he could see "Sidesman" take up his fountain-pen, and could easily guess what would appear in print:—"UNCLE TOM once more displayed his lack of adaptation to the scientific requirements of modern football. A crude



SOME PROMISING STUDENTS OF "VOICE CONTROL."

"The course of lectures and classes upon 'Voice Production and the Management of the Voice,' which will be held this session under the auspices of the University Extension Board, form part of the complete training course for lecturers, but will also be found extremely useful by all who wish to secure perfect control over their voices."—(*Daily Paper*.)

TURNED TABLES.

[The Paris correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* recently recorded a sad story of an accident to a motor-car, caused by three women who on the approach of the car refused to move from the middle of the road. The obstinacy of these pedestrians resulted in the car being thrown into a ditch.]

OUR Special Correspondent in the South-East wires:—A daring burglary took place the night before last in Pickle Alley, off the New Cut, at the residence of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, a well-known inhabitant of that quarter. Mr. SIKES occupies the front room on the second floor of No. 6. His profession keeps him employed until the early hours of the morning, and, on his arrival home about 3.15 a.m. yesterday, he was amazed to find that his room had been entered and rifled of the most valuable contents, including a very pretty set of tools which Mr. SIKES uses in his work. Mr. SIKES, with great presence of mind, rushed to the window and blew a police whistle, and a number of members of the force quickly assembled. But the burglar had got clean away with the swag. The only clue to his identity was a pocket-handkerchief, with a monogram surmounted by a coronet.

WE understand that the next number of the *Art Journal* will contain a criticism, by the President of the Royal Academy, of the pictures in *The Tailor and Cutter*.

On Friday last a pretty incident was witnessed in Whitehall. As a short, sturdily-built gentleman with a bowler hat and a grey beard was cautiously picking his way across the wide thoroughfare, a little golden-headed child rushed out from the throng of people, and, snatching him from beneath the front hoofs of a pair of dray horses, carried him in safety to the pavement. There, patting his head with a kindly smile, she went on her way as if nothing had happened. The gentleman was none other than Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P., President of the Local Government Board!

More Romance of a Sub-editor's Life.

"Yesterday at one o'clock, two young brothers named William and Jack Brady were playing along the side of the cargo boat Carrick Lee, when Jack, who is about six years of age, fell in. Constable 11B brought the little fellow home to his parents."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"A plucky rescue from drowning took place near the Custom House yesterday afternoon. Two brothers named William and John Brady were playing by the river side when John, who is aged about four, accidentally fell into the Liffey. Constable Kyle (127 C) took the boy to Jervis Street Hospital."—*Freeman's Journal* (same column).

If you do not care about either of these we shall be glad to prepare a third account—giving the whole truth about five-year-old JOHNNY.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE BAZAAR SEASON.

Mainwaring Holt.

DEAREST DAPHNE. — The Bazaar season has set in with unusual severity. Every house I've stayed in lately has been suffering from it. First, there was Clackmannan Castle, where STELLA CLACKMANNAN made me help with her big annual bazaar for Keeping the Crofters Where They Are, or something of that sort. Oh, my dear! such a stodgy business! I do believe that everything of every kind sold at that bazaar, from warm gowns and mauds to bonbonnières and powder-boxes, was made of Scotch plaid. The Scotch are certainly the most monotonous people on the face of the earth. That's what's the matter with them. And they're something else too. They all wanted their proper change, if you please, even when I was selling!

I offered to put a little life into the affair by getting up some side-shows and a *café-chantant*, and was quite willing to sing some coon songs or do a clog-dance, or "anything to oblige," but STELLA said they wouldn't understand or approve of it. She was quite sure, however, that if I would give a recitation from BURNS it would be *very much liked*! Fancy, you know! Why, I only know one line of BURNS, "My name's MacSOMETHING. On the Grampian Hills——" Then I offered to tell fortunes in a witch's cave, as I've often done so successfully, but STELLA said she was afraid that would hardly do either, for most of them had the second-sight. Second-sight, indeed! The first sight of them was enough for me! I never like STELLA so little as when she and the DUKE (BROTHIE, as the natives call him rather familiarly) are doing the feudal at Clackmannan Castle. As I said to her one day, "When I'm at Clackmannan I shall leave off calling you STELLA, for you don't twinkle a little bit." Then a terrible old piper marches round the dinner table every night, making a most cut-

rageous noise on the bagpipes with a thing called "The Blairs will live for ever," or some nonsense of that kind, and expecting to be *complimented* instead of turned out of the place. I was taken to dinner one night, for my sins, by that old terror, THE MACSUMP. I chatted to him in my own way (which some people have been kind enough to call *inimitable*), but couldn't strike a spark out of him; so at last I shut up and let him take the floor. And he *did* take it,

me a family tragedy in which one of his horrible ancestors had got what I'm sure he thoroughly deserved two or three hundred years ago!

I went to the MIDDLESCHIRE'S next, and of course there was another bazaar. I must say LALA MIDDLESCHIRE looked rather nice the day she opened it. It was in aid of one of her pet Causes, the League for Being Benevolent to Birds and Considerate to Fishes, and she was in cloth of the new shade of brown (*dead joys*),

trimmed with baby-owl; her toque was entirely composed of love-birds' breasts, with an egret at the left side.

This, you must know, *chérie*, is *emphatically* a feather autumn. People are trying to outdo each other in sporting rare and *royant* feathers. Among the things I've ordered for the Newmarket Second October are a flamingo toque, boa and muff, that I think will fairly knock 'em. To give them the proper brightness and softness the feathers have to be taken off the poor flamingo while it's still alive, I believe. Of course it's a horrid necessity—but it is a necessity, and that's all about it.

It was at the MIDDLESCHIRE'S that I heard of FLUFFY THISTLEDOWN'S new departure. She's been resting since that cruel case came to an end, trying to get over the strain of it. Then she had an offer from the Syndicate Halls, and has just come out at the Magnificent as a *chanteuse*. I ran up to town for her first appearance. The place was crammed—and all to see her. She wore a dear little white baby frock and big white baby bonnet, and sang, "Would co like to tiss me?" in quite professional style, winking, and making love to the boxes, you know, just like DOLLY DOODLES. I'd no idea she had so much talent. She's quite charmed with her new life. She has a cosy little flat near Charing Cross, and is trying to forget the wretched past, poor little woman. During their whole married life, Sir GEORGE never understood her or had the least consideration for her.

When I got to the MAINWARINGS'

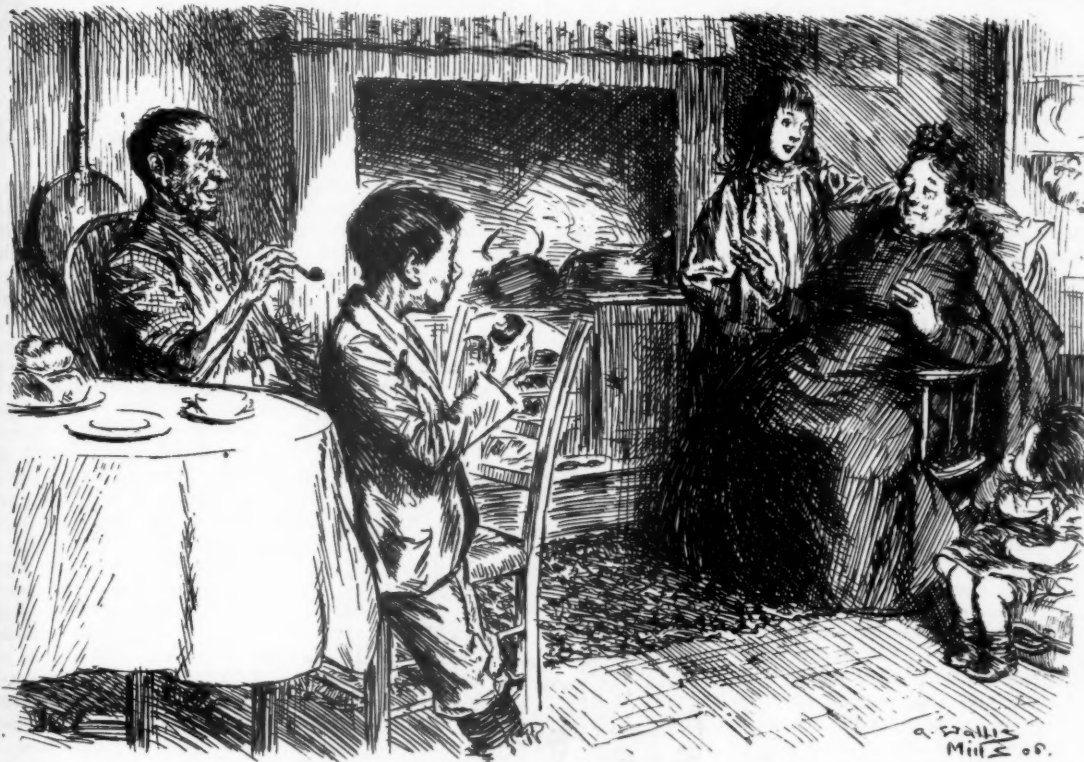


"Oh, I say, who d'you think I met this morning?"

"Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."

my dear, and something over. Prose, prose—growl, growl. Of course I didn't listen. I turned my attention to what they were saying at the other side of the table, and thought I had more than done my duty when, at a pause in the prosing and growling, I threw in a laugh and "That was awfully good." It didn't quite fit, however. He turned a small, angry eye on me and said severely, "Ye think it a matter to laugh at, leddy, that the head of the MacSUMP should have perished in that awful way?" It seemed he'd been telling

little white baby frock and big white baby bonnet, and sang, "Would co like to tiss me?" in quite professional style, winking, and making love to the boxes, you know, just like DOLLY DOODLES. I'd no idea she had so much talent. She's quite charmed with her new life. She has a cosy little flat near Charing Cross, and is trying to forget the wretched past, poor little woman. During their whole married life, Sir GEORGE never understood her or had the least consideration for her.



Mrs. Jenkins (returned from a visit to London). "AY, THAT LUNXON'S A WONDERFUL PLACE! WHAT WIT THE 'ORSE BUSES AND THE MOTIEY BUSES, AND THE 'LECTRIC UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS! AN' NOW I'VE COMED AWAY, I EXPECTS IT'S ALL GOIN' ON JUST THE SAME!"

(where I still am) I was resigned to the inevitable. I simply said, "When's your bazaar, and what's it for?" And what d'you suppose it was for, my dear? You know the MAINWARINGS are rather extreme in their views, and the bazaar was to provide funds for bringing over a shipload of destitute aliens who want old-age pensions! I said that as I didn't altogether approve the object of the bazaar I wouldn't take a prominent part in it; so I merely helped in the cigar divan, and acted with JACK MAINWARING and PIGGY DE LACY in a little French playlet, *Le bel amant et le mari ridicule*.

I motored over yesterday to Old-acres to see CYNTHIA HAVILLAND and the kiddy. She was cuddling it and cooing to it in the most ricky manner. She's quite swamped and submerged in domesticity. I call it really sad, for she was beginning to make a bit of a name socially. "Isn't my angel lovely?" she said. "Kiss him, BLANCHE." "By-and-by, my dear," I answered; "I don't care about kissing them when they're so very young." "Oh, you hard-hearted woman!" she wailed. Then

she went on making plans about "the angel's" future—how he's to go into Parliament and make a great name. "Don't worry about that," I told her. "By the time that small bundle of screams is a man there won't be any Parliament, or anything else. The Socialists will have turned everything upside down, and very likely we shall all be cave-dwellers!"

And having cheered her up in this way I left her.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

MATINÉE MACHINERY.

On the prickly subject of the matinée hat Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM has said to an evening paper, "I expect an automatic solution." He need not be disappointed; he has only to come to terms with our pet inventor, and his theatre can be fitted to-morrow with either of the following patents:—

1. The Automatic Seat-Raiser. The invention is attached to each stall. A shilling in the slot will shoot the stall high above all obstructions—too high to interfere with the view from the pit, not high enough to bother

the dress-circle. A second fitting will be supplied to meet any cussedness on the part of an obstructionist. If a lady who is no lady insists on following the obstructed up towards the ceiling by placing a shilling in the slot of her stall, the obstructed can, by inserting yet another shilling in a secret slot at the back of her stall, send her down to earth again, where she must remain, for the stall could not again be raised until an expert had "set" it for the next performance.

2. The Automatic Seat-Sinker. A second invention, again on the shilling-in-the-slot principle, is one by which the stall of an obstructionist can be suddenly dropped through a trap-door well below the floor of the theatre. The opening will be large enough to let any wearer through; the hat will remain above the floor, however, for the obstructed to put his feet on.

"Professor Ramsay asked and got leave to plant dwarf ewes at the entrance."—*Alyth Guardian*.

It would be difficult to think of a more appropriate man for the job.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's new book, *The Great Miss Driver* (METHUEN), shows the sound, solid craftsmanship which one has long learned to associate with his best work. But I have one or two grounds of quarrel with him. He builds up for us, with very conscientious pains, the character of a young girl, suddenly called to the absolute ownership of a large estate, who has a cool head for business, and can make a very clear map of her projected progress as a social figure in the county; who is described as acting at times on what appears to be sudden impulse but is really the considered result of an elaborate plan of attack in which she has kept open a way of escape; and then, when the great crisis comes which is to test her character, she behaves like the most foolish and flighty and irresponsible of women. Again, we are never allowed to recognise for ourselves the attractions of the man whose mistress she becomes. That he must have had a compelling charm we gather from the almost hypnotic influence he exerted over her. But the author permits us to see very little of his nature, except the brutal, overbearing side of it; and this makes her escapade the more inexplicable. For the rest, the story is told with great distinction, though the interest suffers from a severe hiatus in the middle during the long retirement of the protagonist into obscurity; and the fresh start which she makes on her return is not without a suspicion of anticlimax.

Mr. HOPE's style is here, as always, marked by a nice gift for analytic reasoning, as clear as it is subtle; but this virtue has its own defect, which shows in a tendency to arrest the rhythm of a period for the sake of a parenthetic phrase introduced to modify the argument. The title of the book might, perhaps, have been more effective. If he had to name his heroine after a golf-club, he should have also taken into consideration her enormous income and called her "The Great Miss Brassey."

We know Dr. FITCHETT as one who fulfils

With quite a remarkable meed of success
The function of gilding historical pills

By decking them out in a readable dress.

And now he's combining his facts with romance

In a novel entitled *A Pawn in the Game*;

It deals with the great revolution in France,

And Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, they publish the same.

The pawn is an Englishman flung by the Fates

Into most of the fun that is flying about;

It's fact that provides him with desperate straits,

And fiction that finds him a way to get out.

The venture's success is not wholly assured,
For the history part, which is wise and sedate,
Has not, as it should have done, always secured
A dignified pose in its fictional mate.

If you were to mention the name of CHESTERTON to an ordinary person he would reply, "Oh, you mean that paradox fellow. I can't stand a man who spends all his time trying to prove that black is white." You would know from this that he had never read a line of Mr. CHESTERTON's; you would explain gently that Mr. CHESTERTON had never said black was white, only that one man's black was often another man's white—a very different thing; and you would start him on some of the lighter essays of G. K. C. In a little while

he would begin to like the author, and he would want to read more. He would read more, and then he would discover Mr. CHESTERTON's weaknesses—as, for example, that he could never resist the elementary verbal joke; moreover, he would be annoyed with a man who seemed so ready with his opinion on every topic under, or even above, the sun. He would probably hate Mr. CHESTERTON. . . . Well, I did, anyhow. But I persevered; and after a further course of him, which has just ended with *All Things Considered* (METHUEN), *Orthodoxy* (LANE) and an anonymous and excellent criticism of him published by ALSTON RIVERS, I am definitely on the side of the angels. So I recommend these three books without hesitation to his admirers, and (so long as they take *All Things Considered* first) with but slight misgivings to those who have not yet learnt to appreciate him.



Patron of Promenade Concerts (anxious for expert advice). "SERGEANT, DO YOU THINK THIS ITEM IS WORTH WAITING FOR?"

Interplay (METHUEN) is the title which BEATRICE HARRADEN has chosen for her last book, and an interplay apparently is a kind of drama that doesn't need any plot to speak of. For all that, the piece is an uncommonly good

one, and the characters are interesting and likable enough to compensate for the lack of stirring adventure. There is a lady steeped in sham culture; another who is entirely genuine; a doctor who gives up half his practice because the patients are not really ill; a half-witted maker of violins; and a sea-captain who calls his fiancée "shipmate," and has only missed finding the North Pole, I gather, because the signposts in Arctic circles are so disgracefully misleading. What more can one want? And all these people react on each other in a pleasant good-natured way, and manage to point the moral that one must live one's life heartily and avoid shams. The only fault I have to find is the author's habit of giving gratuitous advertisements to things that don't really need them; for instance, the Hampstead Tube, taximeter cabs, and St. James's Park. I think one ought to be allowed to take one's chance of finding these fascinating places and objects without undue influence.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that PRINCE FERDINAND has been made a Tsar, news reaches us of unrest in Monaco, whose Prince, it is rumoured, is about to proclaim himself a Kaiser.

Meanwhile we hear that the firm attitude of our Government in the crisis has alienated a number of its own side, who hold that a Liberal Government ought to give away everything which doesn't belong to its supporters.

In sporting circles regret is expressed at the improbability of a fight, for, if there is anything in a name, the Young Turks and the little Bulgar boys should have been well-matched opponents.

When the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER arrived at Swansea, a Suffragette approached him, and began, "Will you tell Mr. ASQUITH—" "Tell Mr. ASQUITH what you want to yourself," replied Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, as he drove off. Mr. ASQUITH, not unnaturally, thinks that the advice given by his colleague was disloyal and inconsiderate.

"There has not been any period in the last ten or fifteen years," says Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, "in which our relations with Germany have been on a firmer and more friendly footing than they are to-day." This is indeed a cruel reflection on the last ten or fifteen years.

General BADEN-POWELL, on the occasion of his inspection of the boy scouts who are encamped inside a Holborn emporium, evinced much interest in their camp cooking, of which he tasted some samples. The boys, we hear, were delighted at this

fresh exhibition of pluck by the Hero of Mafeking.

Miss MAUD ALLAN is said to have expressed the opinion that the reason why so many persons were prostrated by the recent heat is because they did not dress suitably.

À propos we are requested to state that the "strip-tickets" which are

"Modern life is so crowded and so strenuous," says *The Estates Gazette*, "that few of those who use the Mart have leisure to reflect upon the romantic side of the business passing around them." We think our contemporary is mistaken. No one who listens to an auctioneer striving to sell a property can fail to be struck by the amount of romancing that goes on at the Auction Mart.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON has started a savings bank in connection with his business. Each deposit book bears the inscription "Dinna Forget." Surely a more appropriate motto would be "Forget Dinna but Remember Tea."

The proprietor of a hair-dressing saloon in Beak Street is, *The Express* informs us, a clever composer as well as an excellent barber, and "his saloon is largely patronised by musicians who are his friends as well as his customers." A friendship between a long-haired musician and a barber must surely be unique!

According to *The Daily Mail* a number of athletics are now going in for dancing in order to gain quickness and strength. As a matter of fact for some time past we have suspected the presence of wrestlers and sprinters and Rugby forwards in the ball-room.

"I have the strength of mind to walk about London in the daytime in a collar which is not white," brags Mr. BERNARD SHAW. Judged by this standard our Metropolis is rich in heroes.

A Crowded Evening.

"To-night, at eight precisely, last 3 performances of the Corsican Brothers."—*Daily Telegraph*.



A SPORTING OFFER.

Applicant for Old Age Pension. "LOOK 'E THEN, MISTER, OI TELL 'E WOT 'TIS—IF THEY LOIKES TO START PAYIN' ME NEOW, OI BE WILLIN' TO TAAKE FOWER SHILLIN' A WEEK INSTEAD OF FOIVE IN JANUARY—THERE NEOW!"

being issued by some of the Tube Railways do not admit one to the Palace Theatre.

M. REICHEL has been expressing his thanks to Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT for taking him on an aeroplane trip. In M. REICHEL's own words, "Ravished, fascinated, I threw myself on WRIGHT's neck; clic, clac—I kissed him squarely." We now fully appreciate Mr. WRIGHT's objection to the snap-shooter.

BACK TO THE HOUSE.

Being the confession of an obscure Radical heckler.

[Next to the warlike attitude of Serbia, the opening of the Autumn Session of the Mother of Parliaments, with its prospect of ill-timed questions on delicate points of diplomacy, is regarded as offering the gravest menace to the peace of Europe.]

LET others use intemperate words
Touching the Fates that intervene
To spoil the sport of missing birds
Or hacking divots through the green;
For me, I do not share their dolour;
At Duty's summons, stern and clear,
I take delight (with LEWIS WALLER)
To bellow, "I am here!"

Living at home in humble ways
(My natural gifts are most obscure),
I long to catch the public gaze
And be a sort of cynosure;
But only when the House is seated
(That's why I loathe a long recess)
I get to have my name repeated
And figure in the Press.

Daily I make it my concern
To catechise the powers that be,
Till every Minister in turn
Has to explain himself to me;
But most I shine, as now, when Europe
Is plucking Turkey to the bone;
'Tis then I nurse a strong and sure hope
Of being better known.

Foreign affairs are my preserve.
When there's a show to give away,
I try to shake the triple nerve
That steels the heart of EDWARD GREY;
At England's watcher on his eyrie,
Guarding her claims with jealous eye,
I love to shoot a shattering query
And make his feathers fly.

When statesmanship is put to proof
And half the earth is seeing red,
I joy to plunk my ponderous hoof
Where diplomats are loath to tread;
And when my hobnails cease to clatter,
Should he survive my labour's close,
No *Elegy* of GREY's will flatter
The scene of my repose.

O. S.

The Great Rat Question.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S NEW EPIGRAM.

A contemporary reports Mr. SHAW as having made the following observation in the course of a lecture from the pulpit of the City Temple:—

"The man who believes in rat for art's sake is a fool."

Mr. SHAW's humour grows better and better.

THE report of the slump in medical students has caused considerable uneasiness among dispensing chemists and undertakers. The decline is largely ascribed to the increased dissemination of medical knowledge in the Press. Both Dr. SALEEBY and *The Daily Mail* medical man are prepared to accept each for himself the chief responsibility for the new condition of things.

DISCURSIONS.

THE LETTER.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country House, as before. Time, 6.45 p.m. He has just come in from shooting and is alone in the room. After warming himself at the fire he approaches his writing-table. He takes up an addressed envelope containing a letter.*

He (to himself, in surprise and indignation). Well, I'm dashed. She's forgotten to take the letter. That finishes any chance of getting a game with TOM HARGRAVES on Saturday. However, I've got her this time. (*A step is heard approaching the door.*) Here she is. I'll play cunning. (*He pockets the letter.*)

She enters all smiles.

She. Oh, you're back, are you? Had a good day?

He. Not so bad. Thirty-eight brace and a few hares and rabbits. I've brought home three brace.

She. Yes, I saw them in the hall.

He. Then you must have known I was back.

She. Yes, I half guessed that my very own had returned.

He. Then why did you say, "Oh, you're back, are you?"

She. Why shouldn't I?

He. Well, if you knew—

She. I didn't say I knew. I said I half guessed. And then when I saw you—no, I mean when I beheld the splendour of your face—is that TENNYSON or you, CHARLES?—anyhow, when I came into the room and found you there safe and sound I was too agitated to guess the other half, and I just asked you so as to make sure. See? And there's one more thing I'm going to say—CHARLES, I will say it; you can't stop me—and it's this: it isn't at all nice of you to lay really clever traps like that for a poor weak woman. No, it isn't nice.

He. Well, but—

She. Not another word. You've been a monster.

He. But—

She. Yes, you've behaved like a monster, a male monster in horrible gaiters and great muddy hobnailed boots; and you've behaved like that to a poor woman whose only fault—(*She affects to break down, turns her head away and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.*)

He (with a pounce). That's one of my handkerchiefs.

She (still dabbing). Is it?

He. Haven't you got any of your own?

She (to the ceiling). Listen to him. Here's a man who's simply rolling in handkerchiefs, and he grudges me one of all his thousands. (*To him.*) CHARLES, have I been mistaken in you all these years? (*With a swift change.*) Now let's talk of something else.

He. By the way, I suppose you took that letter?

She (blankly). Letter? What letter?

He. The letter I wrote to TOM HARGRAVES, asking him to play golf on Saturday. You said you were going that way in the pony-trap and you'd drop it at the house.

She (evasively). Oh, that letter. I—

He (warming to his work). Yes, it was most important he should have it, because he said if he didn't hear from me he'd take on HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

She. Yes, yes, I remember; you told me all about it.

He (inexorably). Of course you took it.

She (after a furtive look at the writing-table). Well, it isn't where you left it, is it?

He. No, it isn't.



A HANDY CUSTODIAN.

ASQUITH. "YES, WE OUGHT TO GET PAST THE OTHERS PRETTY EASILY. BUT THAT'S THE FELLOW I'M AFRAID OF."





Mother. "WELL, DARLING, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE PARTY, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE BISHOP?"

Effe. "OH, IT WAS DELIGHTFUL, AND THE BISHOP WAS AS KIND AS KIND--BUT, OH, MUMMY, THE DRATTS OF A KITTEN!"

She. Well, then I suppose somebody *must* have taken it.

He. I agree.

She. Why not imagine it was me--sorry, CHARLES--I mean, why not imagine it was I?

He (producing the letter from his pocket and handing it to her). Because here it is.

She (inspecting it). So it is. What a queer thing. Do men often do that, CHARLES?

He. Do what?

She (gaily). Ask their wives to deliver a letter and then carry it off in their own pockets?

He. I didn't.

She. CHARLES, how can you? I saw you with my own eyes take it out a moment ago.

He. But I found it on the table here when I came in.

She. Now, CHARLES, that's really naughty. You know you've been carrying it about with you all day long. You really mustn't be such a funny forgetful bear any more.

He (in despair). Then you admit you didn't take it.

She (calmly). Admit it? I never dreamt of denying it. How could I take it when you'd got it tucked away in your dear old pocket. (She looks at the envelope.)

Such a nicely written address too. (Reads.) "T. HARGRAVES, Esquire, The Larches, Breedon Hollow, Bucks." It's all quite complete. But I'm not sure I like the way you make your B's, CHARLES. They're too like R's. Now I always say--

He. You've spoilt my Saturday.

She. No, CHARLES, I *don't* say that--never dreamt of it.

He (persisting). But you *have* spoilt it.

She. How?

He. By not taking the letter. Tom told me he'd take HARRY COLLINGWOOD on if he didn't hear from me this morning.

She. Did he? Well he told *me* that he couldn't play on Saturday, anyhow, because he'd got to go to London.

He (tumbling off his perch). He told you that? When?

She. This morning, just after you'd gone. He came on his bicycle.

He. Why didn't you tell *me*?

She. I have told you.

He. But--

She. Never mind your old golf. You'll be able to take baby out in his perambulator. (Curtain.)

"Tell all my friends and admirers that I was overwhelmed with joy at the reception I got on my departure." - Mr. Harry Lauder.

But it is as nothing to the send-off he will get when he arrives.

Municipal Candour.

"SOUTHSEA.--Boating and bathing are still followed with ardour, while the bad performances on the promenades and both piers attract large audiences."--Daily Express.

WILLIAM'S WIFE.

My friend WILLIAM has just been in to see me. It seems that he has had a very bad day in the City owing to tea being extremely depressed. I think it was tea. WILLIAM expected it to remain firm with a slight upward tendency, and consequently became a bull about tea. Or is it a bear? Anyhow a silly ass, apparently.

"But I thought you didn't like tea," I said, when he had explained it all. "Why did you get such a lot?"

"Look here," said WILLIAM, "if you say the word 'tea' to me again, I'll—"

"But I want to help. I don't mind taking one pound, if— Oh, all right. I'm sorry. Is that the evening paper? May I look at it?"

WILLIAM handed me the confounded thing, and got up to go.

"There 's nothing in the Stop-Press news about—er—coffee," I said. "Oh, I say, this is rather interesting. WILLIAM, how did you first meet your wife? Oh, but I forgot, you aren't married. Well, how would you—"

He slammed the door and went out. And now I am left with *The Evening News* in my hand to wonder about WILLIAM'S wife.

It is like this. *The Evening News* is inviting everybody to write up and say how he met his wife (or if a woman, husband); and there is a prize of five guineas for the best letter. I have been reading some of the letters, and envying the dears who wrote them. The romance of that first encounter! I wonder if I—I mean WILLIAM—

This was how JAMES SPARROW first met his wife:

He was cycling along a country lane in Herefordshire when he overtook a lady who had just had a puncture. He dismounted, raised his hat, and asked if he might be of any assistance. In a little while they were both leaning over a little stream which rippled by the wayside, looking for bubbles in the inner tube; and when JAMES saw her pretty arms (bare to the elbow) gleaming through the water, he swore that—

As JAMES points out, the fact that they both had the same make of machine was another bond between them. I do hope he gets the five guineas.

This was how MICHAEL PUPP first met his wife:

Every evening he got in at Cannon Street and got out at Wimbledon; and every evening she got in at Sloane Square and got out at Putney. MICHAEL used to take the seat nearest the door, and at Sloane Square he would jump up and say, "Won't you sit down here? I'd much rather stand." After a month they used to smile when he said this (I love her for her backwardness—twenty-

four times!); and after two months he told her that the carriages on that line were rather crowded in the evening. One night a woman with a baby got in at Sloane Square too, and MICHAEL gave his seat up to her instead. JESSIE was so touched by this that she went down to Wimbledon by mistake, and was introduced to his mother at the station. . . .

They were married a year later. The dears—I hope they get the five guineas.

This is how HORATIO ANNESLEY met his first wife:

He went to a garden-party, and his hostess said, "May I introduce you to Miss MUMM?"

I don't think much of that.

I wonder how I—that is to say, I wonder how WILLIAM will meet his wife. Romantically, I hope. He mustn't spend all his time with the groceries; let us give him one breathless encounter, at any rate. I have meditated several openings for him.

"Dear Sir,—I was walking along Brighton Pier after a heavy tea one day, during the recent gale, when I heard a sudden shriek. Hastening to the side I observed the most beautiful girl I had ever seen struggling in the water. Without a moment's hesitation I threw off my coat and dived to the rescue. . . ."

That's all right, you know, because stockbrokers are always walking to Brighton.

Or this:

"Sir,—A year ago I had one night a curious vision. Two or three cups of strong tea had kept me awake for some hours, but at last I dropped off to sleep, and immediately began to dream. In my dream I saw a cathedral beautifully decorated. It was full of people, but one man, who stood up in the front and kept moving restlessly about, attracted my attention particularly. Suddenly he turned round, and to my astonishment I recognised myself. Just then the organ pealed out, and I noticed a procession coming up the aisle. Following the choir and clergy came one whom I can only describe as the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Six months later. . . ."

I am sure that would get a prize.

Why I want WILLIAM to go in for this competition (even though he is not married) is because he has had such a rotten time lately in the tea department, and I think the five guineas would help him. I don't know how many tons of tea he has got on his hands, but you could get several stone for five guineas, and that would be something towards it.

But if WILLIAM does go in for it (and I expect he will, now that he has given up anagrams) he will do it in his own way. I can see his letter as plainly as I can see anything:—

"To the Editor of *The Evening News*."

Dear Sir,—I first met my wife in church. Of course I had met her several times before that, but she wasn't my wife then."

Or even this:

"Dear Sir,—I was introduced to my wife by a man who was a great friend of mine. Who was a great friend of mine."

P.S.—Send the five guineas to my office address."

And I am bound to admit that that sort of thing will probably get the prize.

Well, I don't think I shall go in for it myself. Of course I couldn't, truthfully. But all the same, I have been wondering to-day how . . .

I haven't got a bicycle, you know . . . and I never go down to Wimbledon.

Of course it might be quite unromantic, just like HORATIO; only . . .

By the way, I forgot to mention that the writer of every printed letter is presented with a pound of tea. I am afraid that will annoy WILLIAM rather. A. A. M.

COUNTRY HOUSE HINTS.

BY LADY WEE KENDER

(Contributor to *The World and his Wife*).

I AM sure that all you dear folk who read *The World and his Wife* will like to know how we smart people behave in country houses. It is not likely that you will ever be asked yourselves; but there is no reading so alluring as that about the habits of persons of a higher social grade than one's own. Listen, then.

For one thing you must be a good shot. Most of us can now bring down our partridges and pheasants every time. The men do not like it if we miss, and, as you perhaps know, everything is now done to please the men. A woman who is not a dead shot had better stay at home; she will get no mercy from the men. But a woman who is a dead shot does not ask mercy. She takes her lot with the rest just as it comes. The smartest women all shoot well.

You must take three times as many frocks as the number of days for which you stay. Thus if you are there a week, you will want twenty-one in all, since the men do not like the women to wear the same thing again. You will want seven shooting costumes, or, if you don't shoot, seven tailor-mades for shooting-lunches, seven tea-gowns, and seven evening gowns. Throw in a few more in case of anything special.

It has become the custom with many hosts and hostesses to invite husbands and wives separately to their shooting-parties, as each is supposed to shine best when "on

their own," and not in each other's company; indeed, an up-to-date couple often play the part of *Bor* and *Cox* as regards their country-house visits. Then, if a married man is both a good shot and a "good fellow," he is safe to be passed on from house to house through the entire season. And his wife, if pretty and popular, will get her own share of amusing invitations. Girls, with one or two exceptions, are at a discount in smart country houses. They are not rich enough for *Bridge*, and they put a restriction on funny stories. The best guests are the most seasoned ones.

As to tips. The rule is a fiver to the head-keeper if you stay a week. For a good day over partridges, a sovereign; for a good day with pheasants, £2. If you don't shoot it is not necessary to tip the keeper; but an open hand is no loser in one's friends' houses. Remember you are rarely there out of friendship, but because you have certain desirable qualities. Butlers expect gold or paper. Never ask a menial for change. It is unusual to send for the cook: the best way is to leave a sovereign at the bottom of the soup-plate. You may tip your host if you are very flush. It is not expected, but will not be resented.

NEW ACADEMICS.

[A course in Domestic Economy has just been inaugurated at King's College, Women's Department, University of London.]

THERE are who desiderate Girton

And a first in a tripos; there are
Who painfully seek
To assimilate Greek

On the classical banks of the Cher;
There are, or there is (to be certain),
Who thinks that these haunts
should be shunned,

And who wishes that she
May be styled B.Sc.

(Domestic Economy) (Lond.).

It is not such unpractical knowledge
That the twentieth century needs;
But little it boots

To be learned in roots

If you cannot tell turnips from
swedes.

Then why should a girl go to college
To study some fusty old art?

For instance, why try

To evaluate π

When she might be concocting a
tart?

Away then with classics and gram-
mar!

Away with old algebra too!



THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH.

Lady (with some hesitation). "I—ER—WISH TO LOOK AT SOME FALSE FRINGES."

Tactful Salesman. "CERTAINLY, MADAM. WHAT SHADE DOES YOUR FRIEND WISH?"

For matric, let me take
Apple-dumpling, seed-cake,
Boiled beef and a simple *ragout*.
When I come to my "Inter." I'll
hammer
At household and Viennese bread,
And I'll toil like a horse
At a practical course
In airing and making a bed.

At the Final I mean to go through it
In style, and my luck will be rough
If before I have done
I am not in Class I.

In sweets—special subject, plum-
duff.

Then I hope to research in beef-suet,
And though it may cripple my
fund,

Still I shan't grudge the fee
When I'm once B.Sc.
(Domestic Economy) (Lond.).

"Americans were quiet nearly all day."
The Daily Telegraph.

The writer can't have been in town
lately.

JOSEPH CARTER.

I HAD come to years of discretion before I ever heard of JOSEPH CARTER. In fact I can imagine that I—like many others—might have placidly passed the whole of my days in ignorance of his very existence had not chance willed it otherwise. It was in a moment of heat that I first had cause to know and bless his name. I had—inecautiously, I will admit—stepped into the bath without first trying its temperature. I raised a parboiled foot with an agonized groan, turned on the cold water and breathed a sigh of relief. I looked gratefully at the tap that had come so quickly to my aid and read the simple inscription:—

“Joseph Carter, Plumber.”

What modesty is expressed in those few words! Not

“Joseph Carter,
20-200, High Street, Kensington,
Plumber.”

Not

“Joseph Carter,
England's Greatest Plumber.”

No motto such as

“If you are wise you will go to
Joseph Carter.”

Not even

“Families waited on daily.”

Simply and solely

“Joseph Carter, Plumber.”

During the day my thoughts ran much on JOSEPH. I pictured him a plain, blunt man, probably one who had raised himself from the rank of a plumber's assistant. I thought of him in his family circle on the great day, for instance, when he first rose to the height of having his name engraved on the little porcelain discs that were to adorn so many taps, and stamp them as the work of his hand. I pictured his wife's pardonable pride; how she might beg a dozen or so to use as buttons on her neat though homely gowns; how the children might play at shops with them and the baby chew them when cutting his teeth.

On entering the bathroom next morning my thoughts reverted to JOSEPH, and I hastened to read the inscription again. My eyes happened to light first on the hot-water tap—one of a more recent date than the cold—and I read the words:—

“Joseph Carter's Improved.”

I gazed spellbound. For a moment, for the fraction of a moment, I felt bitterly disappointed in JOSEPH. Then my anger rose. In all probability he *had* improved, but why mention it himself in that blatant manner? Who would wish to begin his day thinking of the prob-

able improvement in JOSEPH CARTER? What a propensity the fellow had for monopolising one's thoughts with his insufferable conceit. Imagine the bitter amazement of a young wife who, on asking her husband at breakfast, “Is your omelette nice, dear?” might receive the darkly mysterious answer,

“Joseph Carter has improved.”

Yet, after all, he may still be a modest man as of yore. Perhaps it is all the fault of Mrs. JOSEPH CARTER. May she not, as prosperity came to him, have urged him to alter his simple legend, and may not the model husband (a man with a name like that could not be other than a model husband) have answered as follows?—

“My love, far be it from me to indulge in any ostentatious display, but since you wish it I will in future gratefully acknowledge on my work that

Joseph Carter has improved.”

CLOTHES.

ARTICLE I.

Good clothes are bought, and not made at home. Some men are soldiers, some men are sailors, and others, again, are tinkers. Fortunately there are enough men in the world to fill these three great professions and leave a few over. These few—these glorious few—are tailors. Suppose there were no tailors. Soldiers and sailors could do nothing for us, and we should be left in the hands of the tinkers. O my masters, think of the discomfort of it! Think of the rattle! Conceive yourselves buttoning up a frayed suit of tin on a cold morning, and cease to grumble maliciously of tailors, their bills, duns and overcharges.

Good fellows though they be, I have never yet met a tailor who could supply me with a linen collar. Collars, Sirs, are still worn, some to such an extent that they irritate and inflame the neck wherever they touch it. Get your tweed suit from the tailor by all means, and wear your brother's cap if you wish it, but for your collars and ties you must turn to the haberdasher. What a glorious title—Haberdasher! Is it possible that the expression “to cut a dash” is merely a shortened form of “to cut a haberdash”? Perhaps, perhaps not.

ARTICLE II.

So we come to ties. Let your tie be black. To the good you shall seem good; to the bad, bad; to the artistic, artistic; to the fashionable,

ultra. Besides, your black tie is the only tie that your sister will not steal. What good is there in this sister of yours? What shall we say of her? She steals your ties, she does abominable things with your razor, none of her raiment is worth confiscating, and the tie that she knits she knits for another. Young man, cease imagining that you shall get the better of this sister, but take it rather out of that Other. Smoke his cigarettes and ride his bicycle; and if he knows his business and means it he will not say a word. If he shows fight, play the Christian and befriend him. Be incessantly intimate with him; put your arm through his and keep it there with inseparable affection. After a day and an evening (especially an evening) of this treatment he will be yours to command, so that you leave him a little. Even your sister may become towards you very nearly polite.

ARTICLE III.

Let us put away frivolity and turn our thoughts to boots and shoes. Shoes are boots with the tops cut off. Boots are boots with the tops left on. Enough, then, of boots and shoes.

ARTICLE IV.

Of socks I say nothing. The part which appears above the shoe is obvious in all its merits and demerits to the public eye. Of that which is inside the shoe there is little to be seen, and that little is of a foreign substance and hue, uncomfortable to the foot and short-lived. Strange men have told me that there exist socks with whole and holeless heels; but I have never seen such and do not believe.

ARTICLE V.

Thus lastly we come to the stud. Though I do not know you and could never love you if I did, you have my sympathy in this. I have composed a curse horrible in style and four hundred words in length, but not fit to be printed here. This I will present to you gratis for the common hate all men bear to this loathsome creature. There is more virtue in two inches of string than in 10,000 studs, and I ever regret that fashion will not recognise this advantage.

CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

One more section and we are at the end of this exhaustive and exhausting treatise. There are items of a man's clothing with which I



THE MODERN SHOOT.

"No, I CAN'T STICK IT ANY LONGER. I'M OFF TO-MORROW."

"OH, THE SHOOTIN'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S THE MANAGEMENT'S SO ROTTEN. ONE EXPECTS TO ROUGH IT A BIT—LUNCHEON WITHOUT A BAND, AND SO FORTH—BUT TO-DAY!—DRINKIN' CHAMPAGNE OUT OF CLARET GLASSES! WELL, HANG IT ALL, THERE'S A LIMIT!"

have not dealt, his stick, his beard, his umbrella and his cigar-case. Time presses, and there are others waiting to expose themselves in these pages. I can only say generally on these and kindred points omitted to be considered here:—Be regular, punctual, speaking no scandal, no, nor listening to it. Let loyalty and self-abnegation be your guiding principles, and your Mother Country shall foster you with ever-increasing pride and taxation.

The "Protectograph" is advertised as "an absolute safeguard against cheque frauds." The Bank of British West Africa writes:—

"We have thought so highly of the value of your Protectograph that we have got one for each of our branches and agencies, which we think is quite sufficient to say what we think about them."

As an opinion on its branches and agencies this is certainly enough.

We understand that a special supplement for veteran paupers will shortly be published by M.A.P. It will be Mainly About Pensions.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

THE diplomatist waved his Turkish cigarette with a gesture of expostulation. "You use too crude a word! 'Expropriation,' my dear sir, 'expropriation' is the term I should myself apply to the—er—arrangement we have concluded regarding the province of Balkania."

The interviewer made a careful note of it. "And if the Balkanians themselves object to their native land being expropriated? Did not the Treaty of 1878 guarantee them their independence?"

"My dear sir," was the suave reply, "I think you are hardly using the correct diplomatic term in speaking of a 'treaty.' 'Semi-provisional arrangement' would perhaps express it less abruptly."

"It is stated that the Balkanians are calling out their reserves and hurrying them to the frontier. What do you intend to do—fight them?"

The diplomatist shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "Oh, no, we should not 'fight them.' Possibly it will be necessary to bring

diplomatic pressure to bear on the frontier, and of course, if they were inclined to resist a peaceful settlement of the question, we should hardly be prepared to view the matter with indifference, but 'fight them,' my dear sir, no! We should merely press for a peaceful recognition of our rights."

"And after Balkania, what will be the next 'expropriation'?"

"Who can foresee? These things lie on the knees of the gods. Readjustments of territory are always liable to deflect the balance of power in any given region . . ."

"WAR DECLARED!" shouted a newsboy in the street below.

"Tut, tut!" said the diplomatist. "How coarsely expressed!"

Advice by *The Lady* to another ("Goo-goo") who is just going out to India to be married:

"Certainly kiss your fiancé when he meets you on arrival. I think you would be very hard-hearted if you did not."

What an agonising voyage it would have been for the poor girl with this knotty point unsettled.



*The New Curate (inquiring for parishioner). "PARDON ME, IS THIS NO. 15?"
Lady of the House, "Lor' Bless you, no, Sir! THIS IS ONLY MY SIXTH!"*

EDITORIAL CHANGES.

CONVINCING GUARANTEES.

THE proprietors of *The New Age* have issued a statement to the effect that they have much pleasure in announcing that in future the editorship of that journal will be in the joint hands of Mr. A. R. ORAGE and Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P. "The association of Mr. GRAYSON with the political editorship of *The New Age*," so the official communiqué continues, "is an additional guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted on the same fearless and independent lines as have made its name respected by all classes of the community."

We are delighted to be able to supplement this gratifying and convincing statement with the announcement of a number of changes impending in the control of other journals.

Thus, it is semi-officially stated that henceforth the editorship of *The Spectator* will be in the joint hands of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON and Mr. LEO MAXSE. The association of Mr. LEO MAXSE in the political

editorship of *The Spectator* is an absolute guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted with the same sobriety of utterance, affection for animals, and loyalty to the principles of Cobdenism which have commended this journal to the thinking classes of the community.

It gives us intense pleasure to be able to announce that on and after November 1st the editorship of *The National Review* will be in the capable hands of Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY and Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P. The co-operation of Mr. ROBERTSON, M.P., is an additional guarantee, if any were required, that the review will in the future be conducted with the same burning zeal for Imperial interests and the maintenance, in our naval defences, of the four-Power standard which characterised it under its previous editor.

We have good reason to believe that on New Year's Day Sir ERNEST CASSEL will assume the post of editor of *The Star*. Sir ERNEST's assumption of the reins of office in Stonecutter Street is equivalent to saying that the paper will continue to expose the horrible iniquities of

plutocracy with the same fearless candour which has won for it the affection of the unemployed in the past.

Great satisfaction has been caused in the City by the welcome announcement that *The Economist* will pass, on the 1st of April, under the complete editorial control of Lord ROSSLYN. The name of this incomparable nobleman makes it as clear as mud that from that date the paper will lend the same sagacious support to sound finance as marked the editorship of the late Mr. WALTER BAGEHOT.

Sir A. K. ROLLIT, as reported in *The Birmingham Express* :—

"It was said of Rome that Augustus found a brick and left it an empire."

Or "threw it at an umpire"? That would make more sense, but anyhow we are afraid Sir ALBERT has got the story wrong.

"The new hotel on Mount Vesuvius is now open. First-class health resort for nervous complaints. Steam heating."

We can well believe about the steam heating.



"HE PUT IN HIS THUMB."

SHADE OF PRINCE BISMARCK (to little FRANZ-JOSEF HORNER). "HULLO, MY BOY! BREAKING THE PIE-CRUST I HELPED TO BAKE? WELL, WELL; AFTER ALL, THEY'RE MADE TO BE BROKEN, AND I'VE DONE A BIT IN THAT WAY MYSELF."

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BURIED GENIUS.

THE UNEARTHING OF PRODIGIES.

A WRITER in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* has recently dwelt on the remarkable number of dramatic discoveries of musical genius which have lent a peculiar lustre to the last decade. This is a democratic age, and the maxim *la carrière ouverte aux talents* has never been more signally illustrated than in the rapid leaps from obscurity to fame made by barbers, maids-of-all-work, bakers' assistants and tram-conductors. We have only one fault to find with our esteemed contemporary. It has not nearly exhausted the subject, and we propose to add to its list a few more well-authenticated instances of the romance of musical lion-hunting.

Among the singers who are expected shortly to stagger humanity with their vocal gifts a foremost place must be assigned to Mr. ROLAND SLAGG, the Chowbent sausage-skin manufacturer, and the owner of an organ such as is the dower of very few men in hundreds of centuries. Yet only ten short weeks ago Mr. SLAGG was innocent of his Pactolian prospects. It chanced, however, one day that Lady DELICIA BUREBLE attended a small concert in Chowbent at which Mr. SLAGG was billed to sing and did sing. The gorgeous opulence of his very first phrase petrified Lady DELICIA with wonder and delight. In her own racy phrase—for Lady DELICIA hails from Pittsburg—"I was simply plum tuckered out." With her to hear was to act, and promptly indemnifying his employers she swept him off next day in her motor car to London, when the verdict of Signor MEZZAGOLA more than confirmed her favourable diagnosis. As the famous expert tersely expressed it, "His voice is one in a million, and there is a million in his voice." Mr. SLAGG, or Signor POLOXIO, as he prefers to be called with a graceful reference to his original calling, has now commenced a course of training which will one day en throne him high amid the kings of song.

Two years ago three Mexican millionairesses were passing a green-grocer's shop in Criccieth, when their steps were arrested by a voice of extraordinary fruitiness. They entered the shop, and interviewed the unconscious nightingale, in whom they discovered a budding ALBANI. Thanks to the munificence of her discoverers she was despatched to Milan to study for the operatic stage, and has already made such astounding



Highly nervous and somewhat irascible Elderly Gentleman (getting into his readers). "Hi! CONFOUND! THERE'S SOMETHING SOFT IN THE FOOT OF THIS!"

Gillie. "IT'LL BE MA LUNCH. I JUST PIT IT THERE AT THE LODGE, THAT THE CAT WADNA BE GETTIN' IT!"

progress that it is dangerous to mention her name—Miss GWALIA IDRIS—in the presence of Mme. TETRAZZINI.

Not less miraculous are the stories credibly narrated of several of the violin and piano prodigies who have recently swum into our ken.

Less than ten years ago Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER was a wine merchant at Tiflis, with an income of not more than £7,000 or £8,000 a year. Captured by Georgian bandits, and carried off to their lair on the lower slopes of Mount Ararat, he was held to ransom for six months, during which time he was forced night and day to make music for his gaolers on a captive grand piano. Before that time he did not know a note of music. But the latent talent brought to light during his incarceration developed with such astonishing rapidity that on his release he at once resigned commerce for art, and now earns an income of £25,000 a year.

"A beautiful Indian summer day has this been—a strong sun, a cool breeze, a blue sky, and black-coated ministers warm under wide-awakes and with heavy clothing, wishing they had not fancied when they came north that Yorkshire dales must be cold and rainy."—*British Weekly*.

Many thanks. We had always admired an Indian summer day, but never knew that it meant all this.

"Required, respectable, steady man for private milk walk with pony, look after toy dogs, pump, and fill up time in garden. Church of England."—*Church Times*.

Of course it would never do for the pony to take his private milk walk with a Nonconformist, but a certain latitude might be allowed to the man when he was merely filling up time in the garden.

From a second-hand bookseller's catalogue:—

"FACILE. A Hundred Merry Tales: the Earliest English Jest-Book. 125 copies only issued; this copy No. 137.

Quite the right spirit.

IN ITS 55TH THOUSAND.

Few things are more interesting than the genesis of successful books. It is not so much the writing of the book as the thinking of the idea that is the difficulty. A good idea is everything. Take my popular work on packing and mnemonics, for example (now in its fifty-fifth thousand). Anyone could have written it; but who had thought of it all these years since packing first began—since, in fact, Noah prepared for his voyage in the Ark? It was left for me.

The whole thing (it brings me in a steady £200 a year) grew from a mislaid strop.

Three or four times I had found myself in strange houses or hotels without my strop. I therefore invented a private system, proof against even Sir HIRAM MAXIM, for preventing any such misfortune in the future.

Like this. First I sat down and wrote on a piece of paper the names of everything that one can want on a week-end visit anywhere, particularly strops. I did it alphabetically. Then I showed it to various people, who made suggestions. Then I looked through all my wardrobe and the chest-of-drawers and shelves and cupboards to see if anything was omitted.

It began like this:—

Boots.
Brushes (Hair).
do (Clothes).
do (Hat).
Is the Strop in?
Coats.
Cold Cream.
Collars.

Don't forget the Strop.

Then I procured a large sheet of cardboard and printed the list legibly on it and hung it up in my room. After each item was a row of squares, in one of which I put a tick as the article was placed in the bag. In this way, after several hours' exhaustive work, I got my strop in, so to speak, for evermore.

There I left the matter so far as I was concerned; but a friend of mine who earns a precarious living by reading MSS. for publishers and recommending projects to them, saw my list and was in an ecstasy.

"My dear old fellow," he said, "there's a gold mine in that. Make a book of it. Give it a crisp title, such as *Have I Left Anything Out?* and there you are."

"But it's too small," I said. "There's not enough to make more than a few pages."

"Then pad," he said. "Everyone does that. Specialise. Not only give a list for yourself for week-ends, but give a list for all kinds of other travellers. An Arctic explorer, for example. Give a list for him. A big-game hunter; a candidate paying his first visit to his new constituency; a competitor in a Marathon race; a bishop on a visitation; a society actress who is to stay in a country house for three days—(but that will want a separate volume); a *fiancé's* first dine-and-sleep at his lady's parental home. Cover the whole ground."

I did so; and now no wise person stirs from the house without first consulting the pages of *Have I Left Anything Out?*

INDIAN UNREST.

A Madrasi has applied for an official post as follows:

MOST HONORED SIR,—Understanding there are several hands wanted in your Honor's Department, I beg to offer my hand as to adjustment. I appeared for the matriculation examination, but failed, the reason for which I shall describe to begin with. My writing was illegible: this was due to climatic reason, for having come from a warm to a cold climate found my fingers stiff, and very disobedient to my wishes. Further, I had received great shock to my mental system in the shape of death of my only fond brother; besides, most Honored Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances, being the soul support of my fond brother's seven issues, consisting of three adults, and four adultresses, the latter being bairn of my existence, owing to my having to support my own two wives, as well as their issues, of which by God's misfortune the feminine gender predominates.

If these humble lines meet with your benign kindness and favorable turn of mind, I, the poor menial, shall pray for the long life and prosperity of yourself, as well as your Honour's posthumous olive branches.

Tariff Reform Means England for the English.

"In the course of an action heard against a Barnsbury pianoforte maker, the defendant said he had not done a single stroke of work in the factory since January—this through so-called Free Trade. For nineteen years he had been able to pay 2s. in the pound until the foreigner stepped in and crippled him."—*The Evening News*.

It only remains to add (though *The Evening News* takes care not to mention it) that this victim of Free Trade bore the good old English name of Steinmetz.

DOMESTIC QUERIES.

Can I keep stout in a hot pantry?—LORNA.

This ought to be easy enough as long as there is plenty of food in the pantry. The loss of flesh due to the excessive heat will be trifling, especially if all forms of violent exercise are eschewed.

How can I make a cheap wooden cycle stand?—HANDYMAN.

In these days of steel this question reads rather curiously! However, "Handyman" will find that even a cheap wooden bicycle will stand all by itself if he leans it carefully up against a wall.

How can I tell a bad egg?—WIFIE.

Poor little "Wife"! This is a horrid thing to have to do and you have my sincere sympathy. If you really feel you must tell it, do not be abrupt; break it gently.

Is there anything I can use instead of white of egg when preparing fish for frying?—BROWN MOUSE.

I'm afraid I have no room in this column to print all the things you could use as an alternative. Would you care to try turps, black-currant jelly, brown-boot polish, oil of cloves, or camphorated chalk? It is, you see, all a question of taste.

How can I make a trifle?—WORRIED.

I believe there is still an opening for clever needlewomen, but I must warn "Worried" against advertisements like "Home Employment (Either Sex), 2s. 3d. Weekly Guaranteed." Addressing envelopes at 3d. per 2,000 is dull work at the best.

Is it possible to cure one's own bacon?—ECONOMY.

It is difficult to answer this question as you give no particulars of the disease. My advice to you is to consult a medical man at once.

What can I do with a bottle of wine which is "corked"?—NOX-PLUSED.

Much the best plan is to uncork it. For this purpose procure a cork-screw, hold the bottle firmly with the left hand between the knees, insert the cork-screw with a twisting motion from right to left, and draw out the cork. The wine can then be drunk in the usual way.

Latest Fashions.

"The autumn hats that I have seen so far are worn on the head."—*The Sketch*.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

IF BULGARIA, WHY NOT UPPER TOOTING?

[The Proclamation of the independence of this interesting if sequestered district was the occasion of wild scenes of enthusiasm. Further secessions are recorded on p. 287.]

BEL-AMI.

I DON'T think I quite like an "Extravaganza" to end with a suicide. Death is never a really good joke; and if you take it seriously (as you might be inclined to take your own), it is apt to jar with the general gaiety of things. In *Bellamy the Magnificent*, however, you cannot take it seriously, if you try, because it is obviously thrown in just for joy, without any other sort of warrant for it.

Here are the facts. *Lord Bellamy*, ancient squire of dames, has an intrigue with a milliner. He is not aware that she happens to be the wife of his valet, who is worth more to him than any dozen women. The valet discovers the facts, and in revenge he deals his master the deadliest blow he can think of: he gives him a month's notice. Anxious to get him to reconsider this frightful threat, *Lord Bellamy* allows a private detective to insert (so I gathered) some of her ladyship's jewels in the valet's bag and charge him with the theft of them. In retaliation the valet cooks a pack of cards, inserts the king of clubs up his master's sleeve while he is being dressed, and by aid of an anonymous letter gets him openly convicted of cheating before a houseful of guests in his own country place.

To *Bellamy's* request that confession should be made of the trick played on him, the valet gives a smiling refusal. Nothing would have been easier than to arrange for the private detective (a guest in the house) to overhear this conversation, or anyhow invent a confession. But *Bellamy* prefers not to disappoint the house-party, who are waiting behind their bedroom doors for a tragic solution; and so he goes and shoots himself "off." What annoyed me most was his final request to the servant to announce that his master had died like a gentleman. Of course he really didn't die, any more than he had lived, like a gentleman. If you waive his numerous infidelities, there still remains the ugly fact of his connivance in the false charge of theft against his valet. This was not exactly the conduct of a gentleman. And his suicide, by which he wantonly and deliberately leaves his family under a permanent stigma, was frankly the act of a cad.

I do dislike being told of a character on the stage, on his own authority or that of his fellow-characters, that he is something which my naked eye assures me he is not. Thus, again, *Mr. Spottit*, the private detective, was described by a grown-up member of the aristocracy as being "ripping good form," and had his charms held up to constant admiration; yet his manners were transparently those of a bounder.

Sir CHARLES WYNHAM, though he might have made a more perfect beau of himself, was otherwise admirably suited with his part. Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE, in the part of the valet, was asked to do some difficult melodramatic feats in an atmosphere charged with cynical humour, and it is small blame to him if they made him (and the audience) feel a little uncomfortable. In his smoother passages he maintained a really excellent demednour. Miss FORTESCUE, as *Lady Bellamy*, showed a pleasantly restrained sense of fun; and Miss KATE CUTLER was delightful as the

who have something fresh to say. Perhaps in this play he tries to do too many things at once, and I have already hinted that the tragic conclusion is on a false note. True, it may be traceable to an heroic endeavour to avoid convention; but I think that, if he had had the perfect courage of his cynicism, he would have chosen a happy ending.

By the way, if Mr. HORNIMAN will look out the word "lurid" in the dictionary he will find that it means "ghastly pale, wan, gloomy," and will see that a scarlet geranium is therefore not the most appropriate emblem of a "lurid" past. O. S.



Stephens (Mr. Robert Lorraine) removes a speck of dust from the coat of his master, *Lord Bellamy* (Sir Charles Wyndham), thus perfecting the contrast between his lordship's physical immaculacy and moral depravity.

erring milliner. Finally Miss SARAH BROOKE, as *Mrs. Challoner*, another of *Bellamy's* flames, spoke her words and wore her dresses in a very workmanlike way.

The author's humour, if it did not always contrive to spread itself over the scenes that were laid out for it, has a charm beyond the common. It did not so much scintillate in detached epigrams; rather it diffused itself naturally over the dialogue. There was one very attractive touch that totally escaped notice. "Women," said *Mrs. Challoner*, who had just made herself ridiculous through lending a hand in someone else's plot, "women should never look beyond their own noses."

"A charming limitation," replied *Bellamy*.

I welcome Mr. RAY HORNIMAN's accession to the select body of playwrights

The Last Heir, presented by Mr. MARTIN HARVEY at the Adelphi, is an adaptation by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. I have not seen any other acting version of SCOTT's novel, but Mr. PHILLIPS seems to me to have dramatised his book in the only possible way; which is to say that he has done it well. He has, however, put three ideas of his own into it, and for these he may be criticised. First, when *Sir William Ashton* and *Lucy* are storm-bound and spend the night at Wolf's Crag, *Caleb Balderstone* (who evidently had never read *The Bride of Lammermoor*) incites the *Master* to murder them. Secondly, three witches come in on every possible and impossible occasion, and utter dark prophecies of what is going to happen in the next Act. Thirdly, *Captain Craigenfelt* is given a fat low-comedy part, which rightly belonged to *Caleb*. Now, I do not hold *Lammermoor* so sacred that I should object to any sub-editing which Mr. PHILLIPS thought necessary; and I admit gladly that *Craigenfelt's* promotion was sound stagecraft. But *Ravenwood's* meditated treachery was an incredible business, and the forced appearances of the three witches were certainly not justified by Mr. PHILLIPS's evident desire to impress us with the inevitability of Fate.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY isn't quite my idea of the *Master*, for I could conceive a more spirited figure, but he played finely nevertheless. Some of his mannerisms surprised me at first; there is one which would have suited better a play entitled *The Last Hair*. Miss DE SILVA adopted a high monotone for most of her speeches which depressed me a good deal. Much of the other acting was quite good, particularly that of Mr. CREMLIN as *Caleb*; but his "Maister, Maister" got on my nerves towards the end. M.

THE BABY AND THE BACHELOR.

A CONTEMPORARY tells of an un-kissed baby, whose parents enforce on visitors to their house the following rules among others:—

Don't kiss the baby.
Don't huddle baby unless your hands are very, very clean.

Don't bring baby's face close to your own or to your hair.

We do not like to accuse this worthy young Bradford couple of perverting another person's ideas, but it is a very curious thing that we were about to publish and put on the market a handy little card for the use of bachelors. It was to be something like a cabdriver's number plate, easily slipped within the coat or waistcoat, and attached by a cord to the button. It was intended for display on entering any house with a baby in it, and among its injunctions were the following:—

Don't ask me to kiss the baby.

Don't ask me to talk to the baby, in any known or unknown language.

Don't ask me who it is that the baby most resembles.

Don't talk to me about the intelligence and cleverness of the baby.

Don't ask me to hold the baby just to see what I look like.

Don't bring the baby any nearer to me than the top of the stairs.

Don't object to my calling the baby "it." I didn't know he was a girl.

MORE SECESSIONS.

COUPS D'ÉTAT IN CORSICA, BALEARIC ISLES, CYPRUS, AND ICELAND.

ISLE OF MAN PROCLAIMS INDEPENDENCE.

AJACCIO, *Monday.*

The Minister of Foreign Affairs received at 5.30 last night news of the annexation of Corsica by Italy. To-day the Italian flag is flying in all the principal streets, and the people are firing revolvers into the air to express their joy. Perfect order is being maintained, and late at night the crowd assembled in front of the British Consulate and gave three cheers for Great Britain in token of their gratitude for the position that country has taken up during the crisis.

MAJORCA, *Tuesday.*

All is quiet here. Annexation went off very peacefully. Shereefian flag flying at Palma on all important buildings. Popular manifestation at the British Embassy last night as result of Great Britain's attitude during the crisis.



Customer. "WHAT IS THE PRICE OF THE DUCK?"

Little Girl. "PLEASE, MUM, IT'S THREE SHILLINGS. BUT MOTHER SAYS, IF YOU GRUMBLE, IT'S TWO-AND-SIX!"

CYPRUS, *Wednesday.*

Excitement and expectation here reached fever heat yesterday. Annexation by the Phœnicians hourly expected. Great satisfaction is being expressed at the attitude Great Britain is assuming, and perfect order prevails.

REYKJAVIK, *Thursday.*

The people of Iceland, while outwardly cool, are determined that nothing will induce them to tolerate the suzerainty of Greenland. Troops are massing on the frontier, and geysers are hurriedly being got ready. The Islanders are much touched at the sympathy of Great Britain.

DOUGLAS, *Friday.*

The Declaration of Independence made by the Isle of Man is looked upon as a natural sequence to the events of the last few days. The rumour that troops are massing at Greeba Castle is quite unfounded. The roads are merely being patrolled by four-inch gunners.

SARK, *Saturday.*

Despite all rumours to the contrary, it is now certain that Sark will remain an integral portion of the British Empire. Independence is not desired by the people, and the idea of a French occupation is abhorrent to the majority of the islanders. There are no troops being massed on the frontier, and perfect order prevails.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ELLEN TERRY was not actually born in a theatre, but her father and mother were strolling players, and when the babies born to them were too small to be left alone in lodgings, they were wrapped up in a shawl and put to sleep in their mother's dressing-room at the theatre. The great actress obtained her first view of an audience from the vantage-ground of the property mustard pot. A *Spirit of the Mustard Pot* was wanted in a pantomime in Glasgow, and little ELLEN, whose yellow hair made her seem born for the part, had it assigned to her. Reviewing a long career spent for the most part in the glare of the footlights, ELLEN TERRY is as simply herself as she is in her best parts on the stage. The book is, in its main characteristics, vivacious, tender, humorous, occasionally tearful. There is not throughout a shade of that jealousy alleged to be prevalent in the profession she adorns. She has a kind word to say for everyone, its value increased by its discrimination. The keenest, most searching, and most original criticism ever written of HENRY IRVING will be found in the pages of *The Story of My Life* (HUTCHINSON). The ordinary critic sits in the stalls and watches the player from the outside, as it were. ELLEN TERRY, analysing the acting of several great actors and actresses, regards them from the level of the stage, watching them with the eyes of an expert. A book of rare interest, which has the charm of the spontaneous talk of a wise and witty woman, is enriched by many photographs, showing the authoress and her contemporaries in divers characters assumed at various stages of their career.

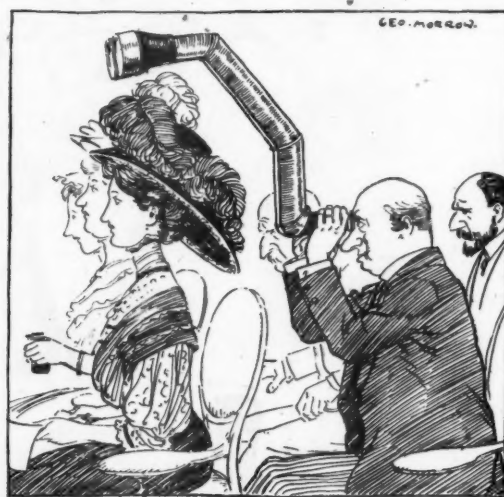
Arthur's (LANE) is not the famous old club in St. James's Street, S.W., but is situated somewhere between Kennington and Brixton—where the bricks and mortar go to. It is called by the name of its proprietor; there is no entrance-fee and no subscription; and ladies are admitted, with or without male escort, at all hours of the night. Also soldiers, sailors, draymen, printers, tramps and journalists—in fact, anyone and everyone whose work or pleasure takes him abroad at night, and therefore induces in him a desire to drink coffee and eat Swiss roll at three o'clock in the morning. Personally, I have always fought shy of coffee-stalls, though once, in the days of old-fashioned winters, I was driven by the frost to eat a hot potato off a barrow on Addison Road bridge, and twice, after closing time at my club, I have consumed thick rashers of bacon and scalding tea in a cabman's shelter near Hyde Park Corner. Happily, Mr. A. NEIL LYONS is made of sterner stuff. Night after night he has eaten and drunk with the night-wanderers of the pavement on his way home from Fleet Street, and has learnt to understand the pathos

and the tragedy and the humour of their lives. Sometimes I seem to detect in his history of *Arthur's* the artificiality which is apt to dog the steps of the journalist in search of copy. But in the main—and especially when he is writing of the mother-feeling and the sense of modesty which perhaps never quite desert the breasts of those unhappy women whose very womanliness and beauty have been often their curse—he seems to get right at the heart of things; and I confess to a real admiration for this philosopher of the coffee-stall.

I am without sixteen pages of *Maurice Guest* (HEINEMANN), owing to an error in binding, but have a duplicate copy of pp. 145-160, so that, if there is any other collector in a complementary position, we might exchange. As, however, the full allowance is 562 pages, and closely printed at that, the part which I got was sufficient to enable me to gather the drift of the plot and to discover that it is by no means a pleasant one. I take it that this is HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON's first novel, and, though he is both eloquent and earnest, and has a power of describing gusts of emotion and passionate crises with a vividness that belongs properly to the Russian school, I do wish he could have told us more about the nice people (there are several in the story) and less about the utterly bad. *Maurice Guest* goes out to Leipzig with the intention of carving out a career for himself as a musician, but instead of performing this operation he becomes hopeless, infatuated with the cast-off mistress of *Schilsky*, a violinist, whose genius entirely fails to condone a multitude of most abominable faults. But *Louise* is not much better, and her neurotic aberrations begin to pall on the reader long before the end comes, when

Maurice, having seen her return to her former lover, blows out his own brains. Musicians, of course, are supposed to be "bundles of nerves," and a little careless about the moral code; but the treatment of certain incidents in this book makes me think that gaps of sixteen pages or so might with great advantage have been strewn more thickly over it.

I am exceedingly sorry for Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, and truly his case is hard. Several years ago he wrote a book about the Near East, called *Said the Fisherman*, and it was hailed by the select few as a work of genius, as I also think it. But, mark, he has been writing books steadily ever since, only to be greeted each time with the comment, "Oh, yes, very good, but by no means another *Said*." I won't say it again; I will merely say that I have enjoyed his latest, *The Children of the Nile* (MURRAY), but I don't consider it so good as one of his earlier works. The moral is that when an author begins his work with a superlative effort he should lock it up until he is old and tired and then publish it. To put it forth first is merely to provide a cruel world with a weapon against himself.



GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

CHARIVARIA.

THE first business which the House of Commons attended to on re-assembling was the Children's Bill. A large party of Suffragettes, however, wanted to remind the House that "Women should come before children." This seems all right. EVE came before CAIN and ABEL; and Nature since then has made a habit of this arrangement.

By a curious oversight none of our newspapers thought of referring to the lady who made her way into the Commons as "The Angel in the House."

"Servia has lost nothing," declared the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, as reported in *Le Temps*. But what about her temper?

A kind old lady, realising what a disappointment it must have been to the Crown Prince of SERBIA and Prince PETER of MONTE-NEGRO that no war has broken out, has, it is said, sent to each of these young gentlemen a nice large box of fireworks.

"Will the Duke of CONNAUGHT be new King of SERBIA?" enquires a *Daily Chronicle* poster. No harm in asking, of course.

An impudent pickpocket, when brought up before a magistrate at Vienna the other day, confessed that he was guilty of stealing a purse as alleged, but claimed that he should not be punished on the ground that the theft was a *fait accompli*.

Turkey refuses to be consoled by the thought that, though she has lost some provinces, she has gained the sympathy of Europe. Anyhow she would like it to be plainly understood that she now has all the sympathy she requires.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been presented with a centrepiece by some admirers. This burglarious implement would surely have been a more appropriate gift for his colleague who favours the robbing of hen-roosts.

over the place to see where the best site could be found." What devils of cunning we are getting to be!

"There are no corporations behind me," boasts Mr. BRYAN. Certainly Mr. TAFT's corporation has no intention of taking a back seat.

"Would any of your readers kindly tell me what to do with old books that nobody wants to read, books about the Flood and so on, which take up such a lot of room?" asks a

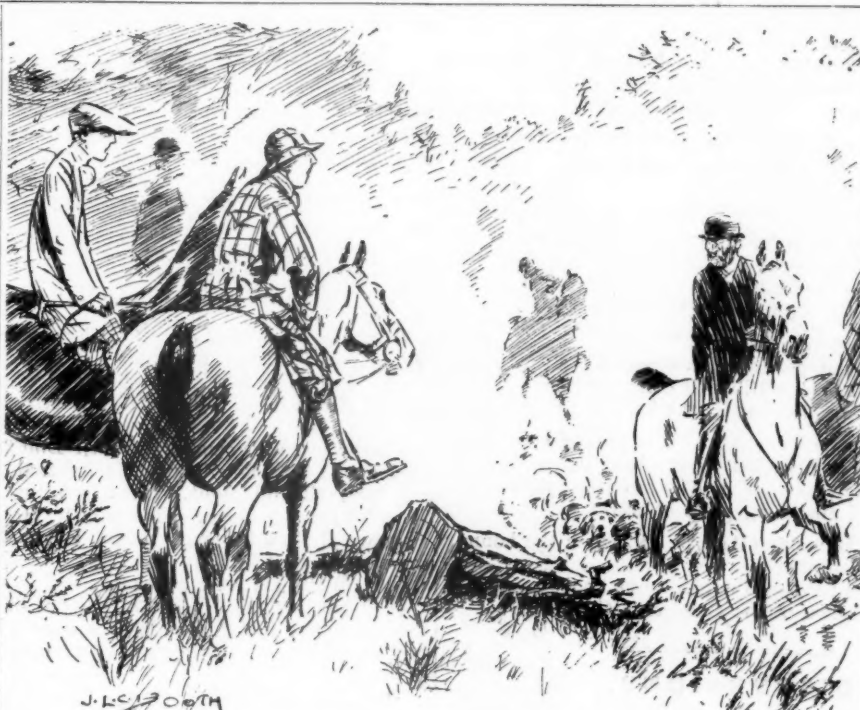
correspondent in a contemporary. Has he tried giving them away as school prizes?

Students of Biblical History will be interested to hear that Miss MAUD ALLAN, the great Revivalist, has informed an interviewer that she is thinking of drawing on the Old Testament for inspiration for some new dances.

It has been suggested that when the Anti-Cigarette-Smoking Bill becomes law, age-badges shall be issued to youthful-looking poli-

ticians, like Earl WINTERTON, in order to prevent their being annoyed by officious constables.

At last solid proof is forthcoming that there is no understanding between Austria and Germany in regard to the spoliation of Turkey. "Great vexation," we read, "is felt in Vienna against Germany, whose agents are taking advantage of the boycott of Austrian goods, and are endeavouring to secure the former Austrian customers at Constantinople." The dear allies!



(Two cubs have been "chopped" in covert.)

Superior Youth (whose habiliments suggest another sport—to friend). "By JOVE! I DIDN'T COME OUT TO SEE FOXES KILLED IN THIS SORT OF WAY!"

M.F.H. (overhearing). "SO I THOUGHT, BY THE LOOK OF YOU, SIR. BUT, IF YOU DO MANAGE TO SHOOT ONE, YOU'LL SHOW MY HUNSMAN WHERE TO GATHER HIM, WON'T YOU?"

Of the War Office cat which recently passed away it is said that he was not a good mouser. Can this have been the influence of environment?

Yet there is undoubtedly a new spirit abroad at the War Office. Mr. HALDANE informed a gathering of Scotsmen the other day that he had been looking out for a site for some new barracks for some time past without the public knowing anything about it. "Generals, not in cocked hats, but in billycocks and tweed coats, had been going on the sly all

THE LITTLE SMOKER'S FRIEND.

My human boy, my undeveloped mannikin,
Type of the subject's liberty oppressed,
Has not the painful truth provoked a panic in
The tiny hollow which you call your chest?
When you had keenly scanned the starting-prices
Did you not notice in your newsy rag
How your affairs had reached an awful crisis
Pregnant with menace to your farthing fag?
It must have shocked those tissues where the heady
Fumes of the weed had got an early start;
Must have unnerved a system which already
Betrayed the ravages of "smoker's heart."
Yet you are not to think that no one heeded
Your claim to live your own life how you please;
Stout spokesmen for the little puffer pleaded,
And FREDERICK BANEURY (Bart.) was one of these.
Almost he might have been your very mother,
So movingly, in accents soft and mild,
He urged the nation not to go and smother
The spark of freedom blown on by a child.
Some people claim for adult heirs of labour
The Right-to-work; but he of whom I spoke,
The friend of children, asked for every babe or
Suckling the immemorial Right-to-smoke.
Whatever any infant's age or size is,
He to its independence brooked no bar;
He wouldn't back a Bill that compromises
The heritage that made us what we are.
Therefore, my nipper, though he proved a failure,
Though o'er his fallen body, flung between,
The myriad foe stepped lightly to curtail your
Chance of absorbing pints of nicotine,
Remember BANEURY (Bart)! Ay, when the bobby
Catches you at it and you pay the debt,
Think of the hero who upheld your hobby—
The Champion of the Children's Cigarette!

O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

HOOKS AND EYES.

SCENE—His Dressing-room. Time, 7.45. He has just come up to dress for dinner. He has taken off his coat, when there is a knock at the door.

He. Halloa!

She (outside). Can I come in?

He. Yes, certainly. What do you want?

She (entering). CHARLES! You'll be late again; and you know the LAMPETERS are the soul of punctuality. Now do try to be in time.

He (testily). I'm trying as hard as I can, but I don't think you can help me, you know. I can beat the record right enough if you'll only leave me alone. (Proceeds to unbutton his waistcoat.) Do clear out. Why, you're not ready yourself. Your dress isn't done up behind.

She. That's just it. I want you to do it up. Poor ELIZA's got a sick headache, and the other maids are so busy and so clumsy I don't like to take up their time. I wish you'd do it for me, there's a dear.

He. Right. I'll do it; but it'll make me late, you know. Let's have a look. (He approaches her, takes the back of her dress in hand, and begins operations.) Hooks? Yes, I see the hooks, but I'm hanged if I can

see any eyes. Yes, here's a little Johnnie all ready for his hook. Got him. Three cheers. Where the— No, that's the wrong one. Here he is. Missed him! Do, for heaven's sake, keep still! How do you expect me to do you up when you're wriggling about like an eel? Now you've got your front to the light. Turn round. (He seizes her violently and whirls her round.)

She. I'm not a top, CHARLES.

He. I don't care what you are, but I'm going to get this beggar of a hook in or—

She (faintly). Oh!

He. Don't yell like that. It only puts me off. Now then, all together. Who—oo— No, he's out again. Come back, you little— Aha, would you? Plop! he's in. Stop! Stop!! STOP!!! (He stands off and contemplates his handiwork with a look of despair.)

She. What is the matter? You'll have the whole house in here if you shout like that.

He (wildly). They've all got loose again. As soon as ever I put number four in the other three simply romped out with a rush, and—(inspecting)—yes, they've taken number four with them. I must start again. (He does so.) That's one. (He places his thumb firmly on number one, and proceeds.) No, you don't. You'd better come quietly. There.

She (looking over her shoulder into the glass). I knew you'd do it, CHARLES. You've missed the two top eyes.

He (madly). Do you mean to say I've got to take 'em out again?

She. Yes; look at the top. It laps over. D'you see? Oh, oh, oh! Don't put your knuckles into my backbone. I shall be black and blue, and what will they all think? Take it quietly, quietly, quietly. You'll tear it to strips. Oh!

He (between his clenched teeth). Don't struggle. It's useless. I'm going to do this infernal job if it keeps me here till midnight. One! got him. Cheer up. They're coming along. Heave ho! Hooked, by Jove! Now we sha'n't be long. Want votes, do you? With dresses like that? Why—

She. Well, you've got a vote.

He (still working). What's that got to do with it?

She. Fancy giving a vote to a man who can't get a hook into its own little eye. CHARLES, I'm ashamed of you.

He. Oh, do be quiet. If you'll only shut up for half a minute—I've torn my finger on something. Get in, won't you, get in. (Screaming) They're all out again! (He sits down on a chair and mops his face.) It's no use, old girl, I can't do it, and my finger's bleeding, and I've only got five minutes for dressing. You'll have to go down with your dress undone. Tell 'em it's the new style—all the duchesses dine like that now—no self-respecting woman ever dreams of doing up her dress—tell 'em any old story. (He rises painfully and takes off his waistcoat. There is a little knock at the door.)

She. Come in.

[Enter a little girl, aged about 8, in a pink dressing-gown.

Little Girl. I thought I heard you call, mummy.

She. Yes, darling, I did. I wanted you badly. Now stand on that footstool and fasten up mother's dress, just to show Dad how it's done. (The little girl does the whole business without a break in about half a minute.) Thank you, darling. (Kisses her.) Now come away back to bed. (To Him). Hurry up, CHARLES. There's a ring at the door. It's the LAMPETERS. I'll make an excuse for you. We're going now, unless you'd like POLLY to stay and tie your white tie.



THE FULLY EMPLOYED.

FIRST BURGLAR (*on his way to suburban night-work*). "FINE BODY O' MEN, BILL! NICE TO SEE 'EM GET A GOOD JOB LIKE THIS, INSTEAD O' HANGIN' ABOUT THE SUBURBS."

SECOND BURGLAR. "YUS. I'M ALL FOR THESE 'ERE SUFFERAJITS, I AM."



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Cleric. "WAITER, BRING ME A CROCKFORD."

Waiter. "SORRY, SIR, BUT WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO SERVE AMERICAN DRINKS EXCEPT IN THE SMOKE-ROOM."

He. Oh, do go, and let me dress.

(They go.)

He (alone). Now to bust the record. (He looks at the white shirt laid out for him.) No studs in it. Where are they? And that tie's no good. Must wear it all the same. Now for it.

[Left struggling with his dressing, while the guests assemble downstairs.

TO A DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

[According to the Press, the recent epidemic of these beasts has been such that the oldest inhabitants cannot remember its like.]

DADDY, you wear the air of some recluse
Turned loose with trippers for a happy day,
A sober, dingy, scholarly old goose
Who tries to frivel in a festive way;
You imitate the pretty tricks, in fact,
Of smarter insects who are more compact.

Your splay, dishevelled, feeble, lanky limbs
Were not designed for ornament or strength;
You're one of Nature's not too kindly whims,
And lose in contour what you gain in length;
And yet your face looks studious and good,
I'm sure you wouldn't sting us if you could.

And anyhow, it's not for me to mock,
I'm rather moved to retrospective tears,
For I myself have been a laughing-stock
When in those bashful, adolescent years
I drained the cup of shyness to the dregs
And hated my ungainly arms and legs.

You are the sport of every breeze that blows;
A lack of balance stultifies your brain;
Yet, when you bump against a human nose,
Your liberty you humorously gain
By leaving in our grasp, with many thanks,
A sample from the surfeit of your shanks.

The Searchlight in Society.

From an open letter in *The Tatler*:

"You are tall, well built, and extremely handsome, with blue eyes, golden hair, and features of classic regularity, and your rich brown hair is dressed well and in a most becoming manner."

"We are not thinking of the scene in the House of Commons which created an amusing diversion for Members. . . . Those antics amuse the vulgar and damage the cause."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

And the majority of them Liberals too! Oh, *Chronicle*!

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A NEW CAUSE.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Of the houseful of people staying here just now, far the most interesting is the Prince of Rowdiaria—one of those dear, romantic little states in the East of Europe, you know, where there's always a Crisis and the women wear ever so many necklaces and no corsets. The Prince is simply quite; speaks very good English, with just a fascinating little mistake now and then, and perfect French. He's handsome too; not conventionally handsome, as our men are, but in a piquant, original way, with a weeny dash of savagery in it that I find quite nice. We've had some splendid talks about Eastern European affairs, and he says I've given him some quite new views on the situation. Yes, my dear, you're right! He's my new Cause. He means to call himself a King directly he gets back. And why shouldn't he, pray? I consider it's perfectly right and proper, and have pledged my country, as far as I can, to support him. If a reigning Prince of BLORYN's appearance and descent chooses to make himself a King, what business is it of anyone's, I beg of you? No ruler in Europe comes of such an ancient line. He's descended from a man who was in the Ark. Learned men are saying, you know, that there were more people in the Ark than people think; whether only the saloon passengers were mentioned, or how it's come about, I don't know; but there were several more, and among them a person named BLORYN, the ancestor of the Prince. I simply love to hear him talk of the ancient glories of Rowdiaria. He says the Rowdys are the oldest and strongest race in Europe, and had a chief hand in pulling down the Roman Empire.

D'you know, my DAPHNE, I almost wish I hadn't married my little Sis to Lord WIDELANDS last summer;—

or, better still, suppose I hadn't married JOSIAH MULTIMILL myself! BLORYN is unappropriated, and so charming, so devoted; and how very well Queen BLANCHE of Rowdiaria would sound! NORTY, who's staying here too, doesn't like BLORYN, and warns me that, if I get mixed up in international intrigues, I may get put in the Tower. As if that would choke me off! Why, it's simply a dilly idea. I really think if I were put in the

of. I've all sorts of lovely schemes. I'm going to have a Rowdiarian band in national dress to play at all my parties. Next time I'm in town I shall have the Rowdiarian Minister to dinner, and shall make a point of looking up the Rowdiarian colony in London, and being At Home to them. And oh, my dearest, I have such a splenny idea for making the next Earl's Court show a Rowdiarian one—all their native arts and industries, you know. (NORTY says they haven't any industries, that the only thing they can make is a noise! but I don't listen to him.) I've set my heart on having "Rowdiaria in London," and BLORYN (who'll be a King then) coming over to open it.

Would you like to know what is the newest game, now the nights have got so dark? Burgling, my dear, no less! The other night we were a bit hard up for some fun, so a lot of us masked ourselves and muffled up and motored over to BOSN and WEE-WEE's, five miles off, and broke in. Everything was dark and quiet, we knew the place by heart, and did things in quite professional style. We made a grand haul; two of WEE-WEE's jewel-cases, a lot of clocks, in fact more things than I can remember—oh, yes, NORTY took all BOSN's rowing cups and things he won in his old athletic days. We'd so much spoil we could hardly cram it and ourselves into the motors. And then, when we'd got to a safe distance, we began to laugh, and laughed all the way back here. We

left off then, however—at least I did, for we found that, while we were away, this place had been burgled! My black pearls were gone, and my new key-pattern diamond tiara, and all the umbrellas, and, worst of all, my darling Pompon in his little bye-bye basket! I was almost distracted.

Next day was pouring wet, and, as there were no umbrellas, our walking people had to do without their favourite exercise. BOSN and WEE-WEE turned up early. "We were burgled last night," said BOSN. "So were we," said I. And then,



Overheard during the Charges of Mounted Police in Parliament Street (October 13).

Diminutive but Voluble Demonstrator from the East End (after a cautious look up and down the street). "Har we men, I harsk yer, submittin' ter bein' driv' abaht like this 'ere by 'Is Mejesty's 'ired Kossacks?!"

[Prepares for another humble sprint towards Trafalgar Square.]

Tower for making trouble in Europe I should be almost happy!

JOSIAH is even more odious and unsympathetic than NORTY. He says, "All those rotten little nuisances of Eastern European States ought to be lumped together, taken over as a going concern, and run by a syndicate!" There's a petty, commercial mind for you!

I don't care what any of them say. I'll do all I can for BLORYN when he makes himself a King, and mean to use every ounce of influence I have in a quarter that I daresay you know

before another word was spoken, WEE-WEE gave them away by bursting out triumphantly, "You lost more than we did." "You ridiculous little person!" said BOSN. "Couldn't you have held your tongue for five minutes?" Funny, wasn't it, that the very night *we* broke in there *they* should break in here? There was a mutual restoration of property; but things aren't quite as they were before. BOSN says some of his rowing cups and things have got dented; JOSIAH complains that his favourite umbrella hasn't come back with the others; and my darling Pompon has suffered in health through having his night's rest broken up and not getting quite the sort of brekky he's used to. So there are what politicians call "strained relations" between us.

BABS has started a Society Weekly called *People Who Count*, and it's caught on like anything, having more "authority," you see, than other things of that kind. She does the parties and gossip herself, and a column of mysterious hints and questions called "Innuendoes for the Initiated." (I'll let you into a little secret, *chérie*. She invents half of them herself, and generally the half that most "tickles the ears of the outsiders," as MILTON says.) POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, has been writing her Reminiscences in *P.W.C.*, and they were an immensely popular feature, till the Press Censor, or whatever he's called, put a stop to them. BABS doesn't know what to get instead.

Aunt GOLDIE left here in a huff yesterday. And over what, I'll ask you. She'd been complaining of something or other, and wound up with the original remark, "It's a strange world!" I merely said innocently, "Haven't you got used to it yet, Aunt?" and she asked NORTY if he "liked to hear his wife insulted," had all her juvenile adornments packed up, and was off.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. F. left for London en route for the South Coast, where the honeymoon is being spent."

We thank thee, *Peterborough and Huntingdonshire Standard*, for that word.

"Then he proceeded to describe to us the gruesome spectacle of a fox when it is being torn to pieces by dogs, while the ladies and gents participate in the scramble for the tail, hoofs, hide, eyes, and what not."—*The Labour Leader*.

"Mummy, I got a hoof; what did you get?" says the youngest born to his mother as they return home.



Literary Mother (en route from Liverpool to London). "Say! This is Rugby! See here, EMERSON, just you step right down and stand on the DEEPOUT PLATFORM, and you kin tell 'EM WAY BACK HOME you've BEEN WHERE TOM JONES SPENT HIS SCHOOL DAYS."

EMOTIONS TO ORDER.

[How We Do It Now.]

NOTICE.

TO-MORROW! TO-MORROW!! TO-MORROW!!

Something will

SUDDENLY COME OVER

Miss Hypatia Fitzsimmons,

and

AN INNER VOICE

will compel her to break into the House of Commons.

TO-MORROW!

[Or, if wet, next day.]

EVERY EVENING!

Mr. B. B. Brayson will be

MOVED TO INDIGNATION

at 8.30 sharp.

There will be a special *matinée* next Thursday, when he will be

CONSUMED WITH PASSION

and his feelings will no longer permit him to keep silent.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS!

THE IDEAL HOME.

ABOUT three years ago I was something of a cook. I used to take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, shred slightly, stir and bring slowly to the boil. Then garnish with fresh parsley, and serve hot. That was called *Aloyau de bombe glacée à la bonne femme*, so far as I remember. Sometimes I would forget to garnish, and drop a piece of coke in by mistake. Then it was called *Soup for Charitable Purposes*, and we had to put it aside to cool.

I fancy I was even better with the pastry. The atmosphere I used to get into a Swiss roll! The—the ozone. (It must have been the oven). What a touch, too, with the *blanc-mange*—what a polish on its pink outside!

But perhaps the feat I am proudest of is this: that I alone of living men have seen a rabbit dressed for cooking and remained a follower of the Higher Life. "Dressed," you know—well, really!

I mention these facts not in any spirit of boastfulness, but simply to explain my interest in the Ideal Home Exhibition. I had gone there expecting to see the whole building full of men cooking and women darning stockings; of large men taking a piece of butter the size of a cocoanut, and active women doing the Potato Stitch and the Jacob's Ladder Stitch. Of course, as soon as I had paid my shilling I saw that I was in for something quite different, but none the less I was prepared for a pleasant and instructive afternoon. "And," I said to myself, "since this really is the ideal home, I need have no qualms about lighting a pipe."

The fact that I had no matches did not worry me; the ideal home would have a dozen boxes in each room. I went up to the gentleman at the nearest stall.

"Can you let me have a match?" I said politely.

He turned a curious red colour.

"A lucifer," I explained. "A pine vesta. Something of that sort."

He got quite scarlet, so I decided to explain further. "Er—why I want a match is because I wish to ignite this tobacco. I may say that I have paid my shilling at the gate, and—"

By this time he was purple.

"If your hesitation," I tried desperately, "is due to the fact that you only have the sort that strike on the box, I may say that I always carry a small portion of the prepared surface with me."

He turned away abruptly, and went off to speak to somebody else. In resignation I raised my eyes . . . and came upon this notice:—

THE ELECTRIC COOKER.

A BOON FOR EVERY HOME.

NO MATCHES REQUIRED.

Well, really, it wasn't my fault.

Of course I was more careful after that. I passed the "Quicklit" and the "Yuseitt" departments, and the stall of the "Brytenup Polisher" (I'll give you three guesses why it's called that); and so I came to Number 2901 or thereabouts. My pipe was still unlit.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but what is your—I'm just setting up house, and so I am very much interested in all these scientific methods of cooking. Is this—"

"The Hypograph," he explained.

"Ah yes, I've always felt that—How exactly—"

"It is a simple instrument for drawing two classes of curves, with the aid of which numerous beautiful and complicated patterns can be made."

I took out my watch and felt my wrist anxiously.

"My pulse has stopped," I said.

"This is Olympia, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then I've come on the wrong day."

"The wrestling was last year," he said sarcastically. "This is the Ideal Home Exhibition."

"It is? Oh, I beg your pardon. And you draw those delightful curves? How jolly. That's really all it does?"

"Oh, no," he said, getting quite pleased again. "You can make any pattern you like. Now, this way—"

"Yes, yes. But I mean you can't light the oven with it or do the heating or anything like that? No? You're sure? Then—you won't mind my asking you for a match?"

It turned out, when he understood properly, that he did mind. As he seemed to mind a good deal I hurried off and went up to the gallery. And in the gallery I met the Potted Meat Frill.

When I am married (which may never be) I shall have a potted meat frill in every room. I picture to myself a delightful domestic scene. My wife in one corner of the drawing-room putting the frills on the potted meat; myself in the other with the Hypograph, making numerous beautiful and complicated patterns upon the top of the grand-piano-player. It will be an "overstrung black piano-player" from Stall 275 downstairs,

and when it gets too much overstrung we shall send it down to the seaside for a week. On the hearth, beside the Electric Cooker and without any matches, our children—

But I am a bit premature. We don't get to the children till Stall 106, at the other end of the gallery. The Potted Meat Frill can be obtained for two shillings. (Some people would be content with a mere Ham and Tongue Net Frill for one-and-ninety, but I am a bit above that. Though it is so useful in the home, it is not often given as a wedding present, most brides preferring the Sardine Dish Frill at half-a-crown. But it is emphatically a thing which every householder should have, even though he has to go without his stamp album from Stall 267.

But of course the crown of the Ideal Home Exhibition is the Baby-land Section. There may be houses (though I cannot imagine them) where the inmates drag out an existence without ever feeling the want of a Hypograph; but there will never be palace or cottage which would not be glad of an exhibit from Stall 108. When I arrived there, WILLIAM (aged six months) was crying a little, but BOBBY and JANE were happy enough. Personally, I should have turned WILLIAM on to his front and patted him gently between the shoulders. I mean, probably he was—But no doubt the nurses knew best; and of course, as they had fed him from Stall 106, he couldn't really have had indigestion.

I watched the Happy Home for quite a long time—until, in fact, I remembered what I had come up there for. Whereupon I went to the place where they sell the baby carriages, and said to a frock-coated gentleman there: "You sell baby-carriages?"

He said "Yes."

"But in private life you are quite an ordinary man?"

He admitted he was.

"And so am I. Now, as man to man, and imagining for the moment that we are both back in Upper Norwood, can you oblige me with a match?"

"Certainly," he answered.

A. A. M.

"One of the many disadvantages of the Wright aeroplane is that it cannot start from anywhere or descend anywhere."—*Daily Mail*. The British aeroplane also seems to find a difficulty in starting from anywhere; on the other hand, having once started, it may descend anywhere.

IN SEARCH OF A KING.

It may not be generally known that for some days past a small but determined group of Servian patriots has been in England busily engaged in attempting to find a new ruler for their agitated country, in place of the discredited PETER.

In the ordinary way it is customary to approach the possessors of royal blood; and that, indeed, has been done by certain of the more traditional patriots. But the group now in this country, believing as it does in the need of a totally fresh régime and the importation of wholly novel blood, has displayed singularly unconstitutional energies.

Replying to the deputation, which awaited him in the Court of Honour of Greeba Castle, Mr. HALL CAINE said that nothing could give him greater satisfaction than to receive such a tribute to his success as an influencer of men; and there was, he agreed, some fitness in the invitation to himself, the author of *Pete*, to succeed PETER. If after abdicating the Servian throne he should choose (as he certainly might, being the author of *The Eternal City*) to become Pope, his case might be summed up in the words: Pete, Peter, Petest. But he must say "No." (Servian panic.) Manxland, he felt, had need of him; and one must not abandon one's own country. He would rather continue the uncrowned king of his little island than wear the most gorgeous of Servian purple.

On the spokesman of the party pointing out that he would still be allowed to wear his knickerbockers and look more or less like SHAKESPEARE, Mr. HALL CAINE said that that certainly made a difference, but he must repeat his negative.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who was waited upon in one of the libraries of Skibo, made a similar reply. He was proud, he said, to be thus supplicated, but the throne was not for him. Perhaps they were unaware of his work on Democracy? He could not go back on that *opus*. Moreover, he had still much to do in his own sphere—there were still some millions of pounds to be got rid of, either to heroes or free readers. The most he could do would be to offer all Servian adults a library apiece.

The spokesman having declined this embarrassment with much tact, the deputation withdrew.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, who received the patriots in the sanctum of his charming residence at Edgbaston, stated that he was prepared to accept



First Anti-Suffragist. "THE IDEA OF THEIR WANTIN' TO BE LIKE US!"
Second A.-S. "YES, MAKIN' THEMSELVES UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!"

the Crown on two conditions—(1) that he should be allowed to reside in Birmingham and conduct the affairs of state telepathically, and (2) that Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE should be appointed Prime Minister. The deputation withdrew hurriedly.

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST agreed that it would be very delightful to be a queen and make laws and see that they were obeyed; but what about the Movement in England to which she had consecrated her life, if she became the Servian ruler? Having put her hand to the plough, she would not look back—not while a Liberal Member remained in Parliament.

The deputation fared equally badly with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Lord ROSSLYN, and Miss RUTH ST. DENIS, who said it would be sweet to reign, but her art demanded all her thought and time.

The Editor of *The Sphere* was then visited, chiefly on the favourable promise held forth by his name, it being felt that if there was one thing that Servia needed after the tortuous ways of the inclement KING PETER, it was the beneficial sway of a CLEMENT KING SHORTER. The modern CATO of literature, however, said "No," not without a tear of regret, and once again the patriots withdrew.

STOP PRESS NEWS.
Servian Crown accepted by
MR. LE QUEUX.

"Wanted, lad to ride bicycle."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

That is the worst of these pets. They require constant exercise, and this may mean an extra boot-boy.

WANDERING MINSTRELS.

WE are rejoiced to learn that the lesson of the visit of the Leeds Choir to Paris is not to be thrown away; indeed, it is already an open secret that the famous Sheffield Festival Choir will shortly take a trip to Canada for the purpose of taking part in several oratorio performances and promoting Imperial solidarity in the domain of music.

These examples, it is pleasant to think, are likely to prove fruitful in a number of unexpected ways. The less important objects of M. ISVOLSKY's visit to London are well known. It is not so well known that his paramount anxiety was to persuade Sir EDWARD GREY to induce Mr. HENRY J. WOOD and his orchestra to undertake a tour in Persia for the purpose of harmonising the conflicting parties in that distracted kingdom. The negotiations were protracted, but we understand that in the end M. ISVOLSKY carried his point, and that Mr. Wood and his band will start for Tabriz in about a fortnight's time, to replace the Cossacks who have hitherto entirely failed to suppress or conciliate the Nationalists. The band, which will be materially strengthened in the percussion department, will number one hundred and fifty performers, and Mr. Wood will be accompanied by four analytical programme writers, two butterfly-tie makers, fourteen flashlight photographers, a staff of tonsorial artists, and three additional biographers.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Wood's departure for the Middle East, Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra, accompanied by the Holloway Choir and Mr. WILLIAM CARTER, will set out for South Africa to promote the cause of unification at the Durban Conference. It is felt that nothing could more powerfully reinforce the arguments of the delegates in favour of unity than the con-

cord of sweet and healing sounds for which the foregoing names are the best possible guarantee. The New Symphony Orchestra, who look forward to the trip with the utmost enthusiasm, have gone into strict training on biltong, mealie pap and Cape smoke; and Mr. BEECHAM, with

will proceed in motor-caravans, steam pantechicon vans and pneumatic pontoons to the great lakes, where Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE intends to instruct them in the gentle art of hippo fishing with the dry fly, at which he is exceptionally proficient.

Mr. MAX HUMBERGER, the famous violinist, accompanied by Mrs. HUMBERGER and their infant son PAGANINI HUMBERGER, will shortly start on a tour in the Arctic Circle. The degraded condition of the Eskimo has long given Mr. HUMBERGER deep concern, and he has conceived the noble plan of raising them to a higher plane of humanity and citizenship by the purifying influence of his unequalled virtuosity. The announcement of his prolonged and heroic absence from London has been greeted with immense enthusiasm by his brother artists. An exhibition of the furs to be worn by the party during their sojourn in the Far North will be open for a few days at 154, Hay Hill, the residence of Mrs. HUMBERGER's father, Sir JULIUS SLAZENGER, the eminent bacteriologist.

Hardly less benevolent in its origin and scope is the mission shortly to be undertaken to China by the Earl of TANKERVILLE for the purpose of converting the Dowager Empress to an appreciation of our Border ballads. Lord TANKERVILLE, as *The Daily Chronicle* has frequently reminded us, is a singer of extraordinary charm and persuasiveness, and it is anticipated that the therapeutic influence of his wonderful voice will finally demolish the last vestige of the Yellow Peril and inaugurate an era of unparalleled felicity in the Yangtse Valley.



A WAIL FROM ROSS.

Stalker. "QUICK, SIR! OR THEY'LL BE GETTING OUR WIND!"
Jones (on his first stalk). "TOO LATE! THEY'VE GOT MINE!"

a charmingly tactful consideration for his audience, has decided to conduct with a disselboom in place of the usual bâton.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has arranged to convey the entire Albert Hall Choir to Albert Nyanza at the close of the season. Seventeen overstrung dahabeeahs will convey the choir up the Nile to Khartoum, whence they

Triolet of Female Suffrage.

ELAINE was a child

Who was quite irresistible.

Sweet mannered and mild,

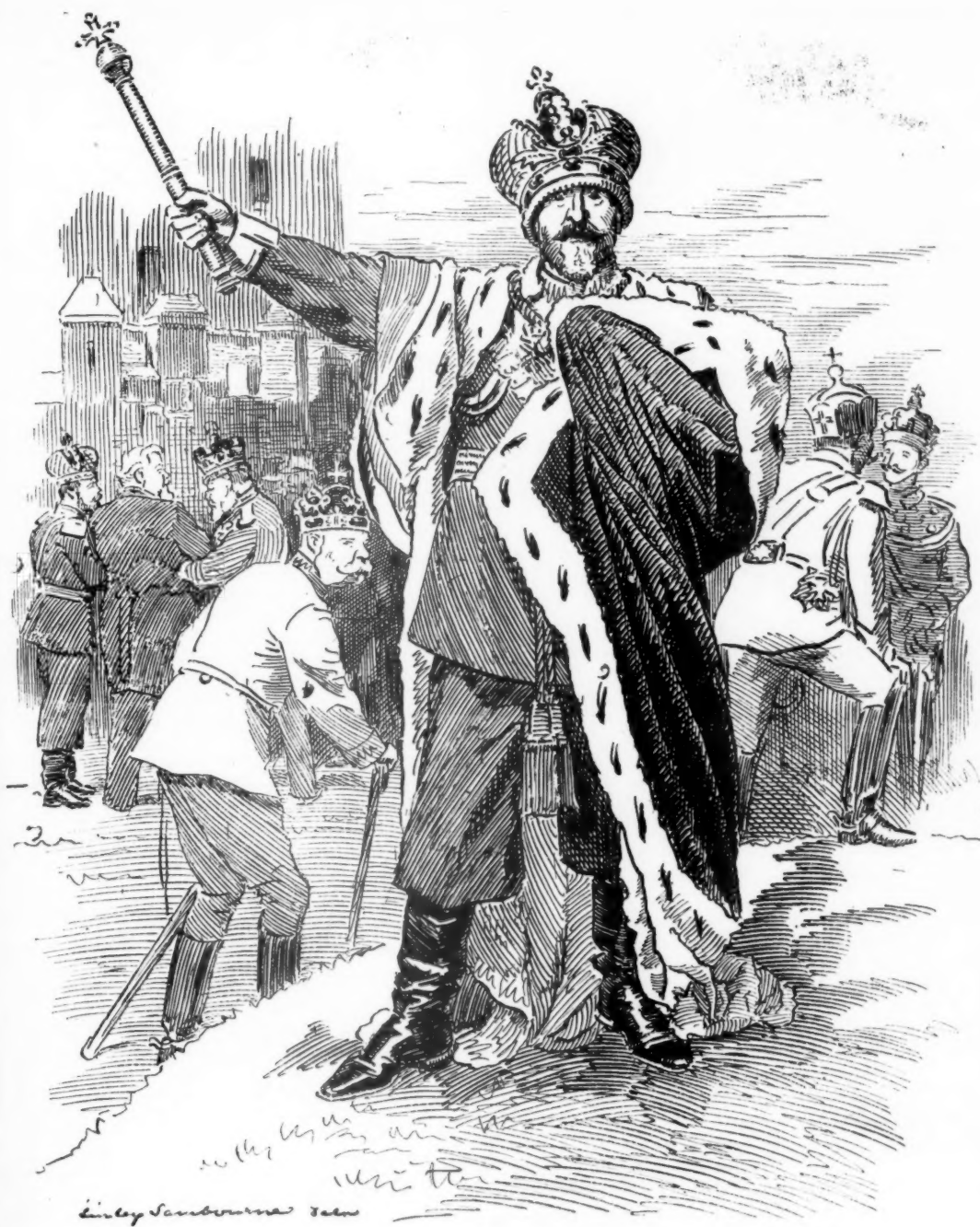
ELAINE was a child;

But her soul was beguiled

By the crowings of CHRISTABEL.

ELAINE was a child

Who was quite irresistible.



THE TSARVENU.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA. "THREE CHEERS FOR ME!"

AUSTRIA (*tentatively*). "HIP! HIP! HIP!"

THE OTHER GREAT POWERS (*after long and careful deliberation*). "Hoornay!"

[It is anticipated that the Independence of Bulgaria, of which Austria approved from the first, will be ultimately ratified by the Great Powers in conference.]



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 12th.—Back to school after the autumn holidays. Quite a full muster in Lords and Commons. Note two absentees from latter place. Head Boy of Opposition has given himself extra day's holiday. EDWARD GREY remains in seclusion of Foreign Office. This disappointing to Members on both sides prepared to give FOREIGN SECRETARY something in way of ovation. Slightest apprehension of such a thing sufficient to warn off E. G.

"Public life, TOBY, dear boy," he said the other day, "would be possible but for its public appearances. If I were permitted to do all my work in this room" (we were talking in the F.O. about the rare silence of Emperor WILLIAM at a grave European crisis) "I should be content."

To do him justice, E. G. makes the most of his opportunities of withdrawing himself from public gaze. During the Session comes down to House twice a week, answers string of questions addressed to him by eminent authorities on Foreign Affairs seated below gangway, and incontinently bolts.

In his absence, PREMIER read carefully drafted statement on Balkan Crisis. In political area situation has developed an attitude creditable to the highest traditions of Party system. Opposition come back more than ever disgusted with Government. Licensing Bill remains all their fancy painted it. Education Bill, Labour in Mines Bill, just as bad. Faced by crisis in Foreign Politics, political partisanship is obliterated. Just now is realised ideal condition of affairs "when none were for a Party but all were for the State."

In the Lords, LANDSOWNE seized opportunity to pay tribute to the statement made by FOREIGN SECRETARY last week. "Nothing," he said amid general cheering, "could be more dignified in tone or more appropriate in substance."

This the sort of thing that occasionally refreshes and ennobs British Party politics.

Commons spent quiet, useful evening discussing the Children's Charter; comes on for consideration after treatment by Grand Committee. In absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, COUSIN BOB, K.C., took the floor. Obligated with several speeches. Old hatred, common to the CECILS, of anything approaching



Signora Dorando is first into the Stadium, but is promptly disqualified. She was "assisted" almost up to the tape.

interference with perfect freedom of the people displayed itself in resistance to stringent provisions of the Bill. One makes it criminal offence for boy or girl under sixteen to buy cigarettes or cigarette-papers, much more to be seen smoking in public places.

From this petty tyranny COUSIN BOB's soul revolted. It was said that cigarette smoking wrought much evil among the children and therefore it must be put down with strong hand of the Law. Over-eating of sweets or sitting up late at night was harmful to the infant body. Yet the Bill has no penal prohibition of these practices.

Then there was smoking brown paper. (Here he paused, and his mind seemed to travel back to days when, personally, he could not determine which made the more delectable smoke, cane or brown paper.)

Yet the Bill submitted by His MAJESTY's Government with demand for enactment did not penalise the sybarite under sixteen whom practice had made a connoisseur of the varying qualities of brown paper used in preference to, or in default of, tobacco.

Thus, assisted by carefully-prepared brief and animated gestures, did a lofty mind, skilled in legal lore, trained at the Bar, prattle on by the half-hour.

Business done.—House resumes sittings. Children's Charter considered on Report stage.

Tuesday.—There is a vulgar idea, nurtured by men of certain stamp, that the active participation of Woman in Parliamentary proceedings is undesirable on account of her tendency to lengthy speech. Mistress MARGARET TRAVERS SYMONS (of Clifford's Inn) has finally shattered that

structure reared by malicious fancy. Her speech to-night was the briefest offered in course of debate on the Children's Charter. Went straight to the point in fashion many male Members would do well to imitate.



"What has posterity done to us that we should tie its hands?!"—or words to that effect.

(Mr. G-rge H-rw-d objects to bequeathing a Local Option policy to our successors.)

"Drop your talk about the Children's Bill," she shrieked, "and give us Votes for Women."

That was all. True that at this moment the closure was put into operation. The arms of a gallant messenger standing by the doorway gently but firmly closed round the waist of the lady on her legs addressing the Chair, and she was borne forth. But she had accomplished her purpose, had delivered her message.

All very well for her. But what about THOMAS HOWELL WILLIAMS IDRIS, M.P. for the Flint Districts since 1906, Chemist and Mineral Water Manufacturer, once Mayor of St. Pancras Borough, now Alderman? Sympathy of the House goes forth to him with generous rush. Has ever trusted woman. Now faith shattered. All happened so rapidly, too. Mr. IDRIS was seated at table in dining-room waiting for the joint, sipping glass of mineral water with air of a connoisseur, and thinking what much better quality was turned out in Merionethshire, when a card was handed to him. A lady wished to see him. Why, certainly. Let the joint grow cold, the mineral

water flat. A lady's behest commands instant obedience.

Mr. IDRIS hastened to find the dame. Conducted her through the lines of unsuspecting police in the lobbies, past the guardians at the doorway, up to the very glass door opening on the sacred precincts forbidden to foot of female when the SPEAKER is in the Chair. On the left hand is a step giving access to a window-pane through which woman, herself unseen, has often gazed on man. On to this he assisted Mistress M. T. S. Having seen enough, she stepped down, again assiduously helped by the hon. Member. He turned to lead the way through the outer Lobby to the Gallery upstairs when he heard a shout, faced quickly round, and lo! the lady was not. She had dashed through the swinging glass doors.

"Like a cork out of a soda-water bottle," as Mr. IDRIS put it, his mind in excitement of moment reverting to familiar associations.

To his horror he realised that she was addressing the House. Next thing he saw was the lady in the arms of the attendant. A man of business, Mr. IDRIS immediately realised the situation. He was relieved from attendance on the dame. The police would look after her. So he wended his way back to the dinner table to find the joint cold beyond reasonable anticipation, the



THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF IDRIS.

"Like a cork out of a soda-water bottle!"

(Mr. T. H. W. Idris.)

mineral water flat beyond hope of redemption.

Business done.—Mistress MARGARET TRAVERS SYMONS briefly addresses the House from the Bar, urging the desirability of so arranging its business as to give subject of Votes for Women precedence over that of Cigarettes for Children.

Wednesday.—"Sir," said HAMAR

GREENWOOD, rising from Front Bench below gangway when Questions were disposed of, "I wish to ask you, and I hope I shall be endorsed by Members of the House, to take steps to exclude absolutely from the inner Lobby of this House, during its sitting, ALL WOMEN."

Obvious initial difficulty. GREENWOOD asks to be "endorsed by Mem-



Mr. F. E. Smith pours a thin stream of correlative eloquence on the Licensing Bill.

bers." How is that to be done? At school, as some of us remember, a boy was "endorsed" on the back by irate master as if he were a Bill; which, indeed, he might chance to have been. Would have made no difference had he been TOM, DICK or HARRY. Evidently that's not what GREENWOOD means. Explanation doubtless is that, owing to profound emotion, even an ex-Lieutenant of Canadian Militia with eight years' service to his credit, stumbled upon elliptical sentence.

Till one heard GREENWOOD pronounce the word "WOMEN," prefaced by the comprehensive "ALL," one never imagined what possibilities of infamy the sex barely conceals. The tone of tragic denunciation with which the dissyllable was invested was varied by bitter scorn when in subsequent sentence he spoke of "THE VISITING WOMAN." Final reference to "pagan tribes in remote parts of the world," contrasted to detriment of the home-grown female article, though effective, was trifling compared with the blood-curdling effect of his enunciation of a familiar word.

SARK says PITT's majestic, reiterated, pronunciation of the common-



THE SOFT ANSWER.

Irate Preserver of Pheasants. "LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW! I DIDN'T WANT HOUNDS HERE TILL AFTER I'D SHOT MY PHEASANTS. YOU'RE MAKING THE BIRDS FLY ALL OVER THE PLACE!"

M.F.H. "AWFULLY SORRY; BUT I HADN'T THE LEAST IDEA YOU DIDN'T WANT 'EM TO LEARN TO FLY!"

place word "Sugar" in a historic debate was nothing compared with GREENWOOD'S "WOMAN." Don't know about that. Wasn't present on occasion; but confess that, with GREENWOOD'S voice still rolling in my ear, I cannot look upon a woman without uncomfortable tendency to knocking at the knees.

Business done.—Licensing Bill taken in hand. SPEAKER gives instructions to put up the shutters over "the peep-hole" to whose vicinity Mistress SYMONS last night lured the innocent IDRIS.

An advertisement in a British Columbian paper:—

"Specili about Kaslo Laundry and before two charge common price but just now one charge twice and because I am start a new laundry now and he is best price if both same price I hope people give some to us washing, because I not enough to do and I stop and nobody start any more as he charge high price again."

Mr. Punch hopes the crisis will be averted.

BEHIND THE SCENES;
OR, THE NEW ADVERTISING AGAIN.
SCENE—Managerial room in new Restaurant.

First Speaker. We don't seem to be catching on as I hoped we should. What's to be done?

Second Speaker. We must advertise, I suppose.

F. S. Oh, yes, advertisements! What are they? Everyone advertises.

S. S. Very well, then, we must advertise in a new way.

F. S. How?

S. S. Well, we must get articles into the papers that don't look like advertisements. Don't you remember how they did it over Maxim's just before the company was floated.

F. S. What will that do?

S. S. Why, don't you see, if the public don't think it's an advertisement—if "Advt." is not put at the foot—they'll be tremendously impressed. Take a case. Suppose

we arrange for an article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* to follow the leader, describing a jolly good dinner at our place, don't you see what an impression it would make, between the leader and the "Occasional Notes," a place ordinarily kept for decent stuff?

F. S. But you wouldn't get it. Not *The Pall Mall*. *The Pall Mall* belongs to—

S. S. My dear fellow, leave it to me.

F. S. Who will you get to write it?

S. S. Oh, that's easy enough.

F. S. Well, have it your own way; but if I were the public I should see through it pretty quick.

Cabinet Modesty.

"Sir Edward Grey, who had been engaged at the Foreign Office, walked to No. 10 by way of the Government Arches, thus escaping photographers. The Cabinet Council rose at 1.30, after a two hours' sitting. We believe that the Cabinet unanimously and entirely approved the course taken by Sir Edward Grey."

Daily News.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"LADY EPPING'S LAWSUIT."

WHEN I saw Mr. HUBERT DAVIES's new "Satirical Comedy," before a curtain-raiser had been affixed to it, the whole evening's performance only lasted a couple of hours. Even so, I should have been better pleased with myself if I had arrived an hour late. The First Act was strangely ineffective. Yet there was plenty of good material in it to be set off against some rather thin stuff; but nearly all the cast seemed anxious to rush it through, as if they were afraid that people's patience wouldn't last out till they got to the really funny things a little further on. Apart from the pleasant episode of the lady interviewer and the photographer, which started too suddenly and proceeded above the speed limit, there was little enough diversion in the way of side-shows, and the task of keeping things going fell with almost monotonous insistence upon the gentle shoulders of Miss MARY MOORE as *Lady Epping*. She tackled it bravely and cleverly, but got very little active help from the only other character of any importance, the successful playwright. Mr. SAM SOTHERN, who takes this part, has all the negative virtues, in particular the rare and priceless gift of being able to keep still; but no one could well have looked, or acted, much less like a young dramatist just arrived and busy climbing into smart society.

Then there was the boudoir-stage, which seemed to cramp the activities of my lady's week-end party—a whole Epping Forest of strange botanical specimens, including a cedar of Lebanon (Scotch variety), which showed so little sign of being acclimatised that I heartily wished it back in its own soil.

However, the Third Act made amends. Here Mr. DAVIES used to excellent purpose his chance of satirizing the lighter side of our administration of justice. The good things, and they were many, were more equally spread about, Bench, Counsel, Plaintiff and Defendant all securing a reasonable proportion, though Miss MARY MOORE still took the lioness's share. Her casual disregard for the sanctity of the Court, and her treatment of the whole thing as a social function run for her benefit, completely charmed the audience into forgetfulness of their earlier discontent, and sent them away, if not replete, yet with appetite modestly appeased.

II.—"FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM."

The tyranny of the man-servant has become the dominant note of modern British drama. Mr. J. K. JEROME's new variety is an advance, in the matter of complication, both on *Crichton*, and the valet of *Belamy the Magnificent*. Not only is he the unquestioned master of Bantock Hall, with no fewer than twenty-two family connections in what is practically his employ, but the new *Lady Bantock*, who had been married from the Paris music-halls (where she seems to have picked up a powerful American accent) turns out, to the pained surprise of both, to be a runaway niece of his. Out of either of these



"MY UNPROPHETIC SOUL, MY UNCLE!"

Fanny . . . Miss Fannie Ward.
Bennet . . . Mr. Charles Cartwright.

conditions a reasonable comedy might have been made, but the combination of them offers an irresistible incentive to farce. The author calls his work "a quite possible play." Most things, of course, are possible; the trouble is that so few of them are probable.

All through the play it is a battle royal between mistress and man, and in the end she has to stoop to conquer. Miss FANNIE WARD, as her namesake, though perhaps she could not fully command the pathetic mood, showed a very mobile intelligence, particularly in the Second Act, where she made a most piquant appearance in a mid-Victorian gown which had been pressed upon her by a maid who had strong views about the proprieties. To the ladies of the audience, the humour of this spectacle

(easily grasped) was a source of huge delight. Mr. CARTWRIGHT, as the Butler, played conscientiously, but took up too much of our time. Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON and Miss MEASOR were a pair of indistinguishably charming maiden aunts, who, like their nephew, the rather invertebrate Lord Bantock (Mr. LESLIE FABER), were hopelessly under the dominion of their meiny.

I don't know if Mr. JEROME is anxious to dissipate the personal impressions that his other play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, may have left upon its audiences. Certainly, in *Fanny and the Servant Problem* he throws off his reverential attitude and invites us to laugh at sanctity and its symbols. He would probably say that his new people are hypocrites: but the ridicule in these cases nearly always falls in effect on the thing abused, rather than on the abuse of it. O. S.

MENUS TO MEASURE.

(The Tsar of Bulgaria.)

Potage.

Mock-Turkey.

Poisson.

Kettle of Fish. Small Fry.

Entrée.

Suprême de Dindonneau sur Toast.

Rôtis.

Cold Shoulder à la Hamid.

Broiled Mèlée Internationale.

Sauce Piquante.

Entremets.

Sultana Pudding.

Macédoine de Fruits.

Bombes Révolutionnaires.

Pasha au Rhum.

Savoury.

Capers.

(The European Concert will perform during dinner.)

"A diminutive delinquent had just been sentenced by the magistrate to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. He heard the decision quietly, and then turning to the Bench calmly asked, 'Please may I have the gas?'"

A diminutive delinquent had just been sentenced by the Magistrate to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. He heard the decision quietly, and then turning to the Bench calmly asked, 'Please may I have the gas?'"

Portsmouth Evening News.

After reading this dear old joke through twice Mr. Punch has come to the conclusion that after all he likes it better with the small "m" for "magistrate."



Benevolent Old Gentleman. "NOW LOOK HERE, LITTLE GIRL, YOU TELL ME YOUR ADDRESS, AND I'LL WRITE AND TELL YOUR MOTHER WHAT A SPITEFUL NURSE YOU'VE GOT!"
Little Girl. "BOO-OO! THIS IS MOTHER!"

THE WRECKER.

[“A section of line in North Wales was recently held up for five hours owing to the body of a fly having insulated what should have been a contact in the electric-staff apparatus.”]

Was I surprised to hear it? Not at all.

Do I not know them well, these artful midgets?

And how to minstrels in the Muses' thrall

They bring despair, the pestilential fidgets?

Long ere you caused annoy to Cymric guards,

Long ere you chose, old hooligan, to maffick,

Had you not hurtled round the heads of bards

And dislocated Heliconian traffic?

Was it not you, one shining day last June,

You or some mate of yours, a smug-faced bully,

That near my hapless brain began to croon,

Just where the beetling brows grow soft and woolly?

The world was robbed by that malign assault

Of strains from out Pierian fountains trickling,

Of songs descended from the starry vault—

How could I write them, when you would keep tickling?

Not mine to wonder then that you should clog

Electric currents, or serenely wallow

In all the vices of a railroad-hog,

You that have tapped the temples of Apollo;

How many a line I cannot recollect

Through your absurd behaviour now lies rusting?

How many a train of fancy had you wrecked

Before you took to locomotive busting?

Yes, even now, I hear your comrades hum;

Their wings are beating round my cranial turret:

But, heaven be praised, the hours of winter come

When heads are cool and insects cease to worrit;

The time is near when all your tribe shall sup

Their latest draught of crime-inducing syrup,

And none be left to hold our railways up,

Or crack the mighty brains of men that chirrup.

AERATED ENGLISH.

A TECHNICAL illustrated monthly, “The Airship and Aeronautical Engineer,” is shortly to appear, recording the progress of the world in all that appertains to “aerogation” (*sic*). Interrogation we know, and supererogation we have heard of, but what is this latest claimant to the attention of Dr. MURRAY? Truly the language of the upper strata, if this specimen gains currency, is passing beyond our ken and becoming too rarefied altogether. “To aviate” is nauseous enough, and “planing,” in the atmospheric slang of country-house parties, is pretty bad; but we do draw the line at “aerogation.” The purveyors of ethereal “shop” will shortly be weighing in with aerobats and airgineers, atmobuses and other horrible hybrids. The great tailoring firms are already designing aeroplane costumes, and soon it will be too late to protest. When the trade gets hold of the classical lexicons, beware of the consequences.

“Mr. H. B. Irving last night presented that version of “Hamlet” associated with the name of his father. Mr. Irving gives us a Halet who, though melancholy, is far from mad. Mamlet, in the hands of Mr. Irving, is saved from, etc.”—*Yorkshire Post*.

This looks more like three versions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT first sight Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL seems to be coming down in the world. A year ago he published a book entitled *A Pocketful of Sixpences*. His latest effort, issued by GRANT RICHARDS, is called *Some Three-penny Bits*. His three-penny bits are however equal in value to most *causurs'* half-crowns. Like the two volumes preceding, this latest is made up of brief chatty letters much too good to be buried in the columns of the newspaper in which they originally appeared. Mr. RUSSELL holds all literature at his call. He has read everything, and, what is more rare, remembers it. Out of a rich well-ordered store, he at the proper moment recalls and drops in the right place an illuminating story or illustration. Any subject will serve—Brighton, Budgets, Bank Holiday, Black Rod, May Day, or Lords-Lieutenant. He chats about them with the absence of effort that seems so easy to acquire and yet to most of us is impossible.

As there is no reason why he should discontinue the series (there are Pennies, Halfpennies, and even Farthings still to be utilised as titles) it may be worth while to point out an unworthy little mannerism. When he quotes a sentence or a passage, he invariably repeats the first word or two. For example: "'Christmas,' said Dr. Liddon, in one of his greatest orations—'Christmas, if not the first,'" etc. "'Closely akin,' as preachers say—'closely akin,' the subject of Xmas cards," etc. This repetition is not necessary, and in the course of a portly volume becomes irritating.

It is customary for dramatic critics to inform the luckless author that his plot would make a better novel than it does a play; but Mr. FRANKFORD MOORE has reversed the situation, for his novel, *Love and the Interloper* (HUTCHINSON) would be more successful on boards theatrical than within those provided by the bookbinder. It is, indeed, pure melodrama, even to the hasty father, who exclaims, "I see it all now. Oh, but you were easily duped!" But the beautiful Irish heroine, as was right and proper, was not duped after all when she fell in love with the gamekeeper, who actually, of course, was not a gamekeeper at all, but a real English Major who had been in real wars. There is also the heavy villain, a bogus Captain, who is naturally put to flight and shame in the last chapter—or is it the Fifth Act?—when all ends happily, and virtue triumphs. Though the scene is laid in Ireland, with the necessary machinery of ban-

shees, blackthorns, and beggars, one seems to have stepped inadvertently into the old Adelphi. But one might do worse on an idle evening.

It is no indictment of Mr. TOM GALLON's *The Lackey and the Lady* (HURST AND BLACKETT) to say that I have little desire to meet his characters in the flesh. For, although to spend a week-end with people like the *Duncimans* would bore me to tears, to read about them is instructive. Mr. *Horace Dunciman*, the tyrannical head of the family, was a man of maxims, who regarded himself as a kind of provincial Providence. On the first page of the book he fires off the maxim "that the grand principle of life is that each man shall know his place—and each woman, for the matter of that; moreover, that they shall keep those places," and, as he said this "on every possible occasion," I don't wonder that his children rebelled. It is not, therefore, with their disobedience that I find fault, but with their way of showing it. They should, I think, have found less perilous methods of revolting from a preposterous

papa. For Miss *Dunciman* marries the strong, forceful butler, while *Tony Dunciman* consoles himself by wedding a barmaid. We bid farewell to the rebels as they start to Australia under the wing of the forceful one. It is very satisfactory that Mr. *Dunciman*'s main maxim should have been so badly spiked, but I cannot help feeling that it was a little hard upon Australia.



A MUTUAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

(Being an unrecorded incident of the Age of Chivalry.)

Plenty to puzzle, though nothing to trouble you,
Everything kindly and most of it gay,
That's what you get in a story by W.

W. J.

Seagoing worthies, and longshoremen various,
Humorous schemers for numerous ends,
Lovemakers turbulent, placid, hilarious—
These are his friends.

JACOBS I mean, of course—JACOBS the novelist;
Such are a few of the folk at his call;
I couldn't write, if you offered a sov., a list
Showing them all.

Salhaven (METHUEN) provides a main love affair
Mixed with two others tied up in a knot;
That's, with the trimmings suggested above, a fair
View of the plot.

Slight? Well, it seems so, but often a definite
Recipe seems quite insipidly tame
Till it's made up with the hand of the chef in it;
This is the same.



THE EGOIST.

Boy. "E'S GOT MY KITE!"

THE MODEL HOME.

OR, LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

TIME was (when charming bungalows were scanty
And bijou villas had not flecked the plains)
I dreamed of married bliss inside a shanty,
For love is more than drains.

I wooed a maiden then, the queen of mortals,
But less inclined than I to laugh at gold;
So, since it did not run to marble portals,
The banns were never told.

But now on every side I note upspringing
Delightful cottages, like dwarf hotels,
Where Amaryllis and her spouse are ringing
Their own electric bells.

Where luxury and cheapness go together,
And up-to-date improvements blossom free;
The walls are built to stand our island weather,
The baths are h. and c.

I note, I say, these nutshell Paradises,
And, noting, muse upon my faithless love;
These little Edens might have solved the crisis
Referred to up above.

In some such home she might have lived contented
To share (on gravel soil) a pauper's lot;
But as the pleasing type was not invented
Our idyll went to pot.

Nor am I certain, I who used to grovel,
Licking her fairy footsteps like a cur,
And picture heaven in a hut or hovel,
Or anywhere with her—

That I should find the prospect now so rosy,
Not even if the maid were free to come
And shrine her graceful presence in a cosy
Detached Elysium.

One grows more careful; and these glorious mixtures
Of cot and palace with their ten-foot drives—
They have no charm included in the fixtures
For making model wives.

FOLLOWING on the action of *The Daily Mail*, which has recently cabled to Constantinople, guaranteeing on behalf of the British people that not a hair of Young Turkey's head shall be plucked, and has received in answer the enthusiastic gratitude of the Ottoman Empire, it is reported that *The Tooting Advertiser* has sent a message in the following terms to the Grand Slamjack of Novi-Bazar:—"Tooting Advertiser, as mouthpiece of great British Nation, bids you fear nothing"; and that a correspondent has cabled to this effect: "A great demonstration of Novi-Bazarians has been held outside the house of a British resident who is known to have once contributed a paragraph to *The Tooting Advertiser*; and for three hours the air was rent with rockets and cheers for Great Britain."

THE POLICE-COURT DICTIONARY.

[The following scene, based on Miss PANKHURST'S examination of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE as to the meaning of the phrase "to rush the House of Commons," is liable to occur at any time.]

Suffragette (acting as Counsel for her own defence). Is your name HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH?

Witness. Yes, please.

You are, I think, at present the so-called Prime Minister of England?—Yes, thank you.

Very well, then. Be so good as to answer my questions briefly and orally. Have you read our latest handbill?—I have glanced at it, but did not commit its contents to memory.

Then I will read it to you. (*Reads.*) "Men and brothers, come in your myriads to Parliament Square to-morrow evening after dark and help us to stamp on the police, overthrow the Liberal Party, make a clean sweep of ASQUITH, annihilate the Cabinet, and blow up the House of Commons." Now, how does that strike you?—Rather forcibly. (*Laughter.*)

Now let us take these phrases seriatim. First, "to stamp on the police." Do you keep a dictionary at home?

Witness (to Magistrate). Need I answer that question? *Magistrate.* I think you had better be quite frank.

Witness. Well, then, I keep two: a Webster for the meaning of words, and a small handy one for spelling.

Suffragette. If you consult your Webster you will find that the word "stamp" means "a mark set upon things chargeable with duty to Government." May not the police be described as "things chargeable with duty to Government"?—Possibly; but that doesn't make the process of stamping less painful.

Kindly confine yourself to plain answers to my questions. I find that "to stamp" means "to imprint; as, to stamp virtuous principles on the heart." Now, taking the words "virtuous principles" as understood in our phrase "to stamp on the police," can you detect anything riotous in the invitation to come and stamp virtuous principles on the police?—I should resent it if anyone tried the operation on me.

I can well believe it would be a novel and shocking experience to you. (*Laughter.*) Now pass to the next phrase—"overthrow the Liberal Party." Have you ever played cricket?—Not of recent years. I have taken to golf.

Still you will not have forgotten that the word "overthrow" means an action on the part of a fielder which causes extra runs to accrue to the side that is in. Would your Party, who are at present in, object to any action which increased their score through no merit of their own?—On the contrary we want all the runs we can get. But wasn't your "overthrow" more of a verb than a noun?

Don't quibble. Now look at the next phrase—"make a clean sweep of ASQUITH." Are you prepared to deny that a "sweep" is one who brushes the chimney and so purifies the hearth?—No, but I only speak from hearsay.

And is it not among your duties as Prime Minister to help to purify the national hearth?—That is, I believe, the idea.

Then, morally speaking, you are a sweep? (*Laughter.*)—Not so black, I hope, as I am painted. (*Renewed laughter.*)

But if we made a clean sweep of you this would remove the chief blemish in your calling as a sweep?—Yes; but I should want soft-soap, and you mustn't scrub

too hard. (*Laughter, accompanied by clicks from newspaper cameras.*)

Very well, then. I now come to the phrase—"annihilate the Cabinet." What do you understand by the word "annihilate"?—To reduce to nothing.

Right first time. But suppose we are dealing with nonentities? Is it possible to reduce nothing to nothing?—It is certainly unusual.

I must trouble you to say Yes or No.—No.

Then to invite the public to "annihilate the Cabinet" was to ask an impossibility—always a harmless thing to do. And so we come to the final phrase—"blow up the Houses of Commons." Now I find in my lexicon that "to blow up" means "to scold violently." Is it your experience that hard words ever broke any bones?—I have never personally had any success that way.

Very well, then. A second meaning is "to fill with air." Would it in your opinion be likely to lead to a disturbance of the peace if an attempt were made to give the House of Commons a better ventilation?—Some of the more elderly Members might complain of the draught.

We could give them shawls in exchange for votes. (*Loud laughter.*) A third meaning is "to inflate, to puff up; as, to blow up one with flattery." Have you never heard of this being done by Members of Parliament to one another, or even to themselves?—I must have notice of that question.

I will trouble you, finally, with one more dictionary interpretation of the words "to blow up." They may mean "to raise into the air," that is, to lift above the level of earth into a purer atmosphere. In the case of the Commons would this require violence?—I am of that opinion.

But not necessarily physical violence?—No, spiritual pressure might do it; but it would have to be violent.

Thank you, Mr. ASQUITH, that will do. You may stand down. O. S.

[NOTE.—An impressionist report of the recent Bow Street proceedings, by a Correspondent who was unable to be present, appears on page 322.]

MY WOODCOCK.

I stood in the ride, and the glamour
Of Autumn was gold on the trees,
While the far-away beaters' faint clamour
Was borne on the whispering breeze,
When the voices that came through the cover
With the tapping of stick upon stock
Rang out with a roar—"Woodcock over!
Cock forward! Mark cock!"

Like a weather-stained leaf that is lifted
When March is in maddest of moods,
Through the tops of the beeches he drifted,
A little brown ghost of the woods;
Bombarded with passionate vigour,
He lazily dodged down the line,
And I knew, as I pressed on the trigger,
I knew he was mine!

My bright locks may fade and grow duller,
My keen glance may weaken, but still
I shall see the soft pinion's warm colour,
The length of that insolent bill;
And, till Age leaves me withered and one-eyed
At the ultimate end of my road,
I shall hear the click-click of the gun I'd
Omitted to load!



KEEPING IN WITH THE HARE.

GERMAN KAISER (*to have*) "DEAR OLD CHAP, YOU MUSTN'T THINK I'M HUNTING YOU. I'M JUST RUNNING BESIDE MY FRIEND HERE, TO SAVE HIM FROM FEELING LONELY!"

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM AND MARY



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TRUE BRITISH MODESTY.

Fair American (to officer wearing V.C.). "SAY, HOW DID YOU GET THAT EL'GANT LITTLE CROSS?"
V.C. "OH, I DUNNO. PULLIN' SOME SILLY ROTTER OUT OF A HOLE."

THE WASTERS.

PERHAPS I am over-thrifty—I can't say. But there are times when I cannot bear the prodigality of our authors.

Take this case. Thousands, perhaps, might pass it unmoved, withers unwrung; but wherever it crops up I find myself in affliction over it. You know the incident. It is where the heroine, being in possession of certain gold that has a curse attached to it, or some rare jewels that have apparently brought ill-luck, flings it or them into the deep lake or river to moonlight effects and a pæan of approbation on the part of the lover. As thus:

"She took the 'sparkling gems in her hand, regarding curiously their beauty and seeming innocence; then she leaned over the high parapet and dropped them through her fingers into the silent waters beneath."

After which the pair of them go home with a load off their minds. They are also rather puffed up at

having done a courageous thing. But would not a better way have been to sell those jewels and devote their value to some charitable use? convert them—literally, the evil things!—and get them into the way of doing good? I hate to think of all that treasure lying idle in the lake or river; and there will perhaps come a day when they will both regret their sacrifice—a day when they would be rather glad of the stuff for themselves, and when their minds are not in quite such accord over the disposal of it. He will recollect that it was *her* light-hearted idea chucking good money away, while she will remind him that he, and he alone, suggested the very manner of its disposition.

There is, however, a more trifling matter than this which yet disturbs my equipoise to an even greater degree. As a boy I was still more strongly affected by it than I am to-day. It is where, after the receipt of ill news, or the frustration of some high hope, the heroine leaves a meal

untouched—tea, of all things! I can see the tray temptingly set forth—hot buttered toast, bread-and-butter, clean, cheerful crockery, and fragrant tea; but my lady has no appetite, and either struggles with half a slice of thin bread-and-butter, or pushes away the whole thing intact. The reader has to sit there helpless and see it all spoiling. Hot buttered toast! What calamity on earth can justify the rejection of hot buttered toast? Meat, vegetables—ah, that's another matter. There are many times when the sight, or even the thought, of such is abhorrent. I could see a dinner-tray being left untouched and not turn a hair. But tea—refreshing tea. And thin bread-and-butter. And toast—hot buttered toast. I lose sympathy at once. The next page—nay, the very next paragraph—may palpitate with mystery and emotion, but only with difficulty can I force my eyes to pursue the printed words. In spirit I am dallying with the despised toast and the thin bread-and-butter; mentally

I am stirring the hot, fragrant tea or fondling the teapot.

I hear the villain creeping up the stair; in a vaguer sense I hear the awful onward march of Fate; but I am unshaken. I am thinking of that toast. What are the footsteps of Fate to me? I want to hear the footsteps of MARY ANN coming to save the ruins. If I cannot have the repast myself, at least MARY ANN might be allowed to come and fetch it before it is all cold and hopelessly indigestible.

Can it be that authors themselves are indifferent to the claims of tea and toast? Or are they particularly sensitive to them, and does a cankerous self-interest lie at the root of their behaviour in this matter? Do they, for instance, hazily imagine that in some future life all the delectable platefuls and cupfuls that have been spurned in their pages will fall to their lot as author's perquisites? But I can hardly credit them with so fanciful a folly as that; and in any case tea should not be allowed to stand, and buttered toast wants eating hot.

HOW TO EMPLOY THE UNEMPLOYABLES.

INTERESTING SUGGESTIONS.

SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM's proposal that work should be found for the unemployed by planting the useless land belonging to the Government near Broadmoor with fir trees, to be made into railway sleepers when big enough, has prompted a host of correspondents to favour us with similar suggestions for the relief and employment of the unemployables. A selection from their letters is now placed before our readers:—

A BOON TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

DEAR SIR,—I believe there is no doubt that, with some exceptions, the theatres are not doing as well as their lessees and managers would like. Surely this state of affairs affords fruitful scope for dealing with the unemployable element by utilizing this class of "out-of-works" as dead-heads on a large scale. I am emboldened to put forward this suggestion by the facts that Mr. SNOWDEN, M.P., in commenting on Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON's conduct in the House of Commons, laid special stress on its theatricality, and that Mr. G. B. SHAW has boldly taken his stand on Mr. GRAYSON's side. Would it not be possible for Mr. SHAW to give a

series of performances of his plays in which the leading parts were assigned to Mr. GRAYSON, Mr. GRAY and other prominent leaders, while the rank and file were admitted to the stalls and boxes? Yours faithfully,

COMMON SENSE.

The Arcade, Peebles, N.B.

ROAD HOGS AND THE UNEMPLOYABLES.

DEAR SIR,—As the number of motor accidents is steadily increasing, it seems to me that the leading automobile organizations would be doing a great public service if they utilised the services of the unemployables to remove or render first aid to the victims along the most frequented thoroughfares, such as the Brighton and Portsmouth roads. If they were stationed at intervals of ten yards along the first-named road, occupation would be found for no fewer than 8,800 persons.

Yours faithfully,

EXPERTO CREDE.

Moke Grange, Horley.

HOW TO SAVE ETON.

DEAR SIR,—There are, in round numbers, some 1,100 boys at Eton, our premier public school, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, there are not more than seventy masters to instruct the pick, the flower, the *crème-de-la-crème* of British and Judæo-British youth. This is not as it should be. The science of *pædagogics* teaches us that individual attention is of paramount importance in higher education. The true ideal should be one boy one master. I therefore suggest that the teaching staff of Eton should be at once supplemented by one thousand of the unemployables, whose special function should be to instruct their young charges in the beauties of the simple life, of strenuous thinking and contemplative quietism. England is being ruined by the nervous exhaustion produced by the cult of hustle. What we need to restore the balance is a little more of the sweet reasonableness of the Weary Willie.

Yours faithfully,

UTHER PUPE.

Pimpernel Lodge, Sutton.

A HINT TO EDITORS.

DEAR SIR,—The problem of the unemployables is serious but not desperate. Personally I am convinced that it can be solved on the following lines. The output of novels during the last week has been so enormous that a newspaper friend of mine tells me that the floor of his editor's sanctum has given way beneath their

superincumbent bulk, while his literary staff is totally inadequate to cope with their numbers. I suggest, therefore, that all the leading papers during the winter publishing season should give at least temporary work as novel-reviewers to those members of the non-working classes who are incapable of sustained manual labour.

Faithfully yours,

TARLEY BINDELLS, M.A.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

MORE EDITORIAL CHANGES.

THE announcement that Mr. ROOSEVELT, on leaving the White House, will undertake the editorship of *The Outlook* (U.S.A.), at a salary of £6,000 a year, has, naturally enough, excited considerable envy amongst other potentates and princes.

Thus we understand that King PETER of Servia has communicated with his distinguished namesake, Mr. PETER KEARY, with a view to ascertain whether, in the event of his abdication, there would be any room for him on the staff of *Pearson's Weekly*.

THE TSAR OF RUSSIA, so we are credibly informed, has offered to act as Russian correspondent for *The Skibbereen Eagle*, at the modest salary of £250 a month, a request which is receiving the attention of the executive of the National Directory in Dublin.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY, whose anxiety as to his future is by no means reassured, has, we are told on good authority, approached the proprietors of *The Poulterers' Gazette* in the hope of securing a remunerative appointment on the staff of that well-known and influential journal, should his position at Yildiz Kiosk become untenable.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO has, according to trustworthy accounts, applied for the post of dramatic critic to *The Leathersellers' Journal*, at a purely nominal salary.

In this context we may note that Mr. GRAYSON, M.P., who has recently been appointed joint editor of *The New Age*, declines to corroborate the report that, on his leaving the Board of Trade, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will join the staff as leader-writer with a salary of £200 a week.

The nomination of Miss DOVE for the Mayoralty of High Wycombe is to be signalled by a new grand serial in one of our leading halfpennies, entitled *The Dove in the Mar's Nest*.

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

I FOUND it, on my return from holiday-making, amongst a score of others, review copies mostly, that awaited me upon my study table. If, then, I select this modest and slender little volume from among its companions for detailed notice, it is a proof that its appeal, to me certainly, was more direct and immediate than theirs. And this very quality is surely one of the primary tests of literature.

In *format* it was, as I have hinted, unpretentious. Small octavo would, I believe, be the technical description, simply yet tastefully bound in cream parchment (or is it buckram?) without lettering. These, however, after all, are mere externals. It was that within which claimed my attention, and of which I wish to speak now. The record of little more than a year (though this in itself is nothing, since an entire novel can be written about Three Weeks), in a style restrained and austere to the verge of curtness, it unfolds a history of contemporary life such as I have seldom known to be equalled, either for its firm grasp of essential facts, or corresponding disregard of mere accessories. Not a line of description is to be found from beginning to end of the book; weather and scenery are alike ignored; yet by a single touch—a mere word, perhaps, or a name, even the title of a commercial firm—the anonymous writer can bring before me the seasons and their changing attributes with a vivid realism for which HARDY or MEREDITH might strive in vain.

One is tempted to quote. That fine passage, for example, beginning—"March 12th. Motor Co., £350"—there is all the spring in this, cleansing winds, and the call of the open road. And then, almost immediately below, comes a name that I recall as that of the chairman of a bench of rustic *Shallows*, and attached to it the significant figures £5 6s. 8d. A whole tragedy in two lines. What reticence, yet what superb mastery of medium! And these are only two instances out of many.

Of the ethical value of the book it would be almost impossible to speak too highly. Though, in common with other *genre* studies of a similar type, it contains little actual plot, the motive of the whole I take to be expressed, clearly enough, in the form of a tremendous contrast or parallel between the two great attributes of human existence—receptivity and



"MY GOOD GIRL, TAKE THE CHILD OUT!"

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE ALWAYS DOES IT THIS WAY!"

distributiveness, the capacities, inherent in every one of us, of taking in and giving out. It is in this contrast that the great interest of the work lies. Thus, on the one side we have the radiant opening, due in part to the influence of heredity, by which a man may start with all the possibilities of future greatness already, so to speak, in hand; on the other, the corroding influences of everyday life, the output of energy wastefully exhausted in the combat with the crowd.

Nor is this the only message of the book. Not even in IBSSEN'S *Peer Gynt* does the idea of Self assume greater prominence. It is indeed this theme, again and again repeated, that forms the burden of one side—the

least pleasant—of the parallel, and is responsible in great measure for that final want of balance that brings about the tragic *dénouement*. This last, however unexpected (and, for my own part, up to within a few lines of it I had been confident of a happy ending), is indicated with a pitiless logic that constrains the reader's unwilling belief. Some might call the climax overdrawn; it is at least seen, on retrospection, to have been inevitable. In short, a powerful and undeniably interesting little book, a copy of which would form an ideal Christmas or wedding present. I should mention that it came to me enclosed in a blue envelope, with my banker's compliments.

DISCURSIONS.

MR. MOBERLY'S AMAZEMENT.

"I MET old MOBERLY the other day"—it was the pale young stockjobber who spoke—"and he gave me a fair eye-opener. You know the man I mean, a pompous old chap with a reddish face and a shiny bald head, any amount of corporation and heavy gold watch-chain laid across it. Uses long words and gets his sentences finished. He's no end of a terror on this line—always keeps the guards and porters in order and writes to the papers if the train's late. He's awfully down on the youngsters, too—seems to think they've no business to be young, you know, and all that. He's the fellow who said the young men of the present day had lost all capacity for veneration and were rapidly becoming public dangers owing to their slang and their habits of extravagant dissipation. He said it at a big public dinner, and, I tell you, it made 'em all sit up.

"Well, I saw him the other day, and I got a regular shock. He looked as if he'd had a puncture, all loose and flabby, and the colour gone out of him. I saw he wanted to tell me something, so I made it easy for him; looked kind and comforting and drew him out. 'Look here, MOBERLY,' I said, 'there's no one else in the carriage. You make a clean breast of it, my boy. I don't care how bad it is; mum's the word with me when a pal's up the spout. It'll do you good to talk a bit; any one can see that. Murder or forgery or bigamy, it's all one to me. I shouldn't mind if you'd been carrying a banner in a Suffragette procession or spouting against the police in Trafalgar Square.'

"What with one joke or another I got him to talk at last, but it took a long time. At first he just stared over my head and kept saying 'They took me away.' He said it over and over again in a very indignant way till I couldn't stand it any more. I told him I'd stop the train and have the guard in if he didn't get on with it. 'Who took you away?' I said, 'and why did they take you? Why should anybody want to take a harmless old buffer like you?' This sort of stirred him up and he gave me the story.

"He said it all happened when he was in his smoking-room after dinner one day a week or so back. He was just thinking of lighting up one of his best Cabanas when somebody got hold of his hair—he hasn't got any on top, you know; only tufts and fringes at the sides and back—and pulled like winking, and when he tried to shout he couldn't. Then he looked round and found he wasn't in his smoking-room at all, but in a garden behind a clump of trees with a couple of little boys in knickerbockers. One of the nippers had got a bit of cane, and the other had rolled up a piece of brown paper, and they'd set 'em alight, and there they were puffing away like mad. They didn't seem to see MOBERLY, which was lucky, for he's a tiger on boys smoking—gave his own youngster an awful gruelling a short time back for bagging cigarettes—and he couldn't call out or do anything: just had to look on and see the little beggars blowing it out like chimneys. They grinned at first, and seemed to like it, but soon they got green, and—well, you know how that sort of thing always ends.

"But the worst of it was, MOBERLY said, that he was

sure he'd seen those two boys before, but he couldn't make out where. They were ordinary boys, with dirty hands and all that, but he knew he'd met 'em somewhere. Then one of the boys turned round and MOBERLY saw a patch on the seat of his knickers and he remembered he'd once had a patch like that himself, and then he got another tug on the hair and they took him away again.

"This time, he said, they took him to a funny old ramshackle room, and he recognised it as his own room in All Saints' College, Cambridge. But it couldn't really be that, he said, because it's been pulled down. Anyhow, there were a lot of undergraduates there, sitting round a table, and they were going at one another to drink bumpers about something. One of 'em was a tidy young chap with any amount of crispy curls on his head, and he was standing up and making a speech, and chucking nuts at the other chaps and laughing; and at last he upped with a tumbler of fizz and tossed the whole of it off. MOBERLY said it was the most shameful thing he ever saw. It wasn't their own money, he said, but that of their poor parents. Then they got noisier and noisier, and at last a queer old woman with a bonnet on her head came rushing in and said the Junior Dean, or something of that sort, was outside, and then the whole thing just faded away, and they gave him another tug and he was back in his own smoking-room.

"It didn't seem much of a story, did it? But it had given him the knock and no mistake. The trouble was that he'd once had a patch on his knickers like the little boy's patch; and when he was at Cambridge he was always called 'Curls.' Still, I can't believe old MOBERLY ever smoked a bit of brown paper or drank a bumper of fizz. Anyhow, it's a queer world, and it's a good thing we're not all like MOBERLY."

IN A TRANSITIVE SENSE.

SCORNING the savour of my humble grill,
I entered where the flower of London dines,
And ordered sumptuous meats and luscious wines,
And swallowed, like a duke, my lordly fill:
So did I purr contentedly, but still
Found room to taste the peaches and the pines,
And then, reflecting that I'd cast my lines
In pleasant places, waited for the bill.
It was the chiefest waiter of the lot
Who deigned to hand it me without a blush;
I read it, gasped, and counted out the cash,
Then swiftly in one agonising flash
I realised what CHRISTABEL does not—
The active meaning of the verb "to rush"!

"Mme. Melba, who is now in Australia, is the prime mover in a new financial corporation."—*Daily Mail*, Oct. 22.

"One of the chief events of the musical season in Manchester will be the appearance of Madame Melba to-morrow."—*Daily Mail*, Oct. 23.

This should surely be a record passage.

"MY CLIENTS IN THE ALPS AND CAUCASUS. By A. F. MUMMERY."
The Times Literary Supplement.

Suggested sub-title: "An Hour by the Beautiful Black Sea or Lovely Lucerne for six-and-eightpence."



Officer investigating Old Age Pension claims. "WELL, MRS. BRADY, AND HOW OLD MIGHT YOU BE?"

Mrs. Brady. "SORRA WAN OF ME KNOWS, INDEED, SOR."

Officer. "THINK NOW. DON'T YOU KNOW THE DATE OF YOUR BIRTH?"

Mrs. B. "THE DATE OF MY BIRTH, IS IT? SURE, THERE WAS NO SUCH THINGS AS DATES WHEN I WAS BORN!"

CHARIVARIA.

BARON MARSHALL VON BIBERSTEIN, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, has complained to the Porte of an article in the *Kalem*, the Turkish *Punch*, disparaging the German Emperor, and has demanded that legal proceedings be instituted against the editor. How fortunate that the English *Kalem* has been uniformly respectful to His Imperial Majesty!

The natives, we read, observed the third anniversary of the partition of Bengal as a day of mourning, discarding their clothes. The dusky races have, of course, a peculiar advantage in the matter of mourning, which is so expensive over here. They simply doff their clothes, and there they are.

Mr. GRAYSON has made it clear that he does not intend to apologise, and this means that the House of Commons will be deprived of his services for the rest of the Session. Mr. GRAYSON considers, however, that the punishment is no more severe than the House deserves.

The latest rumour about the ELKINS-ABRUZZI affair is that the lady's father has consented to the match subject to the royal bridegroom's agreeing to change his name to the Duke of ELKINS.

A curious feature of the Statistics as to Old Age Pensions issued last week is the enormous number of applicants from Ireland. This is said to be due to the fact that in the Distressful Country one becomes old more quickly than in other parts of the British Isles.

Mention of Old Age Pensions reminds us that the kindly editor of a certain comic paper is said to have returned an ancient and much respected joke to a contributor the other day with a polite note and a P.O. for five shillings.

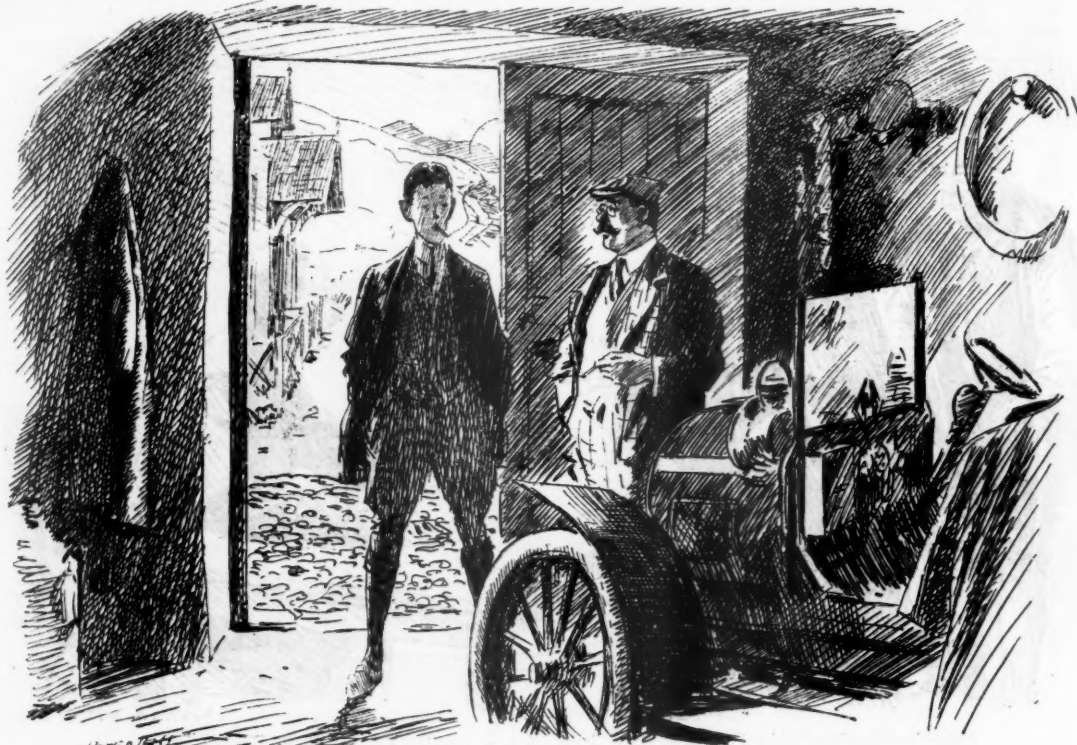
Mr. HALDANE has stated that the average annual cost of a cavalryman is £61 17s. 2d., and of an infantryman £57 6s. 4d. Now that the capitalised value of our soldiers can be reckoned, many little servant-girls have already started saving up to buy one as a keep-sake.

"I do not want the public to think that the British Army is going down," said our War Minister at Caterham. It certainly seems to experience some difficulty in keeping up, to judge by what happened to our Airship and our Aeroplane.

The directors of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, announce in their annual report a profit of £20,651 for the past year. £10,000 of this has been put to reserve, and it is hoped that they will be able with this sum to lay down a better lot of pheasants for next year's warm corner.

The managers of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, have set apart a suite of rooms for use as an emergency hospital. It is thought that this will attract many wealthy diners who have hitherto been afraid to eat too much.

Last week an accused man boasted to the magistrate that when he was in prison he wrote 158 poems. A saddening feature of our police courts is the number of individuals they reveal who appear to be dead to all sense of shame.



Brown (expatiating on the merits of his latest bargain). "I DON'T SAY SHE'S MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT YOU SHOULD SEE THE WAY SHE TAKES A HILL!"
 Friend (callously). "UP OR DOWNS?"

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Lines written before the present cold.

[A Paris firm is issuing cards to be worn in the button-hole bearing this inscription: "I am very well, thank you. I am fully aware of the state of the weather, and have heard all the latest news."]

"How are you?" "Back again from gay Paree?"

"Amazing weather for the time of year!"

"Been lately to the play? Seen BEERBOHM TREE?
 Fine spectacle!" "Hear JONES is made a peer?"

"Another heat-wave—what?
 Astounding for October, is it not?"

How long have I endured these scores and scores
 Of commonplaces, obvious, trite and vain,
 How long have suffered—far from gladly—bores
 At luncheon, dinner, in the club and train!

How often have I prayed
 To hear no more of Tariffs or Free Trade!

Judge, then, what gladness gurgled in my throat
 When I obtained this cardlet for a sou
 And stuck it on the lapel of my coat.

Henceforth all commonplace must be taboo,
 Nor should I waste my time
 With stuff that's neither witty nor sublime.

No more I'd be a bather from the beach
 Who, ere he swims, must wade through tedious shoals;
 But, leaping from some eminence, I'd reach
 At one swift plunge the depths of kindred souls,
 And in a moment glean
 From their dark caverns gems of ray serene.

Heart beating gaily, expectation high,
 I sallied forth, my cardlet on my breast.
 Now shall I hear pure wisdom, fancied I,
 Truth of grave import or some matchless jest;
 Now shall I never know
 Aught but the soul of wit, the dazzling mot.

Vain fancies! Idle visionary views!
 I soon discovered that when I had barred
 My health, the weather and the latest news
 Men left me all alone with my poor card.
 Deprive our human brains
 Of humble commonplace, and what remains?

Is the Race Degenerating?

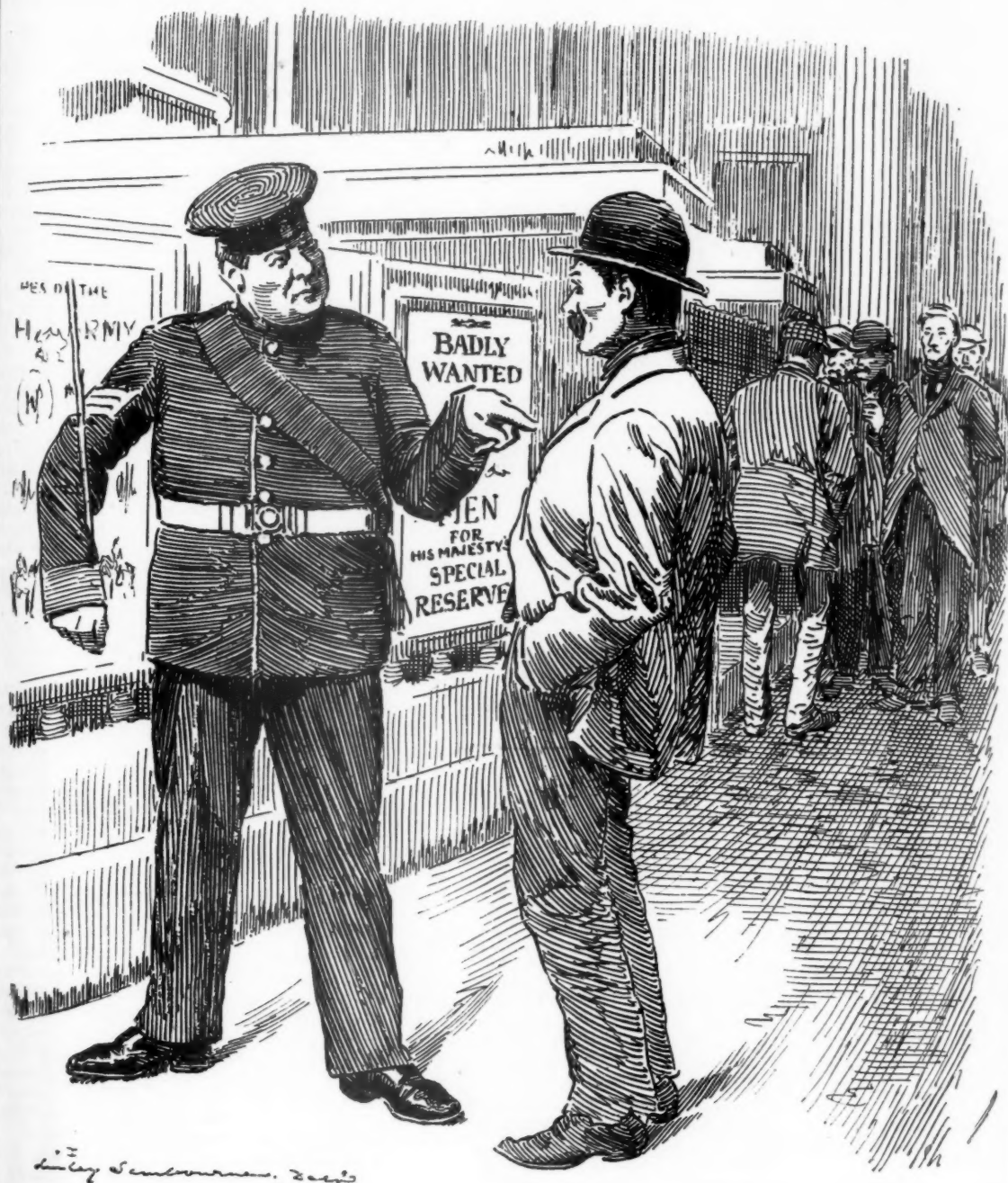
"About a month ago a long red radish reached us from a reader of the normal size of a carrot."—*Amateur Gardening*.

"In a moment of forgetfulness, the envelope found its way into a dustbin."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Instead of going straight off to Leamington as directed.
 Luckily, it was able to give its name and address to a policeman before losing consciousness.

"He wished that the greatest need of prosperity would be theirs during that winter course of lectures, and that they might be followed by many other curses in the future. (Applause.)"—*Leigh Chronicle*.

Those misprints seem a little thing to the compositor at the time, but they can give quite a different shade of meaning to the simplest speech.



MUTUAL AID.

UNEMPLOYED. "NOT MUCH DOIN' IN YOUR LINE, GUVNOR? WELL, DON'T LOSE 'EART. ME AND MY MATES WE GOT SOME TIME ON OUR 'ANDS AND WE'LL 'ELP YOU THROUGH THE WINTER."

SERGEANT HALDANE. "CAPITAL! BUT DON'T GIVE ME AWAY. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING YOU!"



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 19th.—One hundred and fifteen questions on the printed paper. Of the first fourteen exactly one-half stand in name of "MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS" ASHLEY. That only half the story. In no conceivable circumstances touching any topic under the sun does M. Q. accept Minister's reply as payment in full. Always puts supplementary interrogation, sometimes two or more.

During Mr. GULLY's Speakership this little diversion would have been impossible. Amiable in itself it is a little disheartening to the rest of six hundred and seventy Members who also want to know a thing or two, and, coming low down on the list, find Question time is over before their name is called on. Mr. LOWTHER's predecessor in the chair took the view that, in accordance with Standing Orders, a Member desiring to cross-examine a Minister must give due notice. Of course occasion may arise when supplementary question is necessary, at least excusable. Constant habit of putting such questions is an evasion of the Standing Order, which occasionally leads to heated discussion and angry scenes.

This afternoon, for example, debate extending over several minutes was permitted consequent on question addressed to Postmaster-General relative to telephone service. At a quarter to four, when process of enquiry was cut short by what in debate on Licensing Bill is known as the time limit, whilst at least one hundred and fifteen questions had been put and answered, nearly one-half of those framed in accordance with Standing Orders and printed on paper were not reached.

Effect of this irregularity on elderly gentleman in Strangers' Gallery deplorable. Sat mute during opening stage of Committee on Children's Charter, deliberating over the Mother of Parliament's methods of doing business. House cleared for division. Members strolling back to places. Could bear the strain no longer.

"Gentlemen," he observed, rising to his feet, flinging back a mane of unkempt hair, and gently waving a bundle of paper held in his hand, "I have here a petition which I have presented to the PRIME MINISTER, and," he continued, beaming genially on the crowd of upturned faces, "I should like you to read it."

This the exordium of what promised to be a long and interesting

speech. Before the stranger could continue, the attendant seated at top of gangway stairs was upon him. SARK tells me that recent incidents in the House have led to institution of new exercise for the Messengers. It is known as the hop-step-skip movement. Prizes are given to the Messenger who from any given quarter, whether at the doorway or in Strangers' Gallery, can with greatest swiftness and surest precision execute the movement so as to descend exactly within grasp of any stranger, male or female, presuming to usurp privileges of Members who have exclusive right to address the Chair.

Gallery Messenger did the trick à merveille. The elderly stranger

was collared simultaneously with arrival at full-stop of first sentence. Had just time to exclaim, "Here it is," and fling the petition on to floor to be scrambled for by hon. Members when he was led forth.

"It's a good scheme," he confidentially assured the House as he disappeared through the Gallery door; "much better than talk about cigarettes."

Business done.—Children's Charter read a third time amid general congratulation.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting scene at opening of Sitting. It appears that War Office is about to acquire in neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain land for building artillery range. Time was during existence of late Govern-



"TRAFALGAR DAY" AS SOME PEOPLE WOULD PERHAPS PREFER IT.
(Dedicated to those, in and out of Parliament, whom the cap fits.)

ment when Salisbury Plain, the purchase of land thereabout, and the erection of costly buildings for War Office purposes were taboo. In St. JOHN BRODRICK'S day, with St. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS Chancellor of Exchequer, it was the Liberals who wanted to know all about expenditure of public money in this quarter. A great deal happened since then. Incidents remembered only by old Members, of whom few leaven present House. So WALTER LONG comes up fresh and early with mitrailleuse discharge of Questions.

"Hit high or hit low, I cannot please you," moaned NAPOLEON BONAPARTE HALDANE, giving impatient touch to Imperial curl on his massive brow. "I am blamed at one moment for not going fast enough to complete efficient training of Territorial forces, and when I move I am pulled up."

It was here GOULDING interposed. "Is the right hon. gentleman aware," he asked in voice that only half controlled a sob, "that great distress exists among aged agricultural labourers who have lost their avocation by reason of this purchase and are at the present time in want?"

Here was N. B. HALDANE'S opportunity. Dashed in with the quickness and force that flashed under the sun at Austerlitz.

"The hon. Member," he said, "is a little mixed. The project has not yet been carried out."

This rather a nasty one for the gushing GOULDING. Members sitting near him, moved by his lightly-touched but vivid picture of aged agriculturists in smock-frocks (probably carrying crooks), seated by the roadside looking with dimmed eyes on their cottages levelled, their holdings seized by a ruthless War Minister, were led into backing him up with angry cheer directed at Treasury Bench. Now it turned out that War Office was not yet in possession of land, and that GOULDING'S touching picture was a work of fancy. Incident led to marked coolness between hon. Member and his friends, which has not yet thawed.

Business done.—Getting on quickly, if not merrily, with Licensing Bill in Committee.

Wednesday.—When PREMIER rose to make statement on question of Unemployed, House presented appearance seen only some half-dozen times in course of Session. Was thronged from floor to topmost line of benches in Strangers' Gallery.



"THE GUSHING GOULDING"

(Mr. E. Goulding, M.P. for Worcester).

Through the forty minutes' speech, exceptionally long for a master of brevity, a crowd of Members stood at the Bar. Every bench on floor occupied, others sat in the gangways, on the steps of the Throne, or flocked to side galleries looking down on animated scene.

ASQUITH at his best on such occasions. No one better than he can make devious paths straight or obscure places bright as day. Neither halted for exordium nor lingered for



SAMPLES OF MR. GOULDING'S POOR SUFFERING, ANTICIPATORY, HYPOTHETICAL AGRICULTURISTS.

"Lar, Will'm! 'ow powerf'l mis'able we dew be gwine to be when things dew 'appen what 'aven't 'appened so fur!"

peroration. Just pegged away, expounding an intricate plan bristling with detail in manner that made its purpose plain.

Of course the Labour Members want more, whilst the section of the Party represented by KEIR HARDIE and WILL THORNE are not disposed, even for the welfare of the Unemployed, to lend a hand to any work with which JOHN BURNS is concerned. To their mind nothing good can come out of the Nazareth of the Local Government Board under administration of a former comrade who in respect of wages formerly stood on their level, but now draws £2,000 a year, is dubbed Right Honourable, has been known to spend a week-end at Sandringham, and really isn't a bit better than they. Taken together, these constitute an unpardonable sin.

House generally recognises in proposals a level-headed businesslike scheme, in which the tax-payer suffers minimum of exaction, and the honest workman is freed from degradation of eleemosynary aid. He gives a day's labour and receives a day's full pay, whilst concurrently work at the naval dockyards is hastened forward and N. B. HALDANE beholds in sight the fulfilment of his plan for the organization of a special reserve twenty-four thousand strong.

Nor is the scheme without that touch of poetry which, whilst not indispensable, is alluring. Comes along the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, bubbling with generosity, bursting with opulence, promising employment at Christmas time for eight thousand unemployed! Engagement may last a full week and will be recompensed with a guerdon of twenty-five shillings. All that is needed is that the eight thousand unemployed should get along till Christmas time, and after.

Business done.—Six clauses of Licensing Bill added in Committee.

From an Examination Paper in Classical Geography.

"The Isles of Greece are always arguing because each one claims its island as the birthplace of Homer. Chaos has the most right to claim Homer."

An advertisement in *The Evening News* gives "seven important reasons" why you should clothe your feet in Somebody's Hosiery. We give a couple:—

"2. Absolutely unshrinkable.
6. Every pair bears Trade Mark, and if found to shrink will be replaced."

These two sentences should run concurrently.



GIFTS THAT EMBARRASS.

Host. "It's a GREAT PLEASURE TO BE ABLE TO SEND A HAUNCH TO ONE'S FRIENDS."

Candid Friend (absent-mindedly). "YES, I BELIEVE THERE'S VENISOS BURIED ALL OVER ENGLAND."

A DILEMMA.

My destiny shows me no mercy;
Mr. Punch, tell me what I can do;
Though my heart is attracted to
PERCY,
It's equally tender to HUGH.
All day I sit silently weeping;
I look like a hollow-eyed ghost;
I've finished with eating and sleeping.
Since they both sent proposals by
post.

One true lover's knot I must sever;
If to PERCY, oh dear, I say "Yes,"
Then HUGH will be banished for ever,
And I shall be torn with distress.
If HUGH slips the ring on my finger
While mute grows the whispering
church,
I know my affections will linger
With PERCY who's left in the
lurch.

For his face is so earnest and tender,
He's sturdy without being fat;
He'd make a delightful defender—
So would HUGH for the matter of
that;—
And HUGH is so charming and sunny,
While PERCY is really a wit,
And both have got plenty of money
(Not, of course, that *that* matters
a bit).

I'm harassed, upset and down-
hearted,
My thoughts, like an underground
train,
Come back to the place where they
started,
Without bringing light to my brain.
I never shall settle the question;
Oh, dear Mr. Punch, do be nice
And assist me with any suggestion—
Except your historic advice.

THE NATION'S SONGS.

The Evening News gives the following extract from a coming pantomime-song, which, according to a Mr. LESTER BARRETT, will be the particular rage of the coming season:—

"Oh! Oh! Antonio. He's gone away,
Left me alone-i-o, all on my own-i-o.
I want to meet him and his new sweetheart,
Then up will go Antonio and his ice-cream
cart."

Mr. LESTER BARRETT is described as "an expert in the popular song, and himself responsible for more verses of the Antonio description than he cares to recall."

A very proper reticence.

What a high part in our literary

education is played by such national songs is made clear by a publisher's announcement of Mr. CLARENCE ROOK'S *London Side-Lights*. Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD puts forth his author's claims as follows: "He has found secrets of London hotels, he has pierced the problem of London traffic, he has been to queer boxing-contests, and he has been present at the birth of popular song."

In view of the brilliant promise held out by Oh! oh! Antonio, we congratulate Mr. CLARENCE ROOK very heartily on his obstetrical experiences.

"For Sale.—Good Year Dog; very strong greyhound; Irish terrier; colour brown; price 7s. 6d."—*Hunts and Sussex News*.

"Makes a nice white St. Bernard," the owner forgot to add.

Extract from the catalogue of no less a person than BENET LALL, of Dinapore:—

"I can supply a few kinds of BELOW'S ARTICLES on onions:

1. China Cane.
2. Hill and Country Potatoes.
3. Onion.
4. A few kinds of dusters."

Mr. Punch has cabled for BELOW'S onion.

PORTIA!

THE court was again crowded when the magistrate took his seat, and a large number of photographers and artists had to be excluded. The first witness called for the defence was Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M.

Portia (in a purple, green and white sash, and with her hair charmingly parted in the middle). You are Mr. MEREDITH, the novelist and poet?—I am.

Were you in the neighbourhood of Westminster on the night in question?—No.

Then you saw no signs of any attempt to rush the House of Commons?—No.

No disturbance whatever, in fact?—No.

This is a political movement, is it not?—(No answer.)

Well, it is, anyhow.

Portia's mother. You agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother (triumphantly). There you are!

Portia. Thank you, Mr. MEREDITH. That will do.

The witness

thereupon went back to Dorking.

The next witness was the Rt. Hon. Sir EDWARD GREY, Bart.

Portia. You are Sir EDWARD GREY?—Yes.

You are naturally rather busy just now?—Yes.

With Cabinet Councils and so on?—Yes.

Please don't look at the magistrate, but attend to me. Casting your mind back to the last Cabinet Council, can you tell me if Mr. JOHN BURNS was there?—Yes.

Did he not once incite a crowd to riot in Trafalgar Square?—I have heard so.

And now he is in the Cabinet?—Yes.

Portia's mother. You agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother (triumphantly). There you are!

The witness then returned to the Foreign Office.

Sir WILFRID LAURIER followed.

Portia. I shall not detain you a moment. Do you believe in votes for women?—Well, er—

Portia's mother. You agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother (triumphantly). There you are!

Sir WILFRID then returned to Canada.

Inspector JONES was called, and went into the box.

Portia. You are Inspector JONES of the Metropolitan Police?—Yes.

Do you remember the Diamond Jubilee?—Fairly well.

Were there a number of people in the streets on that day?—A good number.

Any deaths or accidents of any kind in the crowd?—I believe so.

More than there were in Parlia-

body knows we ought to have it, you see, and—

The Magistrate. No, no, I cannot allow this.

Portia (sweetly and magnanimously). I bow to your worship's decision.

Portia's mother. This is a political movement, is it not, Miss MAY?—Certainly!

Portia's mother. There you are again!

Miss FLOSSIE DEANE was the next witness.

Portia. You were in Parliament Square on Tuesday?—Oh, yes!

Have you ever been in Hoxton?—Oh, no!

But you would say that more hooliganism goes on there than went on in Parliament Square?—Oh, yes!

You think woman ought to have the vote?—Oh, no—I mean, oh, yes!

Was the crowd at all dangerous ever?—Oh, no!

There was no disturbance at all, in fact?—Oh, no!

Portia's mother (absently). And you agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Oh, yes!

Portia's mother. Well but of course, there you are!

Portia (suddenly). Your worship, there is a man in the press-box who is not sketching us. I should like to treat him as a hostile witness and cross-examine him.

The Magistrate. I am afraid I cannot allow that.

Two hundred and seventeen witnesses followed who gave evidence similar to that of Miss FLOSSIE DEANE. At this moment, just when a few of those present in court were beginning to lose interest, a sensational incident occurred. Miss DOROTHY MARCPANE, who had gone into the box, gave some most startling evidence.

Portia. You saw everything that went on in the Square?—Yes.

Portia (dramatically). And who were the most prominent figures in the rioting?—The police. (Sensation.)

In fact, if the police had not been there there would have been no struggles with them at all?—That is so. (Great sensation.)



THE BOY.

WHAT HE WISHED TO BE.

WHAT HE BECAME.

The rest of Miss MARCHPANE'S evidence was in the nature of an anti-climax, but PORTIA elicited the facts that she hadn't been in Trafalgar Square the week before, but was coming to the Albert Hall next Thursday. Also that her mother's gardener had a vote and she hadn't.

Portia's mother. And you agree that if women were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother. Well—but I mean, there you are, you know!

* * * * *

When the Court adjourned two facts had become abundantly clear. One, that women ought to have the vote; and the other, that their exclusion from the Bar was an incalculable loss to that profession. A. A. M.

THE BOY AND HIS PARENTS.

A Boy's manner towards his parents should be condescending and even friendly; but it is a mistaken kindness to admit them to too much familiarity.

He should, as far as convenient, adopt approximately the hours appointed by his parents for meals.

He will easily realise the advantage of having a parent at table, as a butt or foil.

He may always safely assume that his parents' views are out of date.

In any case he should guard against allowing it to be imagined that any intelligent idea, accidentally propounded by them, had not previously occurred to him.

He is not called upon to notice any attempts at humour ventured upon by either of them.

It should always be borne in mind that they are subject to the disadvantage of having spent their early years without his guidance and example.

It may be safely asserted that in no case can a boy's good qualities be attributable to his parents or otherwise than to himself.

At the same time he should give them the credit of having originally contributed, in a modest degree, to the fortunate circumstance of his having come into existence.

A parent's errors may proceed from the head, from the heart, or from both, while a boy is not liable to error; and allowance should be made accordingly.

Parents must not wonder if their boy feels unable to recognise them at school or at college.



He. "JUST GOING OUT FOR A LITTLE FRESH AIR, MY DEAR."

She. "A SLIGHT DRAUGHT, YOU MEAN, I SUPPOSE?"

A boy should never despair of improving his parents.

He should permit them to express an opinion before correcting it, and when doing so his manner should be expressive rather of pity than of contempt.

He should avoid demonstrative ridicule for his parents' friends.

Finally, a boy is not called upon to acknowledge a parent's letter unless accompanied by a remittance.

London Dangers.

"At Westminster Cathedral, the choir mounted to the top of the lofty campanile and sang a number of hymns and versicles, the notes of which fell on large crowds in the streets below with beautiful effect."—Standard.

Word Painting.

"And all this while the place of chiefest interest is gradually being hemmed in and ever more closely hemmed by a seething, living, and ever and anon, as the fairway for the honoured ones is striven for, by anxious police and military keepers, somewhat tumultuously inclined concourse."

New Zealand Weekly Graphic.

Our sympathies are all with the police in this tumult.

From "Additions and Alterations," in *The Post Office Guide*:—

"ALGERIA.—Col. 8. Delete 'arms and ammunitions of war,' and substitute 'boxes of preserved sardines over 2 lb. 3 oz. in weight.'"

The cause of Peace seems to be looking up in Algeria.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER'S capricious and gusty life has a perfectly ordered and fitting celebration in the two distinguished volumes which Mr. and Mrs. PENNELL have prepared, and Mr. HEINEMANN, so long one of the Master's friends, has just published. One is reminded by them of the final and serene mooring in a quiet haven of a delicate and exuberant racing schooner after a stormy voyage. All WHISTLER is here, save his colour, but it is like WORDSWORTH'S definition of poetry—emotion recollected in tranquillity.

For the moment I can think of no artist who by his biographer has been so honoured; everything is sumptuous about the work, and though possibly the verdict of posterity may be a little less kind than that of Mr. and Mrs. PENNELL and other contributors to *The Life of James McNeill Whistler*, who were under the Master's personal spell and are disinclined to admit sun-spots, without the data supplied by this book no verdict of posterity will have any value. I could personally have wished that some of the more heated passages in the life of this great artist and not so great man had been recorded more impartially, for I think that the history would have gained thereby; but Mr. PENNELL is himself hardly less a fighter than his hero, and one cannot have everything. Moreover, considering how heinous the biographers must think the Philistine attitude of *Punch* to the Butterfly now and again, and of *Punch's* editor, TOM TAYLOR, during and after the famous farthing libel suit, *Whistler v. Ruskin*, it must be admitted that they are not unkind. Of DU MAURIER there are pleasant glimpses in the work, until the incident of *Joc Sibley* in the first draft of *Trilby* put an end to them. The book is unambiguously written, but the style is not the style of the Master himself, and there is a certain recklessness with regard to the comma which gets upon the nerves. The illustrations have been chosen with perfect taste and a fine generosity.

There is a breezy promise about *The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill* (ARNOLD) conveyed in the Preface. Under Providence, as she devoutly acknowledges, she has met many of the most distinguished people of her generation. "Why should I not," she asks, "record all that I can about them?" "I have done so," she answers; "but there may be some to whom these reminiscences will be interesting chiefly in virtue of what is left unsaid." It cannot be denied that in her resolution to tell all that she can, Lady RANDOLPH is led into the mistake of loading her book with some blocks of trivial passages. One or two might have been left out under more serious ground of objection. There is, for

example, the story of the bustle supposed to play "God Save the Queen." Its humour and taste smack a little of the servants' hall. But these are casual blemishes. A keenly-observant eye, a retentive memory and a lively pen combine to make a volume that will be popular at the libraries. Wherever the narrative touches the fascinating personality of Lord RANDOLPH—a proportion of the whole disappointingly small—it instantly becomes interesting. Among the many well-known people who figure in her pages, Lady RANDOLPH herself is unconsciously revealed.

The Man Who Lived (HEINEMANN), by BERYL TUCKER, has not been happily named, for it is as a study of a woman—and of her only—that the book is noteworthy. The hero, *Sidney Howe*, in spite of a consciousness of intense vitality, wasted most of his time with commonplace people, and is really neither a lively nor a lovable creature. When, however, *Miss Courtfield*, during a strenuous denouncement of his past, allowed her complexion to become in turn sallow, dull red, almost purple, greenish and grey, I felt sincerely sorry for him. Face to face with this curious colour-scheme, *Howe* could only contrive to look bluish, mottled and livid, so he was—if I may express it thus—two down at the turn. In the circumstances he can scarcely be blamed for biting his knuckles, although to have shut his eyes would have been a simpler and less painful way of acknowledging defeat. The book would indeed be wearisome if it were not redeemed from insignificance by one very well-drawn character. *Pia Hamlyn's* struggle to win love and to get away from the vacuous life which she could not delude herself into thinking satisfactory is so finely told that I wish the man whom she eventually won had been more worth the winning.

In *The Borderland* (CONSTABLE) ROBERT HALIFAX takes us back among those draggled fringes of the Near East (London) with which he has already proved himself familiar in *The Drums of Fate*. His dialogue is apt to be elliptical, and there are traces of affectation in his narrative style. But we grow simpler as we grow older—according to THACKERAY—and meanwhile there is the right stuff in his work. He comes very near to the heart of things in his treatment of the sordid life of our mean streets in the mass, and in one individual case, that of *Amber Lou*, he paints with fine economy of line and colour a portrait which makes a curiously moving appeal. From influences that threaten to brutalise her the girl is saved by a great passion, on which the seal of sacrifice is set. He is less successful with the lady who wanted the Hoxton missioner for herself. But much is to be forgiven the author for the sake of the true romance he creates from material that promises so little of glamour.



She. "YOU'LL CATCH IT, YOU DWEFFUL BOY!"
He. "THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW, MISS CLEVER. MA'S OUT WITH THE SUFFRAGETTES; AND PA'S HIDING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

CHARIVARIA.

It is apparently still uncertain whether the Duke of the ABRUZZI will obtain his bride without a struggle. He is, it is said, taking two cruisers with him to America.

A Bill has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies to abrogate the clause of the Civil Code under which the bride at a marriage has to promise obedience to her husband. But even this will not satisfy the more advanced of the feminists, who wish a definite undertaking of disobedience to be substituted.

"Every stroke of work we do," says a leading Suffragette, as reported in *The Daily Chronicle*, "carries us a little further towards the goal." The last word is surely a misprint?

A recent article in a tailoring paper on the dress of literary men failed to mention that the editor of a certain well-known paper is frequently to be seen in a libel suit.

Mr. Justice BARGRAVE DEANE'S remarks on the Morals of the Stage are still being discussed in dramatic circles. It is felt that it was anyhow very foolish for a Divorce Court Judge to quarrel with his bread-and-butter.

In the debate on Unemployment it was mentioned that the Government had given permission for 10,000 reservists to go to the Colonies. The WAR MINISTER explained that this would not add to the difficulties of mobilisation in the event of war. In fact the fewer the reservists the easier they will be to mobilise, of course.

As it has been found that workmen's tickets were being used by all classes, the Great Western Railway Company has determined in future to issue such tickets to *bonâ-fide* workmen only. A vigorous protest from Socialist leaders is expected.

"I have a pullet hatched on March 7," writes a gentleman to a contemporary, "which started laying on July 25, and laid ten eggs before

she was five months old." Will the HOME SECRETARY'S Bill to prevent the over-laying of the young meet a case like this?

London possesses many dining clubs, but at Kingscliffe, near Peterborough, there is an institution which is frankly called "The Pig Club."

The Westminster Gazette in its new form evidently believes in attractive head-lines. Witness the following extract from our contemporary:—

"£5,000 FOR NEW EXETER HALL.
Lord Kinnard has made a donation of £1,000

be passed making it a penal offence for any newspaper to publish the names or photographs of any females offending against public order.

The indiscreet utterances of the KAISER in the course of a certain interview make it look as if there was more than one "Ex-Diplomatist" present.

It is satisfactory to know that work on our new naval base at Rosyth is to be pushed forward at once. It will prove a handy spot from which to fit out expeditions for the Far East, as the KAISER would say.

The KAISER may be right in saying that in the matter of affection for us he is in a minority of his own countrymen. Anyhow, we must prepare against the day when he joins the great majority.

"PEACEFUL PERSUASION."
—We are very sorry for you that your cause was so badly damaged behind the grille last Wednesday. We agree with you that a lady who enters the House as the guest of a Member ought to behave like a gentleman. The motto of the Suffragettes should be "MANNERS, not MATTERS."

"Mr. Lawrance, in addressing the jury, laid stress on the fact that, although the prosecution had stated that many things were burnt, they had failed to produce them in Court."
Pulman's Weekly News.
How these barristers bring out every little point which tells in favour of their client.

"Mr. Rockefeller's most absorbing indoor recreation is violin-playing, and it is a question which lies closer to his heart, his bow or his golf clubs."

Tid-Bits.
It sounds as if his swing was rather cramped. If he doesn't take care an "iron" will enter into his soul.

"MADRID.—The Cabinet to-day discussed the situation arising out of the attack by tribesmen on the Spanish miners employed in a mine in the Melilla district. The matter was considered to be one of minor importance."—*Reuter.*

Thus does even a great mind like *Reuter's* unbend at times.

"FURNITURE DANCES OFF.
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN ITALY.
[By 'ECHO' PRIVATE WIRE.]
What we want to see is furniture that dances off *without* a wire.



Lady. "I'VE BEEN EXPECTING A PACKET OF MEDICINE BY POST FOR A WEEK, AND I HAVEN'T RECEIVED IT YET."
P. O. Clerk. "YES, MADAM. KINDLY FILL IN THIS FORM AND STATE THE NATURE OF YOUR COMPLAINT."
Lady. "WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S BILIOUSNESS!"

towards the erection of the new Exeter Hall, Strand."

Mr. REMNANT was speaking in the House when the Suffragettes made their Gallery scene. "Remnant Day" has always proved a strange attraction to the fair sex.

Ignorant Old Gentleman. "Why's that woman chaining herself up, constable?" *Policeman.* "She's a member of the Women's Freedom League, sir."

It is now rumoured that the Government has at last decided to take effective steps to put an end to Suffragette rowdyism. A Bill is to

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN KAISER.

DEAR SIRE,—We've all been reading that little brochure about you called *The Indiscretion of William*. All of us, that is, except the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. EDWARD GREY told the clerks he wasn't to be allowed to see it; he's too new to his work. That's why he couldn't answer a question on the subject in the House last Wednesday.

You've heard about it, of course? It was in *The Daily Telegraph*. The author chose *The Daily Telegraph* because he knew how you love sending wires to everybody. If there'd been an *Hourly Telegraph*, he'd have put it in that.

They say it's really and truly founded on fact. If they hadn't said so, I should never have believed that part where you complain that the mass of the German nation doesn't approve of your being so fond of us. Do you know, I always thought of you quite differently. I thought that you only had to lift your finger and every German fell flat on his face and said "*Hoch!*"; and if they didn't, especially if they were editors, they went straight off to jail.

I can't think where I picked up this idea of your omnipotence, unless it was from yourself. You see, you so often talk about the Almighty as agreeing with what you do and say and think, that I suppose I must have got confused.

And now it turns out that you're just a leader of a small minority, like our Mr. BALFOUR. And no House of Lords at your back!

In the circumstances, do you think you were quite wise to talk so freely about the object of all these *Dreadnoughts* that you're pushing on with so fast? You may think that they're designed for the protection of German mercantile "horizons"; but the great majority of your people is under the impression that they're meant for us. You don't suppose that all these poor devils would let themselves be bled to pay for a ridiculously fat fleet if they thought it was just intended to look after the interests of German merchants abroad. Everyone knows these gentlemen are safe enough and doing nicely under the flag of Britain or America or any other country but their own. If you go on drumming it into our heads that your superb fleet isn't meant to down ours, one of these days your people will see that they've been fooled, and refuse to build any more Navy.

There's one of your own pet Pan-German papers, *The Daily Round-view*, already saying some appallingly frank things about you. As soon as it read *The Indiscretion of William*, it went and wrote the following plain words: "Away with all hope of final stability in our policy." I wonder you let the Editor go on living. But I forgot: you're in a minority; and minorities don't count.

By the way, there was one of your perorations which broke down very badly. It began all right, but tailed off just anyhow. It was where you were showing how nobly you behaved to us during our bad time in the Boer War, when the others came and asked you to take a hand in their game of "humiliating us in the dust." This is how it went: "What was my reply? I said that, so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to bring about England's downfall,"—here, of course, I thought you were going on to say that you were ready to defend our poor desolate island with your last drop of blood; that only over your lifeless

body, damaged beyond recognition, should they, etc. And this is what you are made to say instead:—"Germany would always keep aloof from politics that would bring her into complications with a Sea-power like England." It rather looks as if you didn't think the game quite good enough. If I were you, I should have this put right in the Second Edition.

I think it was most awfully sweet of you making that war-map for Lord ROBERTS. If we had only been told about it earlier! But, you see, we got your KRUGER telegram (which we didn't care for) fixed in our minds, and we never heard of the map until the other day; and I'm afraid we shall always remember the telegram best. On the other hand, your own people were very pleased with the telegram, and now they're quite cross about the map. And I expect they'll remember the map best. Anyhow, it makes it very difficult for posterity to discover which side you were really on, and I'm very glad that I shall not be asked to have anything to do with delivering "the serenely impartial verdict of history."

Still, you mustn't "lose patience." I want you to go steadily on saying just what occurs to you. Life is not so amusing, even with Suffragettes trailing chunks of grille behind them, that we could afford to miss the diversions you provide. And we don't really dislike you any more than we dislike these other humorists. Only of course we have to take them seriously when they begin playing about with the Unemployed. And so with you. You see, both your Army and your old friend FRANZ-JOSEF's have been out of employment for thirty or forty years, and I can't remember that your Navy has ever had a real job to do. And here's the winter coming on, and hard weather foretold in the Balkans.

I trust you will take this letter in the genial spirit in which it is composed. I'm sure your heart is in the right place. It's simply your head that causes me anxiety.

Accept, in conclusion, my affectionate regards, and believe me, dear Sire, to be

Very respectfully your
O. S.*

* = Obedient Servant.

BRITAIN'S BENEFACTOR.

MORE "CALCULATED INDISCRETIONS."

[Since the despatch of the above letter we have received from Our Special Eavesdropper at Potsdam an extended version of certain passages in the famous interview. This new version, he says, is current in the highest Anglophobe circles at Berlin.]

"You English are mad, mad, mad, mad—mad as March hatters. You seem to have forgotten all I have ever done for you and am still doing. Ask your Admiralty who it was who designed the first *Dreadnought* and sent them the plan. Pigeon-holed somewhere in Whitehall that plan awaits calmly the verdict of an impartial posterity.

Your War Minister will tell you who it was who gave him the idea of the Territorial Army. Was that the work of a secret enemy? You make it very difficult for me. Again, was my happy idea of a Franco-British Exhibition the deliberate act of a relentless foe? Surely you do not blame me for the bungle you made over the Marathon Race! Time will show at whose recommendation it was that DORANDO was presented with a special cup by your QUEEN, thus perhaps avoiding war with Italy. Why is it that you mistrust me?



A FELLOW-FEELING.

American Bird (exhausted by Presidential Election). "GUESS IT'S A HARD LIFE BEING AN EAGLE!"





Solicitor. "... AND I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND, MADAM, THAT THIS IS THE BEST COURSE TO ADOPT—IN THE EVENT OF YOUR FRIENDLY LETTER FAILING TO PRODUCE THE EFFECT WE DESIRE."

Client. "YES, I SEE, MR. JONES: IF I CANNOT GET WHAT I WANT BY FAIR MEANS, I MUST PUT THE MATTER UNRESERVEDLY INTO YOUR HANDS."

"Only the other day, foreseeing that you were likely to have trouble with your Suffragettes, I sent specially to London for full particulars of the numbers of women expected to be in Parliament Square; I then drew up a plan with the aid of my General Staff and forwarded it to Scotland Yard. It was, I think you will admit, a coincidence, to say the least, that the plan so successfully adopted by your Commissioner of Police bore a very strong resemblance to the one I sent!

"At this very moment I am devoting all my spare time to the solution of your Unemployment Question, and I think that *here*" (pointing to a bulky despatch addressed to "The Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS") "I have the key to the problem at last. And yet you say I don't love England! And now if you will excuse me I must get on with my designs for your new Naval Base at Rosyth. By the way, you will be passing a post-office; would you mind sending this telegram to ASQUITH? It may help him with his Licensing Bill."

THE END OF THE EXHIBITION.

HOME-MADE STATISTICS.

Our imaginative arithmetician—in short, our statistician—has again been at work, and sends us the following interesting figures about the great Franco-British Exhibition which closed on Saturday last:—

9,725,862 people have said "It would take more than a week to see it properly."

It was the expressed opinion of 5,227,043 visitors that Lyons must be making a pot of money out of it.

100,000 miles have been covered by the bath-chairs,

and they have carried 1,401,617 stone, or 8,760 tons 17 stone. The man who wheeled the odd 17 stone about is still in the hospital.

"Parley voo frongcy" has been said in jest by 3,942,113 persons, from Oldham, East Ham, Tooting, Cincinnati and other places.

An aggregate of 54,750 working days has been wasted in waiting for admission to tea, the Scenic Railway, the Flip-flap, and other duties and amusements.

"But you should see it lit up at night!" has been said by 4,622,187 people.

"Has this all got to be pulled down again, then?" has been asked by 2,432,982 females and 1,922,707 males. Of the former 300,221, and of the latter, 26,440 have added, "What a shame!"

7,443,264 people called it the Exhibition.

2,324,166 people called it the Franco-British Exhibition.

1,248 people called it the White City.

The straps in the Twopenny Tube had to be renewed every six weeks. Thirty-four miles of leather strap were thus consumed, for which the skins of 600 horses of the London General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies were required.

The Flip-flap has absorbed 1,900 gallons of oil, a quantity equal to the amount of beer drunk in the same period by 13 average British working-men, according to the latest Local Government Board figures.

The Golden Dome has been mentioned 243,275 times in *The Daily Mail* and its allied publications and 7 times in other papers. These latter went to press before the mishap could be rectified.

GRATITUDE.

ONE morning Mr. Postman stopped;
He gave two sounding knocks
And automatically dropped
A letter in my box.
It bore a whiff of prime cigars
Within my humble attic;
'Twas from the god who rules the
stars—
The stars that are dramatic.

My heart beat fast. The god had
read

Some lines of mine in *Punch*;
He wanted some new songs, he said,
So would I come to lunch?
With eager pen I inked the seams
That glistened white and shabby,
And, filled with fond ecstatic dreams,
I cried, "ROMANO'S, cabby!"

The god, for all his awful might,
Was gentle as a dove;
He smiled on me and bade me write
A verse for LOTTIE LOVE.
I wrote it. 'Twas an extra verse
For LOTTIE'S favourite ditty.
It struck me as extremely terse,
Intensely sly and witty.

Within my darkened box I sat,
My throat one choking lump,
My pulses going pit-a-pat,
My stifled heart thump-thump.
Each nerve was strained, each muscle
tense—
I thought I should go dotty
The while I waited in suspense
The coming on of LOTTIE.

At length she came. Gods! who can
tell
The turmoil that was mine
When LOTTIE'S voice began to swell
Upon my foremost line?
I closed my eyes; my brain whizzed
round;
I listened, white and quaking,
But I could scarcely hear a sound
My organs were not making.

It was the crisis of my fate.
I wildly dared to hope
If this goes down, the golden gate
Of Paradise will ope.
I shall be numbered with the stars,
Lunch daily at ROMANO'S,
And drive about in motor-cars
With ravishing sopranos.

LOTTIE had ceased. I held my
breath
Awaiting what might fall.
A silence, as it were, of death
Descended over all.
Still silence—still! Each nerve felt
raw,
I listened half hysteric;
And then I heard a loud guffaw,
Hilarious, Homeric.

One man had seen my point, one
soul

Had fathomed my intent;
And in his stall was fain to roll
Convulsed with merriment.
His face, alas, I never saw;
I cannot hope to know him;
But when I think of that guffaw
My frozen heart begins to thaw,
I long to follow Nature's law
And pay the debt I owe him.

LARGE TYPE FOR ALL.

A HUGE demonstration, convened
by Sir H. H. HOWORTH and Mr.
ALGERNON ASHTON, assembled in the
Albert Hall on Saturday last to protest
against the arbitrary and capricious
manner in which the distinction of big type is conferred on those
who write letters to *The Times*. The
boxes were occupied entirely by peers
and bishops; the amphitheatre and
area by M.P.'s, baronets, knights
and members of the Victorian Order,
while the upper tiers were filled by
hundreds of "Constant Readers,"
"Old Subscribers," "Members of
The Times Book Club," "Verb.
Saps," "Experto Credes," "Audi
Alteram Partem," and "Pater-
familias," all in their best clothes.

Sir H. H. HOWORTH, opening the
proceedings in a mammoth speech
of which we can give only the barest
skeleton, said that he could not
remember the time when he did not
want to write to the premier daily
paper of the metropolis. Modestly
disclaiming his right to preside over
so vast a meeting, he pointed out
that in the last forty years he
had contributed several thousand
columns to the correspondence
columns of *The Times*, which, if paid
for at the rate of a penny a line,
would have brought him in enough
to have enabled him to have come
to the rescue during the paper's
recent crisis. In the old days, he
went on, all correspondents were
placed on a typographical equality.
Then the practice of preferential
treatment crept in, at first only to a
very small extent, and in the case of
distinguished pseudonyms, but now it
had become so general and at the
same time so neglectful of intrinsic
merit as to call for public protest. His
motto was, "Large type for ever."

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER said that the
size of the type was immaterial.
What they really wanted was Simplified
Spelling. (*Cries of "Order."*)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who was
greeted with faint hoots, said that
as a Socialist he was all in favour of

uniformity. But pending the advent
of the Millennium he could not see
why *The Times* should depart from
its present practice, which sought to
establish a harmony between the
type and the momentary importance
of the writer. Some people thought
in capitals—his friend Mr. HALL
CAINE, for example—and it was
obvious that small "caps" would
not fit swelled heads. On the other
hand, if Sir H. H. HOWORTH'S letters
had always been set up in long
primer, the paper would have had to
be permanently enlarged, and goodness
knew it was big enough now.

Lord ROBERT CECIL said that the
question was one which touched him
nearly. His younger brother, Lord
HUGH CECIL, so long as he sat in the
House, was printed in small type.
But since he had lost his seat he was
printed in large type, while he (Lord
ROBERT), though an M.P. and a K.C.,
had not yet emerged from the obscurity
of small type. Was this fair?
he asked.

At this stage in the proceedings
Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON sat down to
the piano and gave a masterly rendering
of his "Long Primer Polka,"
composed expressly for the occasion.

Sir W. S. GILBERT protested
against his letters being put into
smaller type than a rhapsody on a
new dance. Only last week he sent
The Times a carefully-reasoned protest
against the Hertfordshire police,
and to his amazement he had to
take a microscope to read it. No
type, he held, was too large for the
letter.

Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON and Mr. J.
LANDFEAR LUCAS, speaking in unison,
agreed with the last speaker that
serious letters deserved more attention
than reports of the gambols of a
Canadian gymnosophist.

At this point the Chairman put to
the meeting the resolution that all
correspondents of *The Times* whose
letters were worth printing deserved
equal typographical treatment. With
only two or three dissentients this was
carried.

On Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER again
rising to press the claims of Simplified
Spelling the meeting broke up in
some disorder.

"Their gallant opponents made a fierce
onslaught on the Fort William uprights, which
fell by a piece of really good work, half time
finding both sides equal."—*Oban Times*.

As the gallant opponents were
handymen from H.M.S. *Diamond*,
no doubt they put the uprights ship-
shape during the interval!



SCANDALOUS ELECTIONEERING INCIDENT.

BASE TRICK PLAYED ON A TEMPERANCE ORATOR BY A LICENSED VICTUALLER.

THE PURPLE PROVINCES.

BEING eager to test the truth of the remarkable statements in *The Daily Mail* as to the refinement and luxury which have lately come upon certain of the English provincial towns, Mr. Punch despatched one of his myrmidons on a mission of investigation. His report is extremely interesting, bearing out the testimony of *The Daily Mail's* discoverer and establishing for ever the right of the provinces no longer to be stigmatised by the word "provincial."

London of course remains the ideal of comfortable civilization, with its many hotels—one for every inhabitant—its clean streets, its refined music-halls, its intellectual drama, its orderly system of traffic, and its pure, sweet atmosphere; but the provinces must no longer be sneezed at, the reason being very largely, no doubt, the new gospel of recreation and comfort as taught by the Democratic Press and the humanising work of the motor-car, carrying hungry and refined Londoners to distant places, intent upon good food and plenty of

it and a little amusement at night. The result is a complete renovation of the hotels and music-halls, which are now little temples of ease, inviting the provincials, who hitherto amassed their money without thought of culture, to spend it freely on pleasure.

In Manchester, he writes, I found not only electric light but the telephone. There is at least one theatre, for I went to it, and saw a performance not inferior in intelligence to that which I witnessed only last week in our own Gaiety. It was one of SHAW's plays, and the audience seemed to take the points very much as the author intended. I went also to a music-hall, which compared favourably with our own Middlesex. The shops are quite good, but there is a hopeless provincialism in the accent of the people. The cotton mills in the neighbourhood are far superior to any I have seen in or about London. The local newspapers seemed to me to have enterprise; but I was pained to learn that none of them had assured Turkey of their friendship and support.

Birmingham, he writes, is by no means devoid of the machinery of civilization; but I must confess to acute disappointment now and then. It has, for example, no Twopenny Tube; and, asking at a chop-house for some caviare, I was met with looks of perfect astonishment. On the other hand the streets, though populous, are well-conditioned, and on enquiring of an assistant in one of the large tailoring establishments I learned that dress-suits are occasionally made for Birmingham men. An interview with an Edgbaston domestic servant revealed the fact that table-napkins are now used, quite as in the real Bloomsbury.

Hope for England may therefore continue.

"Choose a nice young rabbit, and after having been skinned and cleaned cut it into pieces as for stewing."—*Daily Mail*.

The searching formalities to which young housekeepers have apparently to submit before they can do anything with a nice young rabbit should send most of them back to the less exacting beef and mutton.

DISCURSIONS.

A PRESENT FOR THE CHILDREN.

SCENE—*The Library. Time, 6.45 P.M. He is smoking and reading a paper. She is examining a cardboard box about four inches square by six inches in height. Everything is quiet and peaceful.*

He (looking up). What's that you've got hold of?

She. It's a box.

He. Anything else?

She. No, just a box. But of course there's something inside it.

He. Why "of course"?

She. Well, boxes usually have things in them. This one came from Boston this morning from MARY HALE. She writes (takes up letter and reads): "I am sending the children a Japanese puzzle which is all the rage here. Everybody has gone mad about it, and you can't go anywhere without finding it. I hope it will amuse the children during the long evenings. What do you think has happened to HARRIETT SOAMES? She has actually—" The rest doesn't matter. But it's very kind of MARY.

He. Yes, very. Have the kids seen it?

She. They're very much excited about it. They'll be in to have a try at it directly. I thought I'd keep it here. Things get so dreadfully spoilt in the nursery.

He. What is it? Let's have a look at it. (She hands over the box, which he examines.) What's this? (Reads.) "The Putmewright Puzzle. One hundred-and-twenty-five pieces. The Musicians. Kobayashi." (Reflectively) Yes, it sounds Japanese right enough. (Takes off lid.) Why, it's full of— It's our old friend the Chinese puzzle come back again. It's as easy as walking. I used to do 'em when I was a boy.

She. But, of course, you were a very brilliant boy.

He. I was. Let's turn it out and have a go at it.

[They clear a table and turn the contents of the box out in a confused heap of little wooden slabs, of irregular conformation, and having one side plain and the other coloured.]

She. Looks easy enough, doesn't it?

He (doubtfully). Well, they all fit together, you know, and make a picture. (He spreads the heap out.) There's no difficulty. (He picks up a piece.) There's a bit of a foot on this one. You've only got to find the other bit. (He begins to search.)

She. You've got a hundred-and-twenty-four pieces to choose from. Take time; go steady. Here's another foot. No, it's a hand, or (inspecting carefully) it might be a piece of face. You never know with the Japanese. Here, I've got a bit of sky; it's light blue. That must go on the top.

He. The foot must go at the bottom.

She. Don't you be too sure. These Japanese musicians often stand on their heads when they play. (Takes another piece.) Here's the top of a roof. That's in the middle anyhow, somewhere between the sky and the foot, whichever way up he's standing. There—now we've got three pieces in their proper place.

[They become more and more absorbed in their work.]

He. You're always taking the piece I want. I've got a head and a big straw hat all but finished and you've done nothing yet.

She. If you'd only leave me alone for a minute I'd get this background done.

He. How do you know it's a background?

She. Well, it looks like a background; can't be anything else.

He. I think it's a dress.

She. And I— No, that won't fit. (She rattles feverishly through the loose pieces.) Give me your straw hat. (Seizes it.) Now, do you see? It's not a straw hat; it's an umbrella.

He. Sold again. It doesn't fit. Hand it back. (He seizes it.) I'll lay a thousand it's a hat.

[A knock is heard at the door, and two little girls come dancing into the room.]

He. Now children, don't make a noise. Your mother and I are very busy. (To Her.) That's no good. You're trying to put a hand into the top of a tree.

She. It isn't a hand; it's a bird sitting on a branch. (To the little girls.) Don't crowd round the table, dears; go and sit on the sofa and read.

1st Little Girl. But we want to play with Aunt MARY's game. You said we might.

She. Yes, darling, some other day. To-morrow, perhaps. Daddy and I are trying to put it right for you now.

2nd Little Girl. But why shouldn't we play with it? It's our game. Aunt MARY gave it to us.

He (stonily). If this sort of thing goes on we shall never finish.

She (to the children). Run away now, darlings. You shall have your game to-morrow.

The Little Girls (together). You're both very cross and cruel.

[They leave the room indignantly in tears.]

He (looking guiltily at Her). Let's call them back and give them the blessed thing.

She (determined). Never. I've just got his sash fixed in, and I simply couldn't bear to give it up now.

[They proceed with varying success. Suddenly a gong sounds.]

He. Good heavens! That's dinner and we haven't even washed our hands.

She. Only a minute more. I've got his nose, but the top of his head's gone. It must have dropped on the floor.

[They both go down on their hands and knees to look for it, and in this position the butler, entering to announce dinner, finds them a moment later.]

The Butler. Dinner is quite ready, Ma'am.

He. Yes, yes. Go away; we shall be in in a minute.

[Left struggling.]

Mr. HUBERT MORGAN-BROWNE, instinctively hitting upon the delicate and tactful thing to do, writes to Mrs. HERBERT GLADSTONE as follows: "... I make bold to ask you two questions:

(1) How would you like to be stripped and searched by prison wardresses? and

(2) What would you think of some other woman's husband, who, having it in his power to prevent, permitted you to undergo this indignity, although he knew you to be a prisoner, not for a crime committed, but at the bidding of intense political convictions?"

In case Mr. HUBERT MORGAN-BROWNE forgot to enclose the usual stamped addressed envelope, Mr. Punch makes bold to answer these questions for Mrs. GLADSTONE.

(1) Not at all.

(2) Nothing.

Mr. MORGAN-BROWNE, having helped the cause to the utmost of his ability, may now retire.

MIGHTY ATOMS.

LITTLE ALMA GOGOL, aged eight, made her London *début* at the Empress Hall last Friday afternoon, and proved by her singing of *Caro nome*, *Una voce* and *Di danti palpiti*, as well as other selections in Russian, Czech, and the Sandjak dialect of Novi-Bazar, that she is fully entitled to her proud appellation of "The Miniature MELBA." Her voice is by no means altogether unpleasant, though somewhat weedy in the upper register, but her frocks and her self-possession are quite unique, and when, at the conclusion of her most ambitious effort, an indiscreet admirer presented her with a life-sized doll she declined the offering with a gravity that was truly impressive.

The wonderful infant Welsh contralto, GLADYS AP-JENKINS, created a *furor* at Steinhammer Hall last Saturday evening. Her most remarkable effort was in the famous song *In Cellar Cool*, in which she more than once descended to the low E, thereby fully justifying her sobriquet of "The Buttlet," given in graceful acknowledgment of the profound talent of our foremost British contralto. "The Buttlet" is at present only nine and a half, but she is nearly five feet high, and at her present rate of growth there is a very reasonable prospect of her attaining to, if not eclipsing, the stature of her exalted exemplar and namesake. The quality of her voice can honestly be declared to be not absolutely repulsive, and, if protected from overstrain in the next ten years, may quite possibly remain enduring by amateurs who judge of the merits of a performance solely by the vigour of the puff preliminary.

A charming effect was produced by little GEMMA SPAGHETTI—the infant TETRAZZINI—at the recital given by her at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last. This wonderful child, whose voice is of quite astonishing shrillness, sang a number of *Wiegenlieder* while lying in her own cradle, and at the close of the concert was wheeled off the platform in an aluminium perincubator.

The latest *Wunderkind* of the pianistic world, little BENNO SCHLUMBERGER, or "The Pocket PADEREWSKI," as he is called by his enthusiastic admirers, presented a bewitching appearance at the Albert Hall last Friday afternoon, when the whole of the vast auditorium was crowded with a most fashionable and infatuated audience. Master BENNO came on to the plat-



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

"NOW, WHAT MAKES THE SEA SALT?"

"THE BLOATERS, MISS."

form dressed in a bronze velvet knickerbocker suit, with a huge Limerick lace collar and lavender kid boots, and with his *chevelure* arranged in the fashion of an Abyssinian archimandrite. Although his touch and execution are not yet equal to those of M. PADEREWSKI, in capillary attraction he is already far superior to that eminent virtuoso, and, unless his scalp is subjected to undue strain by the somewhat exacting method of *coiffure* which he has adopted, his artistic future should be both bright and prosperous.

A pleasant variety was introduced into the programme by songs from his sister MIRIAM, a charming child whose expressive *minauderies* more than compensate for her faulty intonation and incapacity to keep time.

"In order to have a good supply of fresh meat on hand, we kill half a cow every week for the manufacture of the above Pies."

Kewick Weekly Reminder.

The thought of the second half of the cow knowing by some subtle instinct that it has only another week to live is too piteous.

It is never too late to mend.

"BRUNSWICK CHAPEL.

10.30.—Rev. JOHN FREEMAN.

6.30.—Rev. H. G. ROBERTS, M.A.

"The most hopeless young men in Leeds."

Yorkshire Post.

"FLORENCE's gentleman gives Italian conversation lessons to English American people."

Add. in "Corriere della Sera."

Before any English American engages him it would be as well to find out what FLORENCE herself thinks of her gentleman's conversation.



Jones (commencing soliloquy). "NOW SEATED ON ME FATHER'S THRO—!—!!—!!!—WHO THE DEUCE LEFT THAT INFERNAL CROWN THERE?"

THE SIDESMAN.

FOR THE THIRD DAY RUNNING.

[*"A happy sidesman makes a happy bride"*—TENNYSON.]

FOR what seemed weeks, but was the last two days,
I'd potted up and down that blessed baize—
Sorting out aunts in browns and aunts in greys.

For what seemed always, but was only twice
(Looking, if I may say so, rather nice),
I'd lent a hand with hymn-sheets and with rice.

Once more the dear old bells ring out; once more
I linger, pink but anxious, at the door—
This is the third time. Here she comes! Oh, lor'!

Something on these occasions goes and thrills
My fancy waistcoat at the first "I will's":
It can't be hopeless love—it must be chills.

Something—a sinking feeling—round the heart
Clutches me closely from the very start,
And tells me I am fairly in the cart.

Something . . . And yet the fiercest unconcern
So masks me that the vergers never learn
How underneath my chest I yearn and yearn.

"Wilt thou?" And (there you are!) profoundly stirred,
A gleam of hope strikes through me—wild, absurd . . .
"No luck!" I sigh. "He's on it like a bird."

"I, Edward John"—and lonely at the back
I wish my name were EDWARD; I could hack
Myself that I was never christened JACK.

"I, Amabel" (O AMABEL!) "take thee"—
I groan and tremble greatly at the knee;
"There, but for someone else," I say, "goes Me."

Tell me, my friends, what is it tries to shove
My heart into my watch-chain, as above:
Tell me it is not chills—it must be love.

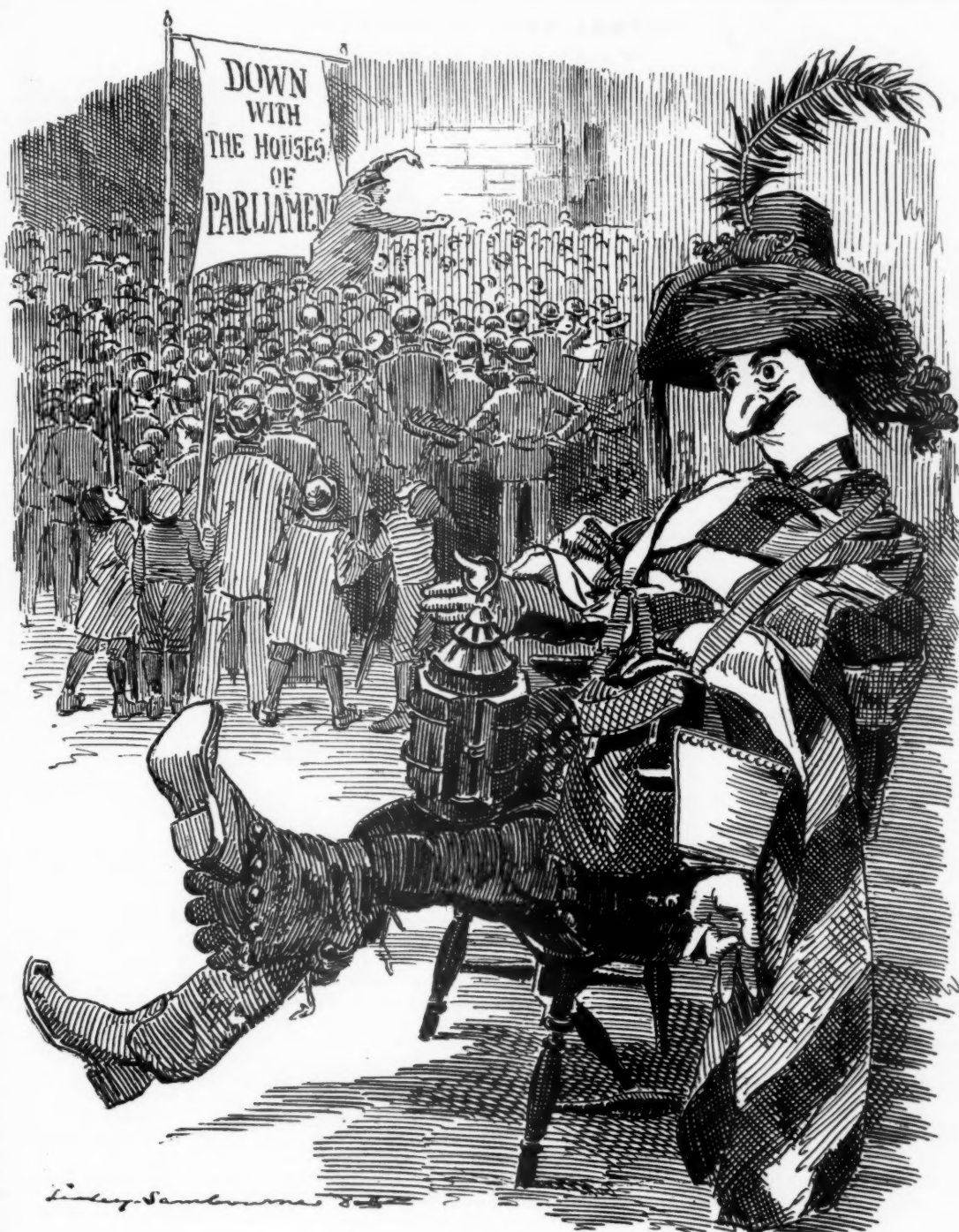
Yet not for AMABEL. No weight of care
Clogs me as I pursue the happy pair
Into the vestry and admire them there;

Save this: I take the clergyman aside—
"Do I," I whisper—"you're the third I've tried—
Do I, or do I not, embrace the bride?"

A. A. M.

"The report of the Household Stores Association, Ltd. (Manchester), for the year ended Aug. 31, 1908, states that the net profit was £1,899. The directors recommend a dividend of 10 per cent, free of income tax, on the subscribed capital, leaving £1,883 to carry forward."

The Dramatic Criticisms and the Hockey Notes of *The Grocers' Gazette* continue to be beyond praise, but we think their figures, both as to the year and the profit, must be wrong. The "subscribed capital" works out at £160, where one would have expected it to be at least £200.



SUPPLANTED.

GUY FAWKES (*out of favour*). "WELL, WELL. MOTTOES CHANGE! IN MY DAY IT WAS 'UP WITH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT!' STILL, DOWN OR UP, IT DON'T MATTER, SO LONG AS THE GOOD WORK GOES ON!"



DISPENSARY

THE DISPENSARY OF THE LONDON DISPENSARY SOCIETY, IS THE ONLY DISPENSARY IN THE CITY OF LONDON, WHERE THE POOR CAN OBTAIN MEDICINE FREE OF CHARGE. IT WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1789, AND IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT INSTITUTIONS OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



IN THE HANDS OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN.

"He was not going to accuse hon. Members opposite of being brigands, but the arguments which had been put forward by them were identical with those used by brigands from time immemorial to justify their brigandage."—Lord Robert Cecil on the Licensing Bill.

(Bung, Sir T. P. Whittaker, Mr. L. J. N. S., and Sir S. M. Evans.)

House of Commons, Monday, October 26th.—It is not for nothing Captain CRAIG figures in the Parliamentary record as representing Down-East. In the United States, to speak of a man as a Down-Easter is to intimate opinion that, if you want to get the better of him, you will have to be up very early in the morning. The Captain to-day justified his topographical association. Has entered into competition with MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY for the prize of champion querist. A neck-and-neck race. Sometimes M. Q. is two or three ahead; next night the defeated but undaunted Captain makes a spurt, equalling, even exceeding, his rival's record.

This afternoon MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS did one of those little things which show how the passion for racing on any field loosens the moral

fibre. Wanted to know about some small detail of Army administration; really forget what it was. Instead of submitting his point in form of single enquiry, he split it up, placing two questions on printed paper. This would give him opportunity of putting a couple of supplementary questions, running up his night's score by four. That old soldier N. B. HALDANE not easily taken in.

"I will," he blandly said when M. Q. put forward the right leg (so to speak) of his enquiry, "answer both the hon. gentleman's questions at the same time."

Thus M. Q. was able to put only one supplementary question, losing a unit from the total on which he had confidently counted.

During momentary subsidence of M. Q. the captious CRAIG, roughly dragging the gentle LULU to the front,

gave him—in a Parliamentary sense of course—a preliminary box on the ear and sternly enquired "If he could state why the national flag was not flown over the National Portrait Gallery on Trafalgar Day?"

It turned out that the written question was handed in at the table a day before the anniversary. This made matters a little mixed. The tense was all wrong.

"Intelligent anticipation," the wise LULU called it.

MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS has entered a protest against the query being credited to CRAIG when at end of the week the score between them is made up. CRAIG means to insist on profiting by the advantage gained by shrewd prevision.

Business done.—Ministerial measures dealing with Unemployed debated. Prince ARTHUR protests

that a single sitting not sufficiently long for discussion. PREMIER meets objection by moving to suspend eleven o'clock rule. That would add some hours to opportunity. Opposition object. Challenge division, which, being taken, diminishes by a quarter of an hour the time whose undue brevity is lamented.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord LAMINGTON has dreamed a dream. Interpretation thereof he expounded to-night in ear of listening lords. Has been considering vexed question of public-house licensing now occupying attention of Commons. Believes difficulty may be met by radical alteration of the British system. At present public-houses are places where men go to drink. But man cannot (or should not) live by drink alone. Why not munch a mouthful with his glass of "something short" or long?

When visiting United States LAMINGTON made himself familiar with hospitality of the New York liquor saloon proprietor. Well he knows that table at end of spacious bar, whereon is set the big bowl of clam soup, flanked by the round of cold beef warranted to turn the edge of any knife; on the other side, the highly-coloured cheese with the chisel and hammer conveniently contingent, instruments old practitioners recognise as most efficient for quarry-work. On payment being made for a glass of foaming beer, five cents, participation in this wholesome meal is free to the hungry customer.

LAMINGTON does not go so far as to recommend introduction to London of the American institution known as the Free Lunch. But he thinks we might well lighten the darkness of the British public-house by adaptation of Continental customs. In his mind's eye, *Horatio*, he sees transformed the Coach and Horses, that desirable Woolwich property recently, at the psychological moment, transferred from War Office proprietorship to the hands of a private trader. Beer shall be freely sold as heretofore, nor shall whiskey nor gin be banned. But in convenient contiguity shall be ranged plates of seductive sandwiches, pyramids of mutton pies, odorous fried fish, bread and cheese galore. When the customer has not only drunk but eaten, he shall be led forth by trim maiden or white-aproned *garçon*—these are mere details to be settled in Committee—on to a grass-plot, where he will find bowls and skittles at his disposal.

Lord LAMINGTON stands firm to the principle that underlies his Bill. One pot one pie. If the customer desires more drink, he must purchase another mutton-pie or its equivalent.

Beer inevitably associated with skittles. But the grass-plot is of course for summertime. In wet or foggy weather, not wholly unfamiliar in England, there will be a snug parlour where the customer, sated with wholesomely mixed refreshment, may minister to the intellectual side of his nature by indulgence in a game of dominoes or draughts.



DOUBLIN' UP SIR G-RGE WHITE.

"I did not know that the hon. gentleman was a member of the (Liquor) Trade, nor did I know that he contributed, to any large extent, to the revenue derived from it."

(Sir Edw-rd C-rsn, K.C.)

Pretty to see LAMINGTON with airy grace preaching the new gospel that shall make Licensing Bills unnecessary, spreading throughout the land the genial glow of public-houses, homes indeed for the wayfarer and the working-man. Idyllic dream shattered by purest accident. Title of measure submitted for second reading was Public-Houses (Extension of Facilities) Bill. It was the three words in brackets that did for it.

"Extension of Facilities!" cried watchful Ministerialists. "What facilities?"

CARLISLE, looking into the matter, declared that the facilities were all for the publican, who would be able, unhampered by magisterial supervision, to make unlimited extension of his premises. FITZMAURICE's military eye, trained at the Foreign Office,

recognised in the movement "a reconnaissance in force designed to hamper the Government Licensing Bill." After long debate the cautious LANSDOWNE recommended withdrawal of the motion, and so the dream dissolved.

"Nearest approach ever made on Parliamentary stage to reproduction of a feast we read of in *Arabian Nights*," said the Member for SARK. "*Barmecide* LAMINGTON invites *Schacabac*, the working-man, to feast with him in the reformed public-house. There is promise of a bountiful and varied banquet. But lo! when *Schacabac* seats himself at the table he finds the plates empty, the dishes bare."

Business done.—Lord LAMINGTON's dream is dissipated.

House of Commons, Friday.—At end of tedious week in Committee on Licensing Bill, House still marvelling as to meaning of GEORGE WHITE's interruption. Was heard in debate on Compensation Clause. CARSON was arguing that under Act of 1904 Compensation was provided by levy on the Trade itself.

"I am paying a great deal every year," moaned the worthy knight and alderman with whom North-West Norfolk has endowed the House.

"I did not know that the hon. gentleman was a member of the Trade," said CARSON apologetically.

"I am not," Sir GEORGE hurriedly explained. "But I have to contribute towards the expenses."

"Nor did I know that he contributed, to any large extent, to the revenue derived from it," continued CARSON with increased deference.

Though Chairman of the Rotary Machine Company, WHITE could not turn round quickly enough to parry this unexpected thrust. He sat dumb, and carries with him into the void of the week-end the mystery of his meaning.

Business done.—Still harping on the Licensing Bill.

Gold and Nickel.

BIMETALLISTS are expressing intense joy at the remarkable chance which has arranged that the new lectureship in English Literature at Oxford, founded by the Goldsmiths' Company, should be offered to Mr. NICHOL SMITH.

"G. K. Chesterton is in great demand, and should be secured immediately."—*Add.*
We would suggest a butterfly net.



JERICHO.

Irreverent Youngster (to old Huntsman, pounded by a wall). "NOW THEN, CHARLEY, IT'S NO USE WALKING UP AND DOWN IN FRONT OF IT, UNLESS YOU BLOW YOUR TRUMPET."

TO GUY.

[The alternative attraction suggested in our central cartoon is not the only one.]

I'm often tempted to enquire
Why none of all our later singers
Has ever taken down his lyre
And swept it with responsive fingers,
And had at least a try
At something tuneful to our old
friend Guy!

For, as a martyr to a Cause,
Guy, you're as fit for modern
ballad

As any breaker of the laws
We've subsequently seen Valhalla'd,
And advertised in papers
By kodaks which record his public
capers.

How freely, when your name was
hailed

In early times with ceremonial,
The noblest circles caked and aled;
'Mid doings one may call baronial;
While varlets drained the bowl
And fell upon the bullock roasted
whole!

To-day such junketings as these,
Which appetites were kept in trim
for,

Have gradually ceased to please,
Until you're but a synonym for

A negligence in dress
Combined with lack of facial come-
liness.

And, since 'tis so, we well may stop
And ask ourselves the question
whether

We shall not some day let you drop
Out of our purview altogether,
And seek a livelier thrill
In padlocked Suffragettes behind a
grille.

TARRED WITH THE SAME
FEATHERS.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—You are always
so kind to my friends and myself that
I know you won't mind my writing
to you now.

Will you tell me what you think of
the following facts?

One morning last week I was
doing my breathing exercises in the
garden and thought I would vary
them with a little excitement, so I
ran up a tree after a bird. Just as I
had managed to catch it my mistress
came out of the house, took away
the bird, and whipped me for my
"dreadful cruelty." I didn't mind
the whipping, but I had no breakfast
that day, which was terrible.

That afternoon I was sitting with
my mistress when a box was brought

in addressed to her. Out of the box
came a hat, and then I understood
why I wasn't to catch the birds. All
round the hat were dead birds! Of
course she wanted the birds in the
garden for herself. She kept on say-
ing, "Isn't it sweet?" but don't
you think it's rather greedy of her
to want to keep them all to herself?
Don't you think we ought to go
shares? Yours, etc.,

PERSIAN.

P.S.—I have just been to sleep
and had the most awful nightmare.
I dreamed that my mistress was
wearing me on her hat! I am so
frightened I don't know what to do.
I heard my mistress say only yester-
day that white hats were to be worn
this winter! Would you put in a
paragraph saying if you have ever
seen ladies with white Persian kit-
tens on their hats?

P.S. 2.—Do you want a kitten in
Bouverie Street? I could sit under
the cartoon-table and pick up a few
unconsidered trifles. Fond of dogs.

The latest cigarette put upon the
market by a Manchester firm is
called "The Swan-Song." An
ominous name! Does nobody ever
come back for more?

AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otsakura, of Nagasaki, Student of Automobile Construction, Letters & Life.]

II.

UNEMPLOYEDS.

DURING the collation of cold snaps provided by bleak October's chilly blast the chamber window sweet of my bed-sitting room having become too infernally round a peg in its square hole, a carpenter was inveigled to attend and circumvent the draughts. He was distinguished from his fellows by a cravat of the poppy's glowing hue and cry, and his hat, which lay in desuetude upon the stairs when I eased my descent to breakfast, was of unannealed felt, of the form called by the vulgar a Trilby, alternatively an Elpine.

As I met him, after grubbing my inwards, I said "Good morning," with my customary hail-fellow-neck-and-neck affability. He replied "Banzai!" Here, I thought, is a kind of no common herd. Remembering that soft soap facilitates revolutions per minute of the sorriest mare, I told him that I had seldom heard such good Japanese since I arrived in English soil, salving my face with the reflection that, as I had heard none other attempt on our language, this was a pretty safe miss in the balky harbour of shepherd's-plaid tarradiddles.

This man told me he had studied Japan, just as he had studied ancient Greece, and believed that a black man—or a tan, for that matter—was as good as a white, and better. This seemed fairly open-handed largesse, and I responded that he was a man of heart and oak, which seemed to please his nibs, adding that I could see he had an eye on things.

Yes, he admitted, he knew a hole in a pair of steps—in fact, some of his associates dubbed his vanity by calling him the Socrates of Stockwell. If I took any interest in "the things what matter," he added, I should come down and hear him hold the fort that evening at a concourse of brother working-men whom he had inpanelled "in the hopes of giving them a soul above

four-halves and shove-halfpence." I assured him of my pleasure to be a party in mind, body and estate to his pearly drops, and he gave me a card, upon which (most ingeniously with a small piece of soldering-lead) he inscribed the name and address of the Refreshing Rooms under whose spreading threshold his Society met.

I attended, duly arranging my toilet so that I was not too obviously an affluent lily-spinner of society; and as my friend gave tongue to

asked my friend. He would bet any reasonable amount of tin, he said, that JOHN BURNS had not put hand to vice for nigh on twenty years of grace. No man could be a friend of the working-man who was not himself a working-man—toiling, rejoicing, and occasionally piping the optic of compassion with other working-men.

There were at the present moment, P.M., he continued, a most uncomfortable number of labourers in London who had no work to whet their whistles upon. If the great JOHN BURNS was the friend of the working-man, why could not he give them something better than work on new asylums? Putting a premium on balmy-crumpettedness, he called it. In his opinion BURNS might talk for ten years, with his two thousand, and his library, and his what-not, but what he found when he looked around his points of the compass was hundreds of thousands of men out of work—North, South, East, and West, as the crow flies. Here he sat down, amid the rented shouts of the auditors.

At this juncture I begged to be allowed to declaim a few periods. Making an actuarial allowance for mnemonic side-slips, I spoke as follows:

"My dear Sirs! I came to listen to your words and drink a non-combatant 'small black,' not to address you. But I feel obliged to tilt a lancet-point with our friend. Though I must compliment him on the febrility of his sonification, I do not envy him his premises, his messuage, or anything that is his. To state

that building asylums for the mentally imbecile is to increase the paucity of *mens sana in conscia recti* is quite illogical: as well presume that to build gallow-bushes is to make each chap a murderer of his able-bodied brothers. To me, gentlemen of the auditorium, the Labour question is one of education. There are so many labourers unable to recognise a job simply because their teaching has been mediocre to many degrees of Fahrenheit.

"There are some hundreds of thousands, *anno domini*, of labourers with their digits perforce ambushed in their fobs, and there is only one



"AT THIS POINT HIS LORDSHIP INTERRUPTED MR. DRAWLER IN HIS SPEECH, AND SAID IT WAS A CONVENIENT TIME FOR THE COURT TO RISE."—*Saturday's Legal Report.*

such wizened opinions I make no hat-in-mouth apology for recounting his main-sheet. We sat around the room at Carrara-tipped tables bearing traces of Time's ringed changes and cups of cocoon, and as one man we ordered "small blacks." These proved to be little mugs of a liquid whose appearance and flavour suggested respectively coffee and the waters of Lethia.

Incision was made in *medias res* the proceedings by my friend, who said he had seen but yester's dewy eve that the Horrible JOHN BURNS, P.C., had been described as a friend of the working-man. Oh, was he?



Charivari. "Now that would be 'and-painted, wouldn't it? Ah—how nice you can do them 'and-painted things if you've got the time. It's the time!"

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Skibo, Bucks. Why? Simply because, having achieved the erectitude of his own piles of rhinos, Mr. CARNEGIE never tells us how he performed such working-bee prodigies of value for money. He has lectured and told his hearers how to *save* money, but not how to *beget* it. To save is humanly a bit of a job; to *create* cash is a devil of a deep-sea undertaking. To my eagle eyrie the desideratum is that we should have issue of an invitation to all millionaires to attend a central spot. Then round-off and collar-up (to use a N.W. Territorialism) the labourers and let them enjoy a few hours of *pêle-mêle causerie*.

"Your millionaire is much like any other chap of flesh, bone, or cartilage. I am sure if we had a few here just at the moment, gave them each a jorum of 'small black' and a dig in the S.-W. thoracic region, speaking to them as working-men in case to working-men with pasts, they would tip us a few staves on such a

vexed question, and tell us the favourite for the big event.

"Mr. BURNS, whose ethics have been so ably eviscerated by the first speaker, is not up to much. It is obvious as a pike-shaft that if we all adopted the course of the sweet singer of Battersea we should finish up as feathered *habitués* of the privet-hedge of P.C.-ishness. Counting noses, on this hypotenuse, I can see at one blow forty-odd working-men each drawing from the well two thousand quids per annum as easy as tiddledly-winking!

"One of the brightest minds of the century has handed out the remark that to be truly happy, and let who will be dyspeptic, man must live on sixpence *per diem*, having previously observed the formality of earning said tanner.

"Supt. WELLS, of Scotland Yard, tells me that if each unemployed son of the toil would take to wife one Suffragette and—the two being made one—go back to the land, as far back as possible, the Unemployed

and Suffrage questions would sole and heel themselves—mutually, simultaneously, and *nemine contradicente*."

Having been thanked for my contribution to the flow of English undefiled, and permitted as a favour to discharge the day of reckoning of some forty-odd "small blacks," I took my hat from peg and vamoosed the ranks. And on reflection next morning I was so satisfied with the body and clarity of my spokes in their flywheel, as to decide to offer a *ragout* of same for benefit of any reader of *Punch* who may be impaled between the horned toadstools of a dilemma by being called upon for a few well-chosen remarks on this Labour question. I am not above myself to admit that I have often give birth to most brainy postulates after conning hand-over-hand the utterings of some other silver-tongued chap, adopting his cerebral foundlings to my own hook by wafting over same the pinions of the bird of paraphrase. E. N. D.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his latest (but surely not his last) book of distilled-water essays, *At Large* (SMITH, ELDER), Mr. A. C. BENSON complains of the critics who accused him of writing platitudes. "If they are platitudes," he says, "why do we not find more people practising them? What I mean by a platitude is a truth so obvious that it is devoid of inspiration, and has become one of the things that everyone does so instinctively that no reminder of them is necessary." Well, I am afraid my definition of the word is different from Mr. BENSON's. If at the end of a long discourse he were to say: "And perhaps the essence of the whole matter is this—that to be good is to be happy," I should remark that he was talking platitude. Yet I have friends who are quite good without being really very happy. Again, I go to bed late and I get up late, and frequently I remind myself of the folly of it, but I should rightly be irritated with a man who observed solemnly: "I sometimes think that the secret of the matter is this: that only they are truly healthy who retire to rest early at night and rise again early on the morrow; and it may even be that only thus shall they acquire honourable wealth and wisdom also." These things are platitudes because they repeat (with an air of wisdom) what everybody has already thought for himself; not necessarily what he has already practised. Writing of his life at the country cottage which inspired these essays, Mr. BENSON says: "There is no stir, no eagerness, no brisk interchange of thought about it." Well, that describes his book exactly; and as it is now my turn to relate the obvious to Mr. BENSON let me assure him that the intellectual masses do not like interchange of thought—but that they do like reading in beautiful language (and print) actually the very things that they have always felt for themselves.

IN JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY's book, *The Gorgeous Borgia* (HURST AND BLACKETT), Two points that I can't overlook Impel me to attack it.

The first is this:—In fiction based

On history, the scribe should plot so
That all his vital lines are traced
From fact; and here it's not so.

The second:—On the Borgian beat

I always hope the stress and storm'll
Excite my blood to fever heat;
And here it stuck at normal.

These points aside, the art displayed

Gave me no little satisfaction,
And readers will be well repaid
With that in lieu of action.

Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON ought to be prosecuted by

the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Impoverished French Viscounts. As long as the old gentleman whose story is recorded in *Mirage* (METHUEN) was a boarder in a Bloomsbury pension his life was not exactly saturated with the *joie de vivre*, but it was just endurable. He thought, poor innocent, that he knew the worst. But Fate and Mr. THURSTON had their eye on him. First they pretended to be dreadfully sorry for him, and took him away from Bloomsbury to a sweet little cottage in Berkshire. Then they let him fall in love with the daughter of the girl who had been his sweetheart in the days of long ago, and then, having bamboozled him into thinking that he was shortly going to be left a large fortune, they allowed him to propose to her, in spite of the forty-three years' difference between their ages. After that, having comforted him with love, they proceeded to chastise him with scorpions. The promised legacy was snatched from his expectant grasp, and, on discovering that his affianced bride had only accepted him out of womanly pity, he resigned her to a contemporary of her own, and took the next train back to Bloomsbury. It is all very simple and pretty and depressing, but, in spite of Mr. THURSTON's graceful and pleasant style, it doesn't seem to me to take one much forrarder. But we may at least be grateful that *Mirage* is quite free from the blemishes which disfigured *Sally Bishop*—and helped to make her fortune.

When I used to play Cavaliers and Roundheads (under the old nursery rules) victory always went, I believe, to the former, and PRINCE RUPERT had the rocking-horse. In a great many novels, too, your Puritan is a spiritless sort of fellow who has a poor time both on the battle-field and in the drawing-room. Mr. H. C. BAILEY, however, is much less conventional in *Colonel Stow* (HUTCHINSON). Though his hero does fight for KING CHARLES, he is really a free-lance with leanings to the other side, and only espouses the

loyalist cause for the sake of his lady, who, as a matter of fact, turns out to be a hussy and runs away with his friend *Colonel Royston*. That puts the plot of the story (including both Colonels) into a nutshell. For the rest the book goes at a rare canter, and there is never a moment of boredom while Mr. BAILEY is in the saddle, in spite of the dead-weight of solid history he is carrying. His verbal activity, too, is amazing, and the dazzling thrusts and parries of his well-assorted characters extend right away down to the conversation of cooks and lackeys. "Marriage is a sacrament: you may also consider it a sauce"; and again, "I fear nothing but God and an English omelette," says *Matthieu-Marc*. I wonder what *Porthos* would have done if *Mousqueton* had made remarks like that. *Parbleu!*

"Mr. Albert Smit played a violoncello concerto by Goltermann and Bizet, Wagner and Grieg."—*Bath Herald*.

Hence the word "concerto."



LAND HUNGER.

Visitor at Cookery Exhibition. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO THE STALL WHERE THE NEW AMERICAN SAND FOOD IS TO BE SAMPLED?"

"PASSING THROUGH."

[“Many birds of passage are among those seen about. This is the season for shooting parties, and people are constantly passing through town for a couple of days or so, and this gives a somewhat fictitious air of gaiety to London.”—*The Daily Mail*.]

FLEET passenger, arrested in your flight!

For just a day, a too brief day or so,
You turn our London's darkness into light,
Letting us bask within your radiant glow,
And then—you have to go.

You come among us (how the mind reverts
To angel visitors from out the blue!),
Fill up your void of cartridges and shirts,
Get your hair cut, and so to-morrow to
Fresh woods and parties new.

There's no mistaking where you've been and bloomed,
Nor how you got that rudely ruddy cheek,
That figure less immaculately groomed—
Not what we look to find of smooth and sleek
From May to Goodwood week.

The breath of clover clings about your boots;
The scent of heather hovers in your hair;
Your countenance, from contemplating roots,
Has caught the red beet's tone and come to wear
The turnip's vacant air.

Perchance you spend your evening in a stall—
Some lyric comedy where once again
The old high-kicking chorus fails to pall,
And the old wheezes charm that put no strain
Upon your virile brain.

Perchance we recognise you at the Ritz
Blatant with health, and haply overhear
A fragmentary *mot* of gun-room wits,
Hallowed by hoary wont and very dear
To the habitual ear.

Yet, as the expert of *The Mail* confessed,
This levity of birds upon the wing,
Mere birds of passage, only has at best
(Compared with London Life, the Actual Thing)
A false, fictitious ring.

And Town, it seems, must bide the tarrying hours
Until the covert-side has had its day,
Setting you free to concentrate your powers
And give your *esprit* that unfettered play
Which makes us really gay. O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

SANDY BILL.

I DID not meet Sandy Bill until long afterwards, and then I had no genuine assurance that what I saw was really Sandy Bill. You shall hear about that later. In the meantime I may say that he was supposed to be a cat, not of the sub-fusc hue generally associated with the dress proper to be worn in the Cambridge Senate House, but of a super-fusc or bright ginger colour. He was alleged to be of gigantic size and immitigable ferocity, with a strange exotic taste for buttered eggs. All this we gathered from Mrs. HUGGINS, the bedmaker. Nobody else had seen him, and even Mrs. HUGGINS had only—if I may use her own words—“ketcht a flash of ‘im” as he flew past her or over her head.

Sandy Bill was one of Mrs. HUGGINS's favourite legends. According to her he inhabited by preference the roof covering that special part of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which lay the scene of her duties and labours. She had never known him, she said, as a kitten, and we were permitted to infer that such heroic cats never had a kittenhood, but sprang fully clawed and toothed from the head of Pasht. To be sure it was not Mrs. HUGGINS who suggested Pasht. The name of that goddess was mentioned to her by NORMAN, the classical scholar, who had dabbled in Egyptian mythology. All that Mrs. HUGGINS observed in reply was this:—“I dessay there may ‘ave bin a cat called by that name, but I never ‘eard of ‘er, and if there ‘d been a Pash about the College I should have known it.” NORMAN thereupon apologised and withdrew Pasht.

I ought to add that, except in regard to buttered eggs, Sandy Bill was no marauder. So ferocious an animal would have scorned the proverbial pilferings of the convenient cat of lodging-houses. He drank no milk, he abstracted no butter. Alone, or in the company of a decreasing number of rats and mice, his daily sustenance, he inhabited the roof. According to the fond memory of Mrs. HUGGINS he was noted for a strong dislike of Junior Deans and Tutors. On the arrival of any specimen of this terrible and detested tribe within the range of his eye or his nose he mewed, so Mrs. HUGGINS told us, with a pathetic persistence; but, as NORMAN said, we didn't run to Junior Deans on our staircase, and thus we never had an opportunity of putting Sandy Bill to the test. In Mrs. HUGGINS's presence, however, we did not dare to express any violent disbelief in his existence. Could any Greek have taxed HOMER with mendacity when Agamemnon was mentioned? Mrs. HUGGINS was the HOMER of Sandy Bill.

Certainly she had her moments of triumph. Once, on a morning when she was stirring a preparation of buttered eggs over the fire in ASKEW's rooms, there had been a roar and a scurry as some monstrous beast came down the chimney with a bang, seized the luscious yellow mixture and vanished away, leaving Mrs. HUGGINS prostrate and eggless on the hearthrug, where ASKEW found her still tightly grasping her spoon. There had been buttered eggs; there were none when ASKEW came in. The obvious and only inference was Sandy Bill. Again on a certain evening when she was looking for a threepenny-bit at the bottom of the staircase by the aid of a tallow candle, she had seen two eyes glaring down at her from the top stair, had fainted with her candle in her hand, and had found neither candle nor candlestick when she came to herself. Sandy Bill, of course. I remember the evening, because the new waiter in hall had, in offering the soups, asked NORMAN if he preferred “thick ‘are or garden ‘are”—plainly a much better expression than your silly Frenchified *jardinière*.

The greatest triumph, however, happened in connection with the black Persian cat which ASKEW had brought from home in his third October term. A gentle amiable animal she was, but addicted to nocturnal wandering. One night she went to bed amongst ASKEW's underwear in the bottom drawer of his chest-of-drawers, and in the morning she had taken power (and used it) to add five ginger-coloured kittens to the population. This was conclusive. Mrs. HUGGINS did



ALONE I DIDN'T DO IT.

MR. TAFT (breathless but triumphant). "THANK YOU, TEDDY!"



ALONE I DIDNT DO IT.

THEY SAY I DIDNT DO IT.



Amiable Old Gentleman (reclining himself in centre of seat of railway carriage). "WE ARE PACKED TO-NIGHT LIKE SARDINES."
Fair Neighbour (masciably). "SARDINE YOURSELF!"

not exult in any mean way. Her face was flushed with pleasure as she led us to the drawer and showed us Sandy Bill's kittens.

Many years afterwards, when I brought my wife to Cambridge, we called on Mrs. HUGGINS at her private residence and had a cup of tea. I talked of old days and of Sandy Bill. "You're settin' on 'im, Sir," said Mrs. HUGGINS. I rose with some alacrity from my arm-chair and saw that its seat was spread with an ancient yellow skin. Mrs. HUGGINS explained that she had found him after his lamented death, and had at first intended to have her hero stuffed. She had, however, decided eventually in favour of skinning him, and there he was. This was all I ever saw of Sandy Bill.

THE IMPULSE.

["The Poet must make his readers believe that he writes from an irresistible inward impulse."—*The Times*.]

WHEN you're sitting in the twilight and there comes an inclination

To commence a sheet of foolscap with the magic words "To Jane,"

May we view the lines that follow as the natural emanation

Of an all-compelling moment flushed with Passion and with Pain?

And arrive at the conclusion
That your amorous effusion

Represents a fervid impulse of the Heart and of the Brain?

Was it, then, some ardent whisper full of Springtime
and of Courting

That in sudden inspiration drew your stylo from its
sheath?

And when Pegasus was mounted—did he canter off
cavorting

Up the slopes of steep Parnassus with the bit between
his teeth?

Was—in short—your lyric burden

Born of moonrise, and its guerdon

Just your gentle JANE's approval, and a fair-sized
laurel wreath?

It is yours, my young Apollo, to uphold this pleasant
fancy,

For we mustn't know the sonnet cost you several
hours of stress,

And might just as well have gone to either LILIAN or
NANCY

Had they shown the same facilities for rhythmical
address;

Mustn't know the ode to JINNY

Was inspired by—say—a guinea

To be wrung with tribulation from a stony-hearted
Press!

"Staff-Captain N. was the hero of a night adventure during the week. On his way to the Christopher Street ferry he witnessed the horrible sight of a woman being felled with a blackjack. The usual crowd gathered, but seemed paralyzed with fear. The Staff-Captain, forgetting everything but that a precious life was in danger, ran to the Charles Street Police Station."—*The War Cry* (New York).

We can picture the heroic scene—with the staff-captain in the foreground fairly sprinting.

THE PINK SMOKING-ROOM.

9.15 P.M.—“Yes, it's a beautiful day,” I said, “and I think the KAISER made a mistake, but what do you mean by ‘disabilities of sex’? On the other hand, I should be inclined to back DUNCAN and MAYO.”

“I didn't say anything,” said Miss MIDDLETON, looking up from her book.

“I beg your pardon. I thought you coughed.”

Miss MIDDLETON returned to her book, and there was a breathless silence for a quarter of an hour.

“If you would only let me get a word in,” I said, “I would point out your mistake. When you argue that—”

“I didn't say anything,” said Miss MIDDLETON, looking up from her book.

“I'm sorry. I could have sworn you sighed.”

Miss MIDDLETON returned to her book, and there was another breathless silence for a quarter of an hour. Then I could bear it no longer. I stood up and shouted “Help!” at the top of my voice.

Miss MIDDLETON gave a loud scream.

“It's all right,” I said soothingly. “There's no danger. Please keep your seat. The captain—”

“Oh, what did you—I quite felt— You *did* frighten me.”

“I thought you'd be wanting assistance. You've just found the body, haven't you?”

She picked up the book, and read the title with a smile.

“I'm very sorry,” she said. “I have been awfully rude, haven't I? But it's so exciting. Let's read it together, if you like. I'll just explain where I've got to.”

10.0.—It is called *The Mystery of the Pink Smoking-room*. Wakened by loud cries at midnight, James the butler rushed to the door of Miss Primrose's room, where a terrible struggle was proceeding, and rattled at the handle. He was quickly followed by Professor Matthews (the father), George, who was staying in the house, and Eliza the cook. There were no other servants. When at last they broke the door down, they found Miss Primrose on the floor with a bullet-wound in the forehead, and no sign of the assassin.

“That's where I'm up to now,” said Miss MIDDLETON. “Come on. Who do you suspect?”

“I suspect James. He was there first. It's always a good rule to suspect the man who was there first.”

“But the detective proved—”

“Is there a detective?”

“Yes, he's just arrived. I'm going to suspect him. He's the last person you would suspect naturally, isn't he? so he's bound to be the one. That's the best way to do it.”

“That's all right so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. James is the first person you'd suspect: therefore he's the last person to have done it. Therefore he probably did do it.”

“Hadn't we better read a bit more? Perhaps James has an *alibi*.”

“If James is the man I take him for, he has at least two *alibis*; but he probably did it all the same. Come on.”

10.15.—We don't know what to make of it. James hasn't had an *alibi* yet, but he has been arrested, which is just as good.

“They'd never arrest the real assassin on page 58,” I explained to Miss MIDDLETON. “If they did I should insist on having my money back—I mean your money back.”

“What about my detective? He hasn't arrested himself yet.”

“Don't be so absurd. I know it isn't him.”

“So do I. That's what makes me think it is.”

“But I can tell you why it can't be. The detective never knows at the very beginning who did it, does he?”

“Of course not, or there wouldn't be a story.”

“Well, then, if he'd done it himself he would have known.”

10.30.—James is still under arrest. Primrose's injury is not mortal, and she has been sent to a hospital at Cromer. But her mind is a blank. A new man, Rogers, has just arrived from Australia. Miss MIDDLETON and I suspected him at once, but I said it first. At least a dozen witnesses can prove that he was on board at the time, which looks rather suspicious. I don't quite see how he's going to explain that away.

10.45.—We have decided to tabulate our theories. Here they are:—

(a) Primrose was shot through the keyhole by Rogers. (*My contribution*.)

(b) Primrose was a Christian Scientist, and only thought she'd been shot. (*Miss MIDDLETON's contribution*.)

(c) Primrose shot herself. (*My contribution*.)

(d) And then swallowed the revolver—don't be so ridiculous. (*Miss MIDDLETON's contribution*.)

(e) Primrose fell out of bed on to a bullet. (*Miss MIDDLETON's contri-*

bution. She says she has often done this herself.)

11.0.—We are going to work on a new line. The author has promised that somebody we know is going to confess on the last page, so we have made a list of all the people who have been mentioned so far. In addition to those I have named already (most of whom have been arrested), we have:

Daphne (Primrose's twin sister. But the author has practically sworn that Daphne didn't do it.)

John (her brother, who died in India).

CLINTON FYLES (the author of the book).

E. N. H. (to whom he has dedicated it); and

SHAKESPEARE (“As Shakspeare says”—p. 37).

“It's simply got to be one of those, according to FYLES,” I told Miss MIDDLETON.

“He doesn't actually say so. All he says is that little did one of them know that their terrible secret was about to be revealed. Of course if it wasn't they wouldn't. I believe it's hypnotism or spiritualism or something like that. That will be absolutely rotten.”

“He's simply having us on, you know, that's what it is.”

“Well, anyhow,” said Miss MIDDLETON, “we've suspected everybody once, so we're bound to be right. Turn over, quick.”

11.19.—Primrose's body has just been found in the pink smoking-room. She has been shot again, I suppose. This is very unsettling. Particularly as we all thought she was at Cromer.

11.21.—Primrose is alive! But very weak. She is going to tell us what happened. Quick!

11.30.—She has told us!

“Scored off!” said Miss MIDDLETON. “Just fancy! I should like to pretend that I suspected this all along, but I didn't really.”

“You told me,” I said coldly. “that Primrose was shot and went to Cromer. Now it turns out to have been Daphne all the time.”

“Don't be angry,” pleaded Miss MIDDLETON. “James thought so too, and he has known them much longer than I have. All the same I don't think twins are quite fair.”

“And even then Primrose only shot her by accident. No, I'm not angry, but if ever I meet CLINTON FYLES face to face, I'll—”

“Do!” said Miss MIDDLETON. “And I'll promise to suspect you last.”

A. A. M.



Player (to lady opponent). "WHAT MADE YOU PUT YOUR KING ON MY ACE? YOU COULDN'T BEAT IT."
 Lady. "No; BUT I COULD TRY."

COOKERY TIPS BY "TOOTSIE."

MARJORIE AND MURIEL. — Few people know, dear MU and MARJIE, how easily the humble mutton-chop may be transformed into a dainty dish fit to "set before a king." The following is one way, specially suitable for girls like yourselves who occupy a small flat. Having removed all the feathers, hold the chop with a pair of pincers in the flame of a spirit-lamp for a quarter of an hour. (If the pincers get hot take your curling-tongs.) Have your wash-basin handy, and should the chop catch alight dash it smartly into the water, remove it, and let it drip on a piece of toast, then frizzle as before. Blow out lamp, blow out chop, swing it from window till cool enough to hold, then pick off the burnt bits and crumble them between thumb and finger on to the wet toast. Catch hold of chop bone firmly in one hand, grasp toast in other, and take alternate bites. I feel sure you will enjoy this.

SADIE.—You were in too much hurry over the shrimp cake; you ought to fry the shrimps before you

put them in, not fry the whole thing. As this is a little difficult perhaps for a beginner, try your hand at making a mushroom custard. For the *motif*, take a quart of freshly-caught mushrooms. The best are always found in the shallow pools when the tide is out, and as you live at the seaside you should have good fun getting them yourself. You can easily distinguish them from toadstools—the latter have no back fins. Pull off their heads and tails and wait till they stop jumping; then shell and core them, dust a little violet-powder over them, and fry till they pop. Take each one separately and brush it carefully with a clean toothbrush, hold under tap, and mash. Serve hot with apple-sauce and chloroform. Some people prefer the latter first, but it is optional.

ETHEL.—You enquire how to construct *Pommes de terre à l'eau*. This is a most appetising summer drink, or can be drunk hot as a wine (tee-total) suitable for winter. Take the juice of four potatoes, and add a gallon of water; stir for an hour with a large frayed cabbage-stump (this gives its characteristic satisfying

flavour). If your arm aches, change hands. Shred half a Spanish onion into the liquid and let it hum over a slow fire until the neighbours come in to ask if the gas is escaping; this usually happens in twenty minutes. Reassure them, remove from fire, put lid on and hold it down till cold.

MARGARITA.—Next time you try making the cheese patties you should hem the edges with fine thread. This keeps the cheese from escaping.

ALICIA.—No, you do not seem to have succeeded with the beefsteak *purée*. Are you sure the maid lit the fire? As a substitute for the *purée* have you tried orange wine? Take two oranges, wash and dry well with a rough towel; if they cry, smack them; if they merely whimper, it doesn't count. Stew them, pour in the whites of four eggs, add milk, strain, stir till they fizz, and let the mixture stand for eight to ten hours; may sit when tired. To make sure it is quite tender, break off a bit and eat it. Then bake till the top is pale pink, set in a cool place to rise, butter a pie-dish thickly, sprinkle with tooth-powder and serve with parsley.

"TOOTSIE."

HOW TO GET FED.

"CHARLES," I said, "I am in trouble. You know always what to do and how to do it. Advise me."

"JAMES," he answered briefly, "I will."

"I am not properly fed," I said. "For seventeen years I have seen around me at restaurants the choicest food, and have never been able to eat it."

"Teeth?" said CHARLES.

"Waiters," I said. "Everywhere I go there are crowds of hateful little men with morbid eyes, and nasty big men with red faces and far too many chins, feeding on the fat of the land and their every want anticipated. I get served with the worst and after the longest delay."

"That should not be. It is the waiters' duty and not the consumers' privilege to wait."

"I have tried all remedies. I have appealed to the waiter's sense of decency, and have been treated with unctious to my face and with laughter behind my back, and the service has become, if possible, worse. I have appealed to his religion, his sense of humour, his humanity, his pocket. Every method of defence has been in vain."

"Never be defensive," said CHARLES. "Be offensive. Come with me and see how it is done."

* * * * *

"Waiter!" said CHARLES; and the waiter rushed to his call who had ambled to mine. "Why in thunder don't you come when I call?"

"I did, Sir," said the waiter.

"Silence!" said CHARLES. "The heat is unbearable. Turn on the fans and open the windows."

"But the other customers, Sir," said the waiter.

"Turn on all the fans and open all the windows," interrupted CHARLES; "and be quick about it."

"I didn't find it particularly hot," said I to CHARLES.

"No more did I," said CHARLES. "But to make an impression one must begin at the beginning."

"In fact," I continued, "I thought it nicer as it was at first."

"Waiter!" called CHARLES, and that waiter positively galloped. "Hurry up. This draught is disgraceful. Turn off all the fans and shut all the windows."

"But, Sir, you told me . . ."

"Do as I tell you," said CHARLES fiercely, and the waiter did it.

"We have reduced his proud spirit; and now for the manager. Let us complain of the salt."

"The salt is dry enough," said I. "Then wet it," said CHARLES, and dropped a little water on to it.

He made the waiter have a good look at it, and, the salt remaining wet in spite of the look, sent for the manager. After a little while a man appeared with slightly better dress clothes and a black tie.

"Go away," said CHARLES. "I sent for the manager."

"I am the manager," said the person.

"You are not," said CHARLES.

"You are the head waiter, and a grossly incompetent head waiter at that. Send me the manager." And after a little longer interval that official came. His frockcoat proved his managership.

"Are you the manager?" said CHARLES.

"I am, Sir."

"Then you are the worst manager in the whole wide world. Look at this salt—the dampest, the wettest, the soppiest mess I have ever seen."

"I will speak to the waiter, Sir," said he, and he was on the point of abusing that luckless man.

"What?" said CHARLES. "You dare to provide us with the worst possible food in the most uncomfortable room in London and then try to put me off by abusing a helpless waiter? If it had not been for him, I do not believe we should ever have had any salt at all."

"Sir . . ." said the manager, with some show of fight.

"Silence!" snapped CHARLES. "Am I to be shouted down like this? Take this stuff away and bring us some more, and see that our dinner is served with some approach to decency and promptitude."

* * * * *

"CHARLES," I said, over the most delicious and best served dinner I have ever known, "you are positively brutal."

"Not brutal," said he, "but wise. I think the food is excellent, the place comfortable, and the attention faultless. Restaurants, my dear friend, are run on commercial and not on humane considerations. It is the business of the caterer to satisfy the customer, and, if the customer starts off by being satisfied, the caterer will take no more trouble. In private life our waiter would be more friendly disposed to you than to me. But this is not private life—this is business. To him and his manager you are not a man to be loved, but a number to be fed and

kept quiet and got rid of as quickly as possible."

"But the tip? Surely that has some weight?"

"Oh, JAMES," he said, "you have much to learn. The waiter knows, as you do not, that you tip entirely upon principles of fashion and not upon principles of justice. However he treats you, he knows you will give him as little as you dare. Possibly you will be frightened into increasing your tip by a proud demeanour and a bullying manner. Confess that you have never left a restaurant without giving the usual tip to a waiter who has neglected you and very nearly insulted you all the meal."

When we rose to go the waiter helped us on with our coats, the head waiter handed us our hats, and the manager was there to wish us good-night.

THE FLIERS.

(From our Special Correspondent at Le Mans.)

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT yesterday made several ascents, each time with a passenger. Among those fortunate gentlemen were the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Mmes. MELBA and TETRAZZINI, Mr. HENRY FARMAN and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, who was one of Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT's passengers, being in the air for some ten minutes, remarked on descending that he had never known anything like it. It was superior even to his own flights of rhetoric. The sensation could be compared with nothing that he had ever experienced: it was as though he soared over the earth without past or future—almost without present. The only drawback was perhaps that there was no one to talk to, for Mr. WRIGHT discouraged conversation. Asked if he were cold, the reverend gentleman replied that he would no doubt have been had he not been wearing MINTO's clothes to measure.

Mr. HENRY JAMES alighted upon the earth again (*terra firma*, as he expressed it) with obvious pleasure. For a long time he remained inarticulate, but was then, by those in the immediate vicinity, understood to say that if, by any possibility, under whatever conditions, there should be, however faintly adumbrated, an invitation, nay appeal, or even if it were an entreaty, to, so to speak, induce him once again to entrust, in a



1909.

STUDY OF AN EMINENT M.P. TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL.

manner of speaking, his limbs, not to mention his other organs, to such an infernal contrivance . . . and so on.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who was next honoured with an invitation to accompany Mr. WRIGHT, described his experience as exhilarating in the extreme. He said that it was like riding on a Theban eagle, or a swan. Riding a turtle was nothing to it. In an eloquent peroration Mr. LEE vindicated the use of a high-flown style as suitable to aviators.

Mr. CHESTERTON'S experiences were less fortunate than those of his friends. For a long time the aeroplane refused to leave the ground; and it was not until the great critic had emptied his pockets of books and other impedimenta that it rose at all. It then flew slowly round the parade ground twice and came to earth again with a groan. On Mr. CHESTERTON'S slipping from it, however, it sprang into the zenith like an indiarubber ball. Mr. CHESTERTON described his sensations with vigour and vividness. It reminded him, he said, of being in a heavenly

hansom with the blessed consciousness continually present that one would not have to pay the fare. He looked forward to the day when he would be able at Battersea to whistle down from the skies an aeroplane to carry him to Fleet Street, and *vice versa*.

Madame MELBA and Madame TETRAZZINI, who made successive ascents, were equally enthusiastic in expressing their delight. As Madame MELBA wittily put it, "I have long been a star, but I have never been so near the other stars before." Madame TETRAZZINI declared that the aeroplane soared higher in *altissimo* when she was on board than when Madame MELBA was the passenger; but when asked to adjudicate on this point Mr. WRIGHT preserved a discreet reticence.

Mr. HENRY FARMAN, who obtained his seat on the aeroplane only by disguising himself as an ecstatic French journalist and kissing Mr. WRIGHT very vigorously, said that he did not think much of his experiences. In fact he did not feel safe for a moment. If Mr. WRIGHT cared at any time to

come to him, he would show him what flying really was.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER on alighting said that he had never spent a more wonderful ten minutes. As he passed swiftly and steadily through the air he had felt like nothing so much as a great strong bird—yet with the brain of a man and dramatic critic. It was that which made it so interesting. The spelling of aeroplane might, however, he thought, be much simplified.

The Rule 10 (d) for deciding who wins the prize of the Dublin University Engineering Students' Society is as follows:—

"They shall then take the number of attendances at ordinary General Meetings of each such speaker, multiply by one hundred, and divide by three times the total number of ordinary General Meetings held during the session, and add to the number thus obtained his average mark for speaking multiplied by ten."

We have not seen Rule 10 (e), but it probably runs: "The Chairman shall then guess the number which the speaker originally thought of."



THE IMAGE AND THE REALITY.

Tommy (who, in the performance of his duties as "casualty," is wearing labels inscribed "Chest blown in by shell," "Left leg shattered by bullet," and has just been accidentally tilted out of his stretcher). "Now you really 'AVE 'TET ME!"

HAND-AND-FOOT DISEASE.

[Dr. WARNER, lecturing on nursery hygiene, inveighed against the practice of wrapping up a baby's hands and feet. The movement of the extremities showed the first impressions of the brain, and in the interest of brain development should not be impeded.]

LISTEN, O ye mothers, to my tale:
I am one who never had a chance,
Born or ever science could prevail
Over pestilential ignorance.

Silent in my cot I used to lie,
Very, very limp about the spine,
Very, very vacant in the eye,
Waiting for the touch of the divine.

Sometimes in the infinite inane
Elemental impulses arose,
Troubled the grey matter of my brain,

Quivered to a twiddle in my toes.
And anon from chaos there would come
Impacts that no infant might resist,

Tapping on my baby cerebrum,
Till I waved an answer with my fist.

Did none understand what it must mean?
Was there no physician near to warn?

Had they any grasp of hygiene?
Woe is me that ever I was born!

For my nurses started to my side,
Wrapped me but the tighter in a shawl;

Intellect incontinently died,
Slain by inability to sprawl.

So, by mental atrophy, I gat
Capable of penning *this* poor thing.
Shudder, mothers! Let your little brat
Have in his extremity his fling.

MORE ROYAL INDISCRETIONS.

"I MET him in a field near Sandringham. He was looking for late blackberries. A pricked finger gave me my opportunity.

"And now it has stopped bleeding, tell me your impressions of England this time," I asked.

"If you are one of the people that write for the papers I am very glad to see you," he replied. "England seems all right, you know; but there is something wrong with the papers. Don't you think the views of some of the younger members of the Royal Houses of Europe ought to be acceptable just now, when European politics are so much to the front?"

"Tell me what you think of Bulgaria," I asked without hesitation.

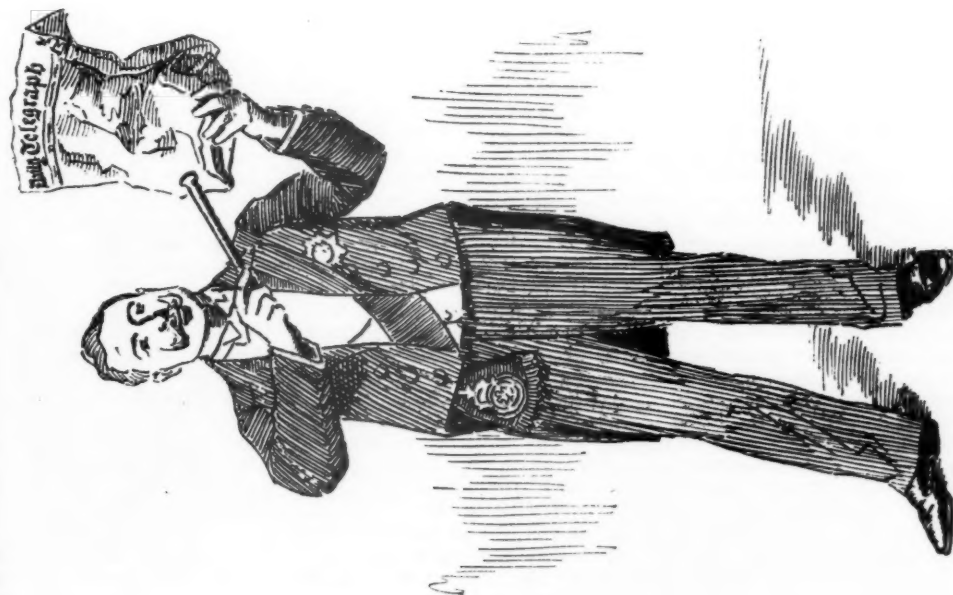
"Oh, Bulgaria is horrid to fit into the map, and I should like it abolished—abolished.

"You see," he resumed, "it isn't as if I was only an ordinary Prince. I am a Crown Prince, and I shall be King some day, and they ought to take more notice of me, even if I have grown serious. The other day a dear old gentleman, who, Mamma told me, was a retired diplomatist, came to see me. So I got him away from the others into a corner, and put some writing-paper and a pen on the table, and told him just what I thought about Cousin WILLIAM and a lot of the others. I haven't seen anything about it in the papers yet, but I keep on looking every morning.

"I am very glad they've sold half a million of my picture. Yes, taken by Grandmamma, you know, and put in her book."

"Then is your portrait to be among the others in that book?" I asked.

The blue eyes opened their widest. "Why, yes," he replied. "I'm not sure that there are to be any others, are there?"



GERMAN KAISER (as Conjuror). "AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY ENGLISH FRIENDS IN THE AUDIENCE, I WILL, FROM THIS SIMPLE PAPER, PRODUCE THE DOVE OF PEACE."

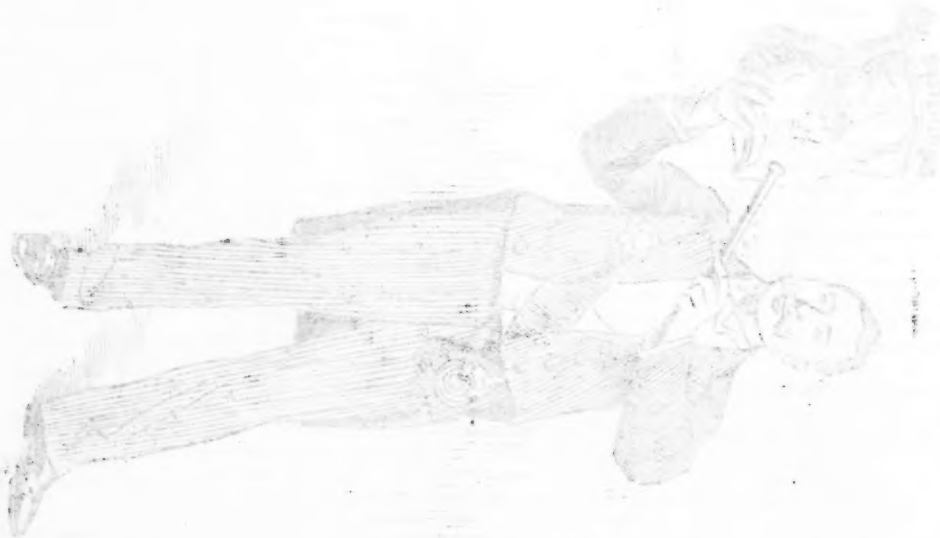


Daily Telegraph

AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

"HALLO! WRONG ANIMAL. MY MISTAKE."

JOSEPH GREENBERG



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 2nd. — Prevalent dullness of debate on Licensing Bill occasionally varied by passages in which Members on both sides relate personal experiences. To hear Colonel HALL WALKER descant on "the long pull" was a liberal education. One never realised before how much emotion can be evoked by watching the process. The barman takes your jug across the counter, fills it, as nearly as possible, precisely to limit of measurement you stipulate for. Then, breathlessly watched by you, back goes his hand, and with supplementary pull "fills up the cup," as Mr. ASQUITH used to say before he was Premier.

One gathers from the gullant Colonel that there is rich opportunity for study of human nature in the procedure. A shrewd observer will as he carries away his jug, be able to form an accurate judgment of the natural generosity or inborn niggardliness of the barman.

Then there was Mr. LUPTON in his moment of confidence.

"I have been in hundreds of public-houses in the country," he said, instinctively wiping his lips with a glow of pleased reminiscence, "and have met with a very good reception."

Whilst these flashes of human nature are refreshing in the arid waste of debate, there must be some



THE PARLIAMENTARY BEAVER. (CASTOR BANBURIENSIS.)

"The Beaver's instinct leads him to the formation of dams . . . He dams the whole stream, blocking and obstructing its course, covering the obstruction with mud and stones in the most workmanlike manner, which contributes to the strength of the dam. . . . In some countries the Beaver is content with a secluded burrow, but in others his dwelling-place is a much more complicated affair."—*Natural History*.

limit to them if we are to get the Licensing Bill through in convenient time for the waiting Lords. Therefore, though for a moment the Committee regretted the interposition, it is generally admitted the CHAIRMAN was justified in pulling up Mr. G. A. HARDY as he was reaching the most thrilling part of his narrative.

It was BANBURY who led up to the incident. Question arising on proposal to close public-houses on polling days, he testified that at recent election at Peckham proceedings were almost dolefully respectable.

"There were," he said, "only two convictions for drunkenness on polling day, and the parties were two women who did not live in the borough." Were probably brought in on tramcar by the Liberal Agent.

It was this that called G. A. HARDY to the front. He had, he told the entranced Committee, visited Peckham on polling day and found

it "a perfect pandemonium of drunkenness." HARDY himself seems to have been in state of some perplexity, for, as he said, "in the evening I asked five people to direct me to a certain place." Of these "four were drunk; the fifth, a postman, directed me."

Even the postman not above suspicion. In ordinary way of business an article, whether a letter or parcel, being directed, would be stamped with office postmark. Insisting on regarding the Hon. Member as a parcel, the Peckham postman, having "directed him," proceeded to obliterate imaginary stamp on his shoulder-blade. This naturally turned Mr. HARDY's attention in the direction of the police.

"The policemen—" he continued.

Here the CHAIRMAN interposed with call to order, and Mr. HARDY abruptly resumed his seat, like

Him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.



"THEN THERE WAS MR. LUPTON."



SOMETHING TO THE GOOD.

"Yes, the country is not only safe, but, if I may use the expression, it is overwhelmingly safe."—*Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna in the House of Commons.*

Business done.—Fourteenth day in Committee on Licensing Bill.

Tuesday.—Indefinable air of unrest broods over House. Everyone conscious of it; none can explain it. Began, I think, with HICKS-BEACH's disclosure of things going on in the Isle of Wight. According to him, a party of officers from Naval War College went the other day for a reconnaissance of the Isle, and whom should they find on the spot but a number of German officers engaged in selecting a suitable place for landing troops!

SARK says the story reminds him of one told by CHARLES LAMB about Bob Allen in his character of contributor to *The Oracle*. Was paid for paragraphs at rate of sixpence each. Half-a-dozen or less provided him with a dinner. On a particular day, incidents being scarce and dinner necessary, he sent in the following: "Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, whom should we meet but *Deputy Humphreys!*"

This was the end of his connection with the paper.

About HICKS-BEACH's story there certainly is something of the unex-

pected turn that marks Bob Allen's last contribution to *The Oracle*. McKENNA says the whole thing is a mare's-nest, a narrative of the kind suitable for circulation among the marines. That all very well. But House recalls how last summer MARK LOCKWOOD, scouting in Epping Forest, attracted by smell of German sausage, cleverly followed a trail that brought him upon three Germans lunching behind a haycock. They said they were commercial travellers.

MARK too old a soldier to be taken in by stories of that kind. Seized early opportunity of bringing matter under notice of House, and a few months later there were published notes of the famous interview with the KAISER, in which his Majesty endeavoured to show that, so far from harbouring evil designs against this country, he even supplies the British Army in the field with plans of campaign.

Thus putting two and two together, we get a more or less connected story. At best it does not uplift the cloud of uneasiness alluded to, nor does it convince HICKS-BEACH that all is well in the Isle of Wight.

Business done.—Clauses 21 to 35 of Licensing Bill declared carried in Committee as fast as CHAIRMAN could put the question.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—"Such larks!" as, before "Great Expectations" dawned, Pip used to say to Joe Gargery.

Noble lords weary of coming down every day and finding no work to do. This afternoon one from back bench proposed a game. Something with a bit of chance running through it, on which, if any were so minded, a sov might be put. Bridge out of the question; roulette needed a table; pitch-and-toss would never do, seeing that in Committee on Children's Bill it was proposed to pass clause limiting pastime of street urchins by prohibiting smoking cigarettes. Happy thought. Draw lots for something. Same fun; full maximum of chance with minimum of undesirable detail. Cries of "Content!"

"The Contents have it," said the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Thereupon BLACK ROD brought in CLERK OF THE CROWN and HANAPER, fortuitously in attendance without. Reported that in the election for an Irish Representative Peer in room of Lord Rosse, deceased, Lords ASHTOWN and FARNHAM had received equal number of votes.

"Bring in a glass bowl," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, re-adjusting his wig.

Odd how it fell out that everything was ready. The CLERK OF THE HOUSE produced from folds of his gown a finger-bowl.

"Now," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, entering thoroughly into spirit of the game, "take two slips of paper. Write Lord ASHTOWN on one, Lord FARNHAM on t'other. Twist them so that names are hidden, and drop 'em into bowl."

The CLERK bowed low to the Wool-sack and followed instructions.

"Got 'em in?" asked the LORD CHANCELLOR, his wig awry with excitement. "Very well; now wait till I count twenty-five."

Amid hushed silence the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled followed the slow enumeration.

"—Twenty-five," cried the LORD CHANCELLOR, bounding on the Wool-sack with activity recalling SWIFT MACNEILL in another place. "Shut your eyes; pick one paper out of the bowl, open it and read the name."

"LORD ASHTOWN," responded the CLERK.

"Very well," said the LORD CHANCELLOR. "In accordance with



THE ORDEAL BY WATER.

TRYING POSITION OF AN AMATEUR HUNTSMAN WHO HAS PROMISED THE BRUSH TO THE LADY OF HIS CHOICE.

the Act of Union I declare LORD ASHTOWN duly elected."

Then noble lords took up Children's Charter, and passing it through Committee, went home quite refreshed.

Business done.—Sixteenth day of Licensing Bill in the Commons.

WILLIAM THE GREAT.

A STUDY IN THE IMMENSE.

It is essential that the English-speaking world as well as America should know something of the personality of the new PRESIDENT; for he has come, as we say, to stay, and he may make history during office.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is, it is computed, the biggest thing that Columbus did. America is a great country, but not even America is too great for BIG BILL TAFT. He overlaps it here and there: outlying portions of his person sag into the sea on either coast. BIG BILL TAFT is immense. He has been gigantic all his life. As a baby he required a syndicate of nurses; as a boy his

gambols shook Cincinnati; as a Sophomore he made it necessary for new steel girders to be built into Yale. Since then he has grown steadily. Like all great men he has never stopped growing; and now the plans of a completely new and really commodious White House are being drawn up, and until it is ready the PRESIDENT-ELECT will live in the dome of the neighbouring Capitol.

The Americans love a personality which lends itself to familiarity, and BIG BILL TAFT is and will be very popular. The very style BIG BILL is of the essence of intimacy. BIG BILL TAFT—could GEORGE WASHINGTON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN have a more desirably-named successor? Certain is one thing, and that is that he will be himself. No man will ever carry him.

But bulk is not BIG BILL's only merit. He has a smile, too. TAFT's smile is like an *aurora borealis*; TAFT's laugh is like the gayest music of the spheres. He has smiled and laughed his way into the Presidential Chair. Speeches he made, it is true, until his voice was gone—

that mighty organ dwindled to a whisper—but he need never have said a word. All he had to do was to stand before the millions in Pa. and Ia., Wis. and Da., and expand into risibility.

It is a great power, this power of genial mirth, and no one ever had more of it than BIG BILL TAFT.

Although jovial and huge, BIG BILL is not lethargic. On the contrary, he is energetic, and the Americans, who are nothing if not witty, call him "a steam-engine in trousers." It is a long nickname for a snappy, hustling race; but there it is. "Under the crown of his hat," it is written, "he carries a little American flag"—as a talisman and as a reminder of country and duty.

His rise has been steady and sure; but it was not until he led the Princess ALICE round the world that his name became a household word. Of that historic progress who can tell? Not Mr. TAFT, for he disdains authorship. Never since Una fared forth with her lion have there been such travels. The Great Pyramid has

never been quite the same since Mr. TAFT ascended its summit; and Egyptologists have noted a far more genial expression on the face of the Sphinx since that mysterious monster was saluted by his overwhelming smile. On his landing in Cuba he won all hearts by observing that, though born in America, his feet were Cubic.

His interview with the POPE is history also. The Vatican still shows signs of the meeting in a number of fissures and subsidences. The HOLY FATHER, after some hours' hard work, succeeded in blessing the greater portion of his visitors.

Like many other men of majestic stature, Mr. TAFT has an infinitesimal appetite. But to make up for this abstinence he is a voracious reader. His favourite novelist, it need hardly be added, is SARAH GRAND; his favourite essayist is Mr. A. C. BENSON, the author of *At Large*; his favourite short story, *The Drums of the Fore and Taft*. In conclusion, it should be noted that, though he occasionally plays golf, he has an hereditary passion for the sport of Big-sticking.

MENUS TO MEASURE.

SHORT COMMONS FOR THE MINISTRY.

[The invention of the following Bill of Fare is attributed to the well-known gourmet,
Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.]

Potage

Hot Water.

Poisson.

Flounders. Sauce Diable.

Entrées.

Suffragette Grillée.

Réchauffé d'Arguments.

Hash.

Rôtis.

Cooked Statistics (to be taken with Salt).

The Goose which laid the Golden Eggs.

Légumes.

Beans.

Entremets.

Sweets of Office.

(All Wines must be ordered between 6 and 6.15 p.m., the legal limit under the new Licensing Act.)

"Mr. Taft weighs 20 st. in his stockings."

The Star.

His height in shirt and trousers is about six feet.

MR. JONES'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, in the course of probing Life to the core, has discovered a new World-Truth; and, like a good fellow, he wouldn't hear of keeping it to himself. He has discovered the fact, hitherto unsuspected, that it is a foible of Human Nature to make futile resolutions every New Year's Day; and, in *Dolly Reforming Herself* at the Haymarket, he is letting all London into his secret. But here his generosity stops. He might easily, in five Acts, with two scenes apiece, have illustrated his point with ten similar and consecutive New Year's Days. But he has only given us a couple of these anniversaries. Still, even so, we get



DEBATABLE BILLS.

Telfer Mr. Robert Loraine.
Mrs. Telfer . . . Miss Ethel Irving.

as much repetition as we can do with; and Four Acts without a change of scene help to keep our minds from wandering from the one idea.

The play is a slight thing, which threatens to be tedious at times, but is carried off by really admirable all-round acting. It is also relieved by some nice quiet humour in the Second Act, and a lot of noisy fun in the Third. The audience, when I was there, preferred the noisy fun, in part because it was noisy, and in part because Mr. JONES was here dealing recognisably with the elemental features of a conjugal quarrel over milliners' bills. In this scene Miss ETHEL IRVING played with an almost incredible fury and abandon. Every moment I thought that something must crack in her fragile framework. Yet I had to side with the

husband; for her bills were too posterously out of proportion with a country *ménage* so limited that its mistress always talked about "the spare room"; while the accommodation for beasts was smaller still, the horse of a solitary caller having to be sent away to the local inn to be put up.

The low-comedy tone of Miss ETHEL IRVING's voice and methods was possibly no part of the author's design, but I think it helped. She was very clever indeed, except with her hands when she had no particular use for them. Miss MARGARET HALSTAN was excellent as a married woman with a taste for hysteria and Platonics; and the author must alone be responsible for any farcical features in this character which were brought out by the fidelity of her interpretation. While all the others acted very soundly, it was the admirably restrained performance of Mr. LOWNE which, more than anything else, held the play together on the right side of the doubtful borderland between comedy and farce.

I could wish for it a decent run, but its attractions are not varied enough—a bad fault in these days of severe competition with the Halls of Variety.

By the way, if Mr. JONES had ever visited a Hospital for Incurables I am sure he would have spared us that small joke at the expense of this class of hopeless sufferers. Age and custom have done nothing to modify its unkindliness. O. S.

MY OXYGEN TUBE.

I HAD it recharged on my way to *The Pcewit* office, having inhaled its original contents as an experiment before interviewing my landlady on the ticklish subject of missing collars. That experiment had been an overwhelming success, for the large-boned and redoubtable woman who had bullied me for the last two years left my presence weeping silently. I looked forward, therefore, with calm confidence to the task before me of making the editor of *The Pcewit* change his views about the ultimate destination of a series of articles I had written for his paper; for he was a much easier person to deal with, being, in fact, second only to myself in irresolution of character and moral cowardice. Bitterly indeed, in my previous dealings with him, had I realized that one fiery and menacing glance from my eye would have made him flinch evasively, and just one more ounce of bluff than I

was capable of would have turned the scale of terms in my favour. It had, in fact, always been a toss up which of us was going to score, and so far I had lost the toss. But the tube of concentrated valour I carried in my pocket would change all that, and during the few moments in the waiting-room I emptied the charge and filled myself with such dogged pluck that I floated on a cloud of courage to his room.

He was seated at his desk as I entered, and turning his flabby ineffective face in my direction was about to utter his usual "Good morning, just one minute, please"—and keep me waiting while he rang up a box office, when he caught my eye and positively dwindled before it.

"With reference to those articles," I began in cold, menacing tones; "you say in your letter of yesterday's date you find they are hardly the style of thing to suit your paper. You will, however, remember that when I showed you the first of the series and we discussed the lines of the others, you distinctly commissioned me to write them, and I shall certainly hold you to that engagement."

When I began to speak I saw him try with a pitiful effort to pull himself together and meet me on my own ground, but he was not man enough. He covered back in his chair, his fingers fumbled with his blue pencil, his mouth twitched nervously, but he elongated it into a conciliatory smile and stammered soothingly:

"Oh, yes, yes—to be sure. Very glad you called to talk the matter over— Now let me see— Yes, Miss BLAKE—" (this, apparently, to his lady secretary, whose voice, however, I had not heard). "Excuse me one moment," he said hurriedly and disappeared in the adjoining office. I smiled a sardonic smile, my triumph was assured, and I had just determined to make it guineas instead of pounds when he returned, looking queer and puffy and gasping a little.

"Now about these articles," he exclaimed harshly, with the air of a man who has no time to waste over trifles. "You suggested the series. I merely agreed they sounded promising on the lines you sketched, and assured you they should have careful consideration. That has been given them, with the result that I find they are very poor stuff indeed, not even up to your usual standard. Besides which they showed me that you not only failed to realize the



Vicar of Poppleton. "I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN OVER AT IPPLETON CHURCH THE LAST TWO SUNDAYS, BATES. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF YOUR CATTLE STRAYED INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S FIELD?"

Bates. "I SHOULDN'T OBJECT, IF SO BE THE PASTURE WAS BETTER!"

depth of your subject, but lacked the knowledge and insight to deal with it. Under those circumstances, and as there was no written agreement between us, I have no other course but to return them to you, and hope you may be able to place them elsewhere. Meanwhile," he added, dropping his aggressive tone for one of patronising superiority, "you must try and think of something else. Always glad of ideas, you know."

His first onslaught nonplussed me—then as he continued, with a pang of despair, I saw something sticking out of his breast-pocket which accounted for his momentary absence and subsequent access of ferocity. It was a tube of oxygen.

"Will you take these with you—or shall I send them?" he said,

pointing to my articles on the desk. I rose, all the gas gone out of me. "I'll take them," I said cringingly, and slunk out of the door, leaving him an easy winner with three inches of oxygen to spare.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"The Defense of the Answer to the Admission against the Replie of Thomas Cartwright."

It looks like THOMAS's opponent's turn now.

"Germany's plan was to play a preponderant rôle—to vote ostensibly for the Russian thesis in such a manner as to transform the Conference into a Conference, &c."

Liverpool Daily Post.

This, however, can be done by means of a little twirly sign to the printer, without dragging in Russia at all.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

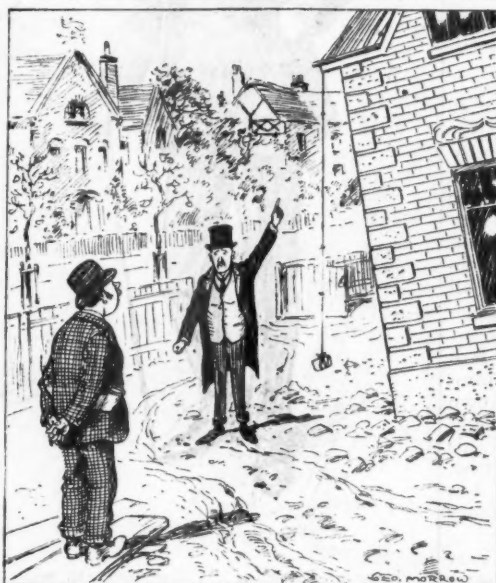
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BERNARD CAPES exhibits such an animus against the ordinary critic in *The Green Parrot* (SMITH, EEDER) that for a long time I thought the title was partly symbolical, and kept wondering where they had put the bird-seed. John Wisdom is a novelist whose imaginative methods and delicacy of style have made him unpopular with the good-for-nothing chorus of reviewers; so he takes unbrage and a knapsack and flees into North Wales together with another fugitive from oppression—a precociously intellectual boy who has run away from his cruel step-father with no other luggage than the titular macaw. They are discovered by a most eccentric house-party of literary people, which affords Mr. CAPES so fine a field for his polemics that the actual plot, crowded in at the end, becomes a very small holding indeed. This is a great pity, because the author is quite at his worst. I think, in militant dialectics, whereas he does the romantic business exceedingly well, describes his scene most attractively, and is a master of the vivid epithet. I should like to suggest to Mr. CAPES that next time he feels worried about anything he should take a leaf from the book of another BERNARD and write a voluminous preface, and then weigh in with his novel afterwards. For after all there are such things as arrangement and proportion as well as style.

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, when I was coming up as a flower, I fell in love with Miss RHODA BROUGHTON's *Nancy*—the first book, I believe, with the exception of *Reading Without Tears*, that ever made me cry—and I have always since preserved a *tendresse* for that young lady and the author of her being. I wish I could feel the same about *Mamma* (MACMILLAN). Perhaps it is because I have grown old, like *Mamma* (the story opens on her seventieth birthday), and have lost the whole-hearted enthusiasm of youth, but the fact remains that I don't even like any of the people in the book—neither *Mamma*, nor her three married daughters, nor her grandchildren, nor the artist who paints her portrait, nor her youngest daughter who becomes his wife after *Mamma* is dead and gone. Miss BROUGHTON has given us, instead of a story, a clever study in selfishness, elaborated by many of those delicate touches of comedy-satire in which she excels. From this point of view her book is a good piece of work. For *Mamma* is a perfect monster of selfishness, especially to the stay-at-home daughter, who lives a helot's life by the side of her invalid couch; and Miss BROUGHTON has drawn her picture so skilfully that I am thinking of

presenting copies of her book to the vampire-mothers of my acquaintance (we all know some of them) the very next time their birthdays come round.

It is a very long time since Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME gave us a book, and now that he has done so in *The Wind in the Willows* (METHUEN) it proves to be on entirely different lines from those of *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age*, though it has many pages which could have been written only by their author. I should describe it myself as a sort of irresponsible holiday story in which the chief characters are woodland animals, who are represented as enjoying most of the advantages of civilisation—shopping, caravanning, motoring, travelling by train, and so on—apparently on terms of more or less equality with the human world. Some grown-up readers may cavil at this, others may find in the story a satirical purpose which its author would probably disclaim. But children will, I think, accept Mr. GRAHAME's Rat, Mole and Badger as personal friends, and enjoy Toad's adventures and mishaps with a heartiness untroubled by any such curious considerations.



Angry Client. "THERE, YOU SEE THE HOUSE IS DISTINCTLY LEANING. I'VE FIXED THIS UP TO CONVINCE YOU."
Builder. "IT LOOKS AN OLD PLUMB-LINE. HAVE YOU HAD IT TESTED LATELY?"

The Fear of Life (BLACKWOOD) almost makes the conscientious reviewer yearn for death. Mr. GERALD MAXWELL flies at high game. The principal characters of his story strut on the political platform with the House of Commons in the background. Even for a great artist familiar with them these are difficult conditions to work into a novel. Mr. MAXWELL is not a great artist, and whilst his knowledge of the House of Commons is obviously acquired from the *Strangers' Gallery*, his intimacy with political personages and problems is gained from study of the newspapers. A chapter or

two is more or less agreeably devoted to the record of a day's doings in a madhouse, with lengthy reports of the conversation of several patients suffering from divers illusions.

The reproduction, at the price of six shillings, of the costly volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, is an achievement sufficient to make the year a red-letter date in literature. There is not an event of public interest happening within the twenty-four years that form the limits of the story that is not here touched and illuminated. The illustrations, some rare, which adorned the first edition are reproduced. Mr. MURRAY is again the publisher, but on this occasion he works in collaboration with *The Times Book Club*; of itself, to those who remember recent events, a pleasing and picturesque incident.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.

CHARIVARIA.

Punch has been confiscated in Vienna for representing the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA as an ordinary beagle. We regret the error. It should, of course, have been a double-headed beagle.

A somewhat pathetic incident, as showing how the KAISER is a little below himself in consequence of recent events, was his hailing of Count ZEPPELIN as "the greatest German of the Twentieth Century."

Mr. KEIR HARDIE informed an interviewer at Merthyr-Tydvil that the language of the KING's Indian Proclamation was practically identical with that used by himself during his visit to India. His MAJESTY's good luck is proverbial.

The leaders of the Dutch people of South Africa have, according to Colonel SEELY, M.P., declared themselves in favour of the maintenance of the largest possible garrison of British soldiers in South Africa. One suspects the compliment. It looks as if they wanted to borrow a trifle from the Home Government.

The launch of H.M.S. *Collingwood* was a great success, everyone being impressed by her size. Indeed, even when compared with the hats of the lady spectators, she appeared to be quite large.

We are informed that in spite of the fact that the proprietor of certain well-known stores is now a baronet, the prices are to remain as moderate as ever.

"Mr. Taft," says a contemporary, "has won the election by a good round figure." This is so. "And will not be easily moved from the White House." That, too, is so.

The journalist who referred to the

new North German Lloyd liner *George Washington* as lying gracefully on the water used an expression which strikes us as somewhat unfortunate.

Extract from *The Daily Telegraph*:—"In cross-examination Stewart said he was an Agnostic, a philosophical Anarchist, and an Edenist—an Edenist being one who believed that happiness was the end of things." The usual spelling is, of course, Hedonist.

At a meeting of the Society for

replaced by similar members originally belonging to Mr. BROWN. This, we imagine, would lead to a new form of nomenclature. Thus Mr. JONES would be announced in the future as "Mr. JONES—not to mention Mr. BROWN."

Two Suffragettes, the other evening, made their way into a private house where a reception was being given in honour of Mr. ASQUITH, and created an unpleasant scene. They were disguised as ladies.

The municipality of Chicago is laying out a cemetery for pets, and dogs are delighted at the news, for they have long desired a place where their hidden bones will be safe from interference.

Cynics claim to have traced one of the persons of whose escape from Epsom Lord ROSEBERRY complains. Although he was out of work and had not a penny in his pocket, a man handed to the police at Land's End last week a purse containing a considerable sum of money which he had found.

The fall of the Ice King in America has surprised nobody. Ice is well known to be slippery stuff.

From "Paris Fashions" in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The prevalence and power of the princess gown make me think of the little candle whose beams shone so far in a naughty world that even love, which is said to be blind, became aware of them."

Who can follow the workings of a woman's mind? What (we wonder) does the Merry Widow hat make her think of? A 500 candle-power acetylene lamp?

Journalistic Candour.

"KING EDWARD.

REPORTED VISIT TO EGYPT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

It is reported from Cairo that King Edward will visit Egypt in January next.

[The source of the rumour is sufficient to repudiate it.]—*The Egyptian Morning Post*.



ANTONIO'S DREAM.

THE "TAXI" IDEA APPLIED TO STREET ORGANS.

the Abolition of Capital Punishment held last week it was resolved that the principle of reclamation in the treatment of homicidal prisoners should be added to the present aims of the Society. We see no reason why some at any rate of our murderers should not be ultimately weaned of their hobby, but it will, of course, have to be done gradually.

As the result of some experiments made by an American doctor it is stated that it is now possible to transplant parts of the human body. If Mr. JONES, for instance, loses a leg and an arm in an accident, it would be practicable for them to be

MORE MAXIMS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

A PLEASANT plutocrat of Mr. Punch's acquaintance, after perusing some of the aphorisms in Mr. CARNEGIE'S new opus—*Problems of To-day*—has been tempted to submit a few of his own. Closely questioned as to their originality, he writes, with his near hand on his heart, to say that he has had no assistance in their construction, not even from Lord AVEBURY or Miss MARIE CORELLI, though he recognises that his work bears some impress of the epigrammatic style of these two authors.

To die rich is the mark of a fool or a rogue. He that is wise or virtuous takes care to die poor; thus eluding the Death Duties.

Money (in the hands of others) is the root of all evil. For their sakes, then, you will do your best to pluck it from them.

Great riches do not necessarily confer great happiness. It has been well said that a man with only three or four hundred thousand a year can enjoy all the simpler Pleasures of Life just as well as a multi-billionaire.

Severe labour is not a punishment; it is a blessing in disguise. That is why it is so difficult to keep people out of prison when they have once been there.

The man who thinks of others before himself, while he is still poor and struggling, will never grow to be a millionaire. If, therefore, in the early stages, you are tempted to be generous and charitable, thrust the temptation from you. Once you have become rich you can be an altruist on as large a scale as you like.

Men who have risen from extreme poverty to extreme wealth will sometimes tell you that their hours of purest happiness were those when they had no idea where their next meal was to come from. Don't you believe them.

A famous aphorist and millionaire of olden-time said that of the making of many books there is no end. Another famous aphorist and millionaire of our day has said the same of libraries.

The virtuous plutocrat is proof against the shafts of envy and malice. His breast is overlaid with a triple coating of steel. The best kind comes from Pittsburgh, Penn.

Profit-sharing is the key to the gates of Millennium. If you employ 25,000 workmen and are making £500,000 a year, distribute half of this among your employees. Each of them would then pocket '004 *per cent.* of the profits which you yourself secure, and we should hear no more of Socialism.

Next to profit-sharing, nothing so much encourages a workman as to know that the money which he is helping his employer to amass will be spent judiciously, even though the benefit should fall upon the inhabitants of a hemisphere with which the workman is unacquainted.

To get wealth is still harder than to get rid of it. Herein it differs widely from the fumes of alcohol. For a professional inebriate has discovered the truth that it is not the getting drunk, but the getting sober, that causes all the inconvenience.

O. S.

"Romance, and perhaps a little mystery, surround the exceedingly quiet marriage of Lady May Pery, the younger daughter of Lord Limerick's two half-sisters, to Lieutenant Frederick Boothby."—M.A.P. M.A.P. is unusually diffident. There is a very big mystery here.

A SALMON CYCLE.

AND Spring came o'er the mountains, and the larch
Stood diffident in faintest green of March;
While, blood congealed beside that storm-swept stream,
You sped the "Durham Ranger," saw the gleam
Of silver 'mid the amber and the foam
Of racing waters, felt the hook strike home,
And heard above the hail-squall's furious pelt
The gillie's comment—"She will be a kelt!"

Then Summer raised her oriflamme on high,
And through your blazing fortnight in July
You waited for the rain, where faint and thin
The river threaded seaward, clear as gin;
Deep in the red rock's gloom the salmon lay
Huddled and sullen, through each blinding day,
While you were working, still without a rise,
Through several tomes of ineffectual flies.

Came Autumn; and from off the sea the rain
Crept in to bid you welcome North again;
The mists closed down, and the beshrouded hills
Rang with the clamour of a thousand rills;
Unfishable, the turbid torrent sped
O'er Highland cornfields still unharvested,
And day by day you watched the spate roar down
Till the last hour that took you back to Town.

And yet on Winter evenings, when you sit
In dream-fraught firelight ere the lamps are lit,
At times the faint-heard traffic in the road
Will sound to you as though a river flowed;
Then old wounds heal, and as the magic thrills
Your heart flies back to rivers and to hills;
You close your eyes, you hear the greenheart swish,
And—Fancy promptly has you "in a fish"!

DISCURSIONS.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

I SEE that during the discussion of a Scotch Education Bill in the House of Commons the other day one of the Members proposed that little Lowlanders and little Highlanders should be compelled at certain times to sing the National Anthem. This was to be a part of what, I believe, is called the curriculum; it was to have its fixed place in the time-table. I pause to note that the gentleman who suggested this innovation is an Irishman and a captain. Why an Irishman should have wished to involve himself in the mazes of Scottish education I don't quite understand. At any rate, the House rejected the proposal and passed on quite calmly to other matters.

With all respect to the honourable and gallant Member, I am disposed to think that the House acted wisely. There is a suggestion of mechanical pressure about the plan, and I doubt if you can make children loyal (for that, I presume, was the idea) by mechanical pressure. You can teach them to read and write; you can even worry them through the rule of three and similar abominations; but loyalty is a different thing, an atmosphere, a habit of mind, a breath of nature—call it what you will. There are no fixed rules or concise formulae. You assume that a child's blood circulates and that his lungs perform their proper functions. Why not assume that he (or she) will rejoice by nature in being English or Scotch or Irish, and be proud of the glories of his birth and state, taking them into the substance of his being as he takes air into his lungs?



LEST HE FORGET.

JOHN BULL (to FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY). "EXCELLENT SENTIMENT, SIR. I'LL JUST NIP UP AND NAIL IT TO THE MAST!"



LEST HE FORGET.



"MUMMIE, IS THE NEW VICAR HIGH OR LOW CLASS?"

I have, however, a greater objection to this particular system of loyalty-study, and it is this. The child will have to know the words of the Anthem by heart. That seems to me to be fatal. I don't suppose there is on the face of the earth a more genuinely loyal people than our own; but how many of us know all the words of the National Anthem? Not one in a thousand. A few concert-singers have necessarily learnt them for festal occasions. Are concert-singers, then, more loyal than the rest of us who battle our way triumphantly through the song and make our devotion manifest without knowing more than some twenty words or so of the whole? Certainly I don't suggest that concert-singers are, as a race, disloyal, but their loyalty, I think, maintains itself in spite of, not because of, their mysterious and tremendous knowledge of the words of our National Anthem.

We, at any rate, who are ignorant, retain our sense of exaltation and splendid incalculable greatness when we sing our Anthem mostly without words. Our hearts are filled with a glorious feeling of devotion and vague but overmastering courage. That is because we haven't been drilled to the business. If we had been drilled we should have begun to dislike and to criticise; and the truth is that both the sentiments and the literary workmanship of the National Anthem are terribly open to criticism.

How, for instance, is a teacher to explain to a Scotch

child the occurrence of "over us" as a rhyme for "victorious"? When once you have questioned, you will be bound to sing the words in this form:—

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign orions:
God save the King.

Until you can recover from this dreadful aberration, I defy you to mix a due proportion of reverence in your singing of the Anthem. No, shout the music at the top of your voice; imagine yourself girt for the moment with all the virtues and self-sacrifices and noble traditions and spiritual yearnings of your fatherland, but don't trouble yourself about the words. The words are nothing, but the spirit counts.

And, by the way, we may as well remember that while we are exalting ourselves with "God Save the King," millions of Germans are shouting "*Heil dir im Siegeskranz*," and millions of Americans are roaring "My country, 'tis of thee," to precisely the same tune. I am content to leave the question of the origin of that soul-stirring and grandly simple music. It seems to suit the Germans; it certainly suits us; and the Americans unblushingly captured it by the hands of one SMITH, and converted it to their own national use. In the meantime I congratulate my little Scotch friends that they are not to be forced to sing it, with the words, as part of their daily lessons.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

[In the manner of "The Academy."]

THE literary world has been comparatively dull this week. The egregious ASQUITH has persevered with his sickening and hypocritical Licensing Bill, in spite of what we said last week; and has proved himself to be entirely in the power of the nauseating Nonconformists, of whom "Dr." CLIFFORD is the dictator. "Dr." CLIFFORD, meanwhile, has been distinguishing himself by offering the olive-branch (forsooth!) to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, in the hope of bringing about a compromise on the Education question. We tell "Dr." CLIFFORD plainly, once and for all, that we desire no compromise with such as he; and, speaking for the Catholic Church, we say unhesitatingly that we prefer men of his kidney as open enemies. For the rest, that pillar of Welsh Nonconformity, the fatuous LLOYD-GEORGE, continues to sink in the estimation of his fellow-men; the miserable WINSTON CHURCHILL, whom we finally crushed a month ago by references to his American mother, is a back number; and the unspeakable PANKHURST troupe, being safely lodged in gaol, has been unable to indulge in its usual antics. The result of all this is, as we said before, that there has not been much doing in the world of letters.

The Spectator, *Nation*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily News*, *Cornhill*, and *Fortnightly Review* continue, in spite of our warnings, to print despicable verse, and it is evident that there is nobody on the staff of these papers with the remotest glimmering of what constitutes a good poem. We are glad to note, however, that *The Saturday Review* has taken our recent castigation of its poetry to heart, and has turned over a new leaf in this respect. We should like to call special attention to the beautiful lines entitled *Autumn* in its last number. These lines were sent first to this paper; but, though they were of great merit, we were compelled to reject them, as they did not come up to our standard. By the way, a poem on a similar subject by ourself appears on the next page.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM (wittily called Mr. H. M. BEERBOHM in our last issue) has not yet apologised to us for having dared to speak well of the unspeakable PANKHURST. As a

consequence, we told him last week what we thought of his dramatic criticisms; and, unless his apology is forthcoming within the next three days, we shall be forced to tell him, with the calm and unbiassed judgment which we have announced to be a feature of this paper, what we think of his caricatures.

An anonymous correspondent, writing from Upper Norwood, has pointed out that Mr. G. MEREDITH also is in favour of Women's Suffrage. Mr. G. MEREDITH cannot have been aware that the Suffragettes have come under our lash, at regular intervals of seven days, for the last six months. We have accordingly written to Mr. G. MEREDITH to inform him of this, and are sending copies of the letter to the head of Mr. G. MEREDITH's Church, the Member for the Reigate Division, and an impartial adviser whom we have asked Mr. BALFOUR and the Duke of NORFOLK to select. We shall await Mr. G. MEREDITH's reply with interest; and in the meantime we hold over a masterly analysis of his works by our correspondent.

Some time ago we hinted that Mr. SPENDER was about to retire from the editorship of *The Westminster Gazette*. Once again we have proved to be in the right; but then we always are—as the entire Press, all Liberals, everybody outside the Catholic Church, Miss MAUD ALLAN, and Messrs. WELLS, SHAW, CHESTERTON, BELLOC, DOBSON, and BEERBOHM have already found to their cost. By the way—we ask the question as a well-informed literary paper—who is HILAIRE BELLOC?

A correspondent from Edmonton writes to ask us if we object to criticism of ourselves. Certainly not. We give hard blows; we frequently find it necessary to castigate our fellow-journalists; and we expect to receive hard blows in return. We welcome candid criticism, though we should never expect to have any difficulty in pulping the critics who ventured to give it. But the truth is that we are rarely, if ever, made the subject of attack. This may be because our readers consist mainly of aspiring journalists who have had all their contributions rejected by that Press which we find it necessary to castigate; but it is much more likely to be because we are absolutely beyond criticism.

Though, however, it is impossible

that we could be the subject of fair attack, it sometimes happens that we are misjudged. Only this week we have received a letter from a correspondent at Hendon who has entirely failed to understand us. He writes: "I cannot tell you how much I like your journal, by far the best paper in England to-day. It makes me chuckle to read your slashing thrusts at your contemporaries. Go on—do it again. They want stirring up." Now we wish to state emphatically that we do not reprove our contemporaries with the idea of making correspondents at Hendon chuckle. We do it soberly, because it is our duty, and a very painful duty. And we would announce here to the whole country that, when our castigations have had their effect, when we see a paper genuinely trying, when we observe a statesman or divine honestly endeavouring to please us, then we shall be the first to hold out an encouraging hand.

THE PATRIOT.

(By A League Enthusiast.)

EACH week when Saturday comes round

I hurry to the football ground,
And with a "tanner crowd" resort
To revel in vicarious sport.

I yell endearments to our team,
The hefty boys in blue-and-cream;
And with a ribald wit deride
The cripples on the other side.

I tiptoe in the swaying throng
When forwards bring the ball along;
And my anathemas fly thick
When hats obscure the corner-kick.

If we lay out their centre-half,
With what abandonment I laugh;
But when they serve our man the same

I bellow "FOUL!" and "PLAY THE GAME!"

If toward our goal the others press,
I snarl in venomous distress;
But, hat in air, I pirouette
When our performers find the net.

So every Saturday at will
I throb with every kind of thrill—
Joy, terror, adoration, hate—
And all for sixpence at the gate.

The Child as Father to the Man.

At Newtown County Court last week a young Welshman, who was sued by a doctor for fees incurred at the birth of his child, pleaded Infancy.



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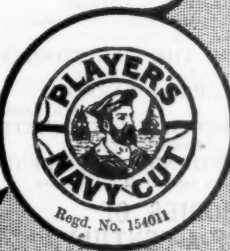
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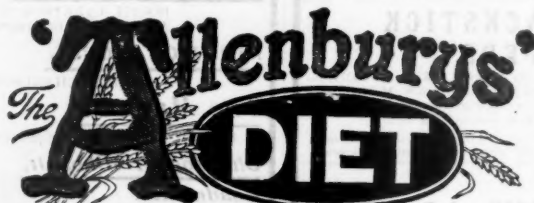
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THE REFORM OF OXFORD.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

THE recent proposals to reorganise the system of terms at Oxford led to the convening of a great public meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel last Saturday with a view to discuss the best means of placing the University on a satisfactory basis. The Editor of *The Daily News* presided, and amongst those present were Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. BELLOC, M.P., Mr. EUSTACE MILES, Mr. PETER KEARY, Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, and the Rev. Lord WILLIAM CECIL.

The Editor of *The Daily News* in a striking speech deplored the misdirected efforts of modern educationists. He noted that an ingenious person had recently succeeded in training blue-bottles to lie on their backs and twirl miniature dumb-bells. What would really interest us would be to hear the comments of the blue-bottle on the whole proceeding. (Cries of "Question!") All that Oxford did was to train her "blues," who were no better than blue-bottles. What they wanted was to de-athleticise the Universities, to overthrow the cult of the golden calf and the gilded youth—in a word, to eliminate the blues and the bloods—and the blue-bloods—and to restore the spiritual ideals of a strenuous humanitarianism.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P., said that the merciless and soulless tyranny of the Oxford dons surpassed that exercised by the Liberal majority in the House of Commons. He thought that something could be done with blue and other bottles, but they must not merely be educated, they must be thoroughly broken-in.

Mr. CHESTERTON said he had not been educated at Oxford. It was the home of lost causes, and he was an inveterate optimist. Still he had no wish to see so interesting a survival of mediævalism pass into the limbo of forgotten things. The Oxford manner deserved perpetuation, if only as a means of exasperating the advocates of hustle. There was something peculiarly attractive to him in a College which called itself All Souls. It sounded as if the members were Nobodies.

Mr. PETER KEARY said there was only one way of improving Oxford, and that was to improve it off the face of the earth. It was a musty anachronism. Instead of young men starting the battle of life at sixteen or seventeen, they went to Oxford or Cambridge and dallied with classics

and mathematics until they were twenty-two or twenty-three. He shuddered to think what would have become of him and Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON if they had gone to Oxford.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES said that what was wrong with Oxford was her diet. Her undergraduates were overfed, while her professors were far too fond of the flowing bowl. Oxford was the only university in the world which boasted a Port Meadow. (Sensation.)

Mr. BELLOC, dissenting vehemently from the last speaker, attributed the decadence of Oxford to the lamentable spread of the barleywater habit. In his day, beer was the favourite tippie, and it bred a race of heroic Britons, including himself.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER said that Oxford's crying need was for simplified spelling. Such names as Magdalen were a terrible stumbling-block in the path of culture, and he seriously contemplated leading a procession of WILLIAM MARCHERS to demand justice from the Hebdomadal Council. The nomenclature of the Colleges, again, clamoured for revision. To take only one example, Merton College, in view of the proximity of Sandford, might be re-named Sandford and Merton College.

The Editor of *The Sketch* concurred with the last suggestion, and hoped that the principle might be extended. The popularity of Keble and Lincoln would be vastly enhanced if they were known as Keble-Howard and Lincoln-and-Bennett Colleges.

The Rev. Lord WILLIAM CECIL said that he had already expressed his views on Oxford discipline in *The Times*, but would repeat that the interference of the police in "town and gown" rows was wholly to be deprecated. In his own day the police never interfered with the undergraduates on November the 5th, with the result that the noisy freshman matured into the sensible senior man, with a refined manner and a high tone of thought.

Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., said that the only way in which the continued existence of Oxford could be justified would be by converting it into a week-end University for the working classes. It was, he added, a strange reflection on the intellect of the present régime that, while the colour of Oxford was dark blue, the great hero of the University was, he believed, *Verdant Green*.

The CHAIRMAN, here interposing, said that it was obvious that the sense of the meeting was in favour of mending, and not ending, or, at any

rate, only week-ending, Oxford. He accordingly put to the meeting an omnibus resolution declaring that, in the view of the assembled representatives of higher thought, it was held desirable (1) to abolish the post of Chancellor; (2) to rename and respell the Colleges; (3) to eliminate amateur athletics; (4) to render vegetarian diet compulsory on all undergraduates. The resolution having been passed by a great majority, the meeting dispersed to the strains of the *Marseillaise* sung as a duet in Esperanto by Mr. BELLOC and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

ANOTHER OF OUR CONQUERORS.

I USED to think that the office-boy did those things. But no; it seems that it is an industry, and a very important one.

I made the discovery at a station, where the horrible and irritating word "Phast-phix" on the picture of a gum bottle held the reluctant eye.

A sleek little man in a frock-coat and a tall hat, who had evidently breakfasted on cloves, paused beside me.

"You might not think it," he said, "to look at me; but that word originated with me. I invented it."

"Why?" I asked. "Surely there are other things to do."

He seemed pained and perplexed. "That is my business," he said. "That's what I do. I have an office; I am well known. All the best firms apply to me. For example," he went on, "suppose you were to bring out a fluid mutton—"

"Heaven forbid!" I cried.

"Yes, but suppose you were to," he continued, "and you wanted a name for it, you would come to me."

"Why shouldn't I think of one myself?" I asked.

"You!" he cried. "How could you? It's a special line; it's a gift. Just try and you'll see. What would you call it?"

"Well," I said after a moment's thought, "I might call it—I might call it—Hang it, I wouldn't do such a thing, anyway."

"There," he cried triumphantly, "I knew it. You would be lost. You would therefore come to me. I should charge you ten guineas, but in return you would have a name that would make your fortune."

"What would that be?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "for certain. 'Sheep-O,' perhaps. But



NO MAN A HERO TO HIS SERVANT.

Second Horseman. "DO YOU 'APPEN TO 'AVE SEEN MY GUV'NOR? STOUT PARTY ON A GREY 'OSS."

Boy. "DUNNO; BUT 'OUNDS AND 'UNTERS AND ALL'S GONE OVER 'ERE TEN MINUTES AGO, RUNNIN' 'ARD."

S.H. "I'M ALL RIGHT, THEN. 'E'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY."

anyway it would be a good name. 'Flock-vim,' perhaps. Or even 'Mut-force.'"

I began to long for my train. "How do you think of such things?" I inquired. "Tell me your processes."

He laughed deprecatingly. "I have given the subject an immense deal of thought," he said. "For many years now I have done little else; I am always on the look-out for ideas. They come to me at all kinds of odd times and in all kinds of odd places. In bed—on a 'bus—in the train."

"This one?" I asked.

"'Phast-phix'?" he replied.

"Oh, I thought of that instantaneously. You see, the firm came to my office to say they were putting a new gum or cement on the market, and they must have a good name for it at once. I had no time. I buried my head in my hands for a few seconds (my regular habit) and suddenly 'Phast-phix' flashed into it. They were enchanted."

"I notice," I said, "a tendency among advertisers to transform 'f' into 'ph.'"

"Yes," he said, "they got it from me. I was the first. It is far more striking, don't you think? To spell 'fastfix' correctly would not be witty at all."

I agreed with him.

"Tell me some more of your special inspirations," I said. "Have you done anything lately as good as 'phast-phix'?" But no, how could you?"

"Let me see," he remarked. "Yes, there is the name for the new pen. They came to me in a great hurry for that, too. But as it happened I had that carefully pigeon-holed, for I am always inventing names against a rainy day. I gave it to them at once—the 'Ri-teezi.' You have no doubt seen it advertised."

(Haven't I?)

"That has been an immense success," he went on. "It's not a bad pen, either; but the name! Ah!"

"Anything else out of the way?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I was just going to tell you. I was approached by a firm with a new blacking. All it required was an absolutely knock-out name. I gave them one, and only yesterday I had a visit from the Secretary of the Company, who was present at the Board meeting when my letter was read out. He says that the thrill that ran through the directors—sober business-men, mind you—was an epoch in the history of commerce."

"Indeed," I remarked; "and what was the name?"

"The name?" he said. "Ah, yes. It was one of my best efforts, I think. Simple, forcible, instantaneous in its message and unforgettable in form—'Shine-O.'"

"Yes," I said, "that should be hard to beat. I congratulate you." And so we parted.

I wonder if there's really any money in that fluid-mutton idea.



Subaltern (to pretty widow, newly arrived at Indian Hill Station). "I SAY, MIGHT I HOLD YOUR HAND?"
Pretty Widow. "CERTAINLY NOT. YOUR COLONEL'S WIFE HASS'N'T CALLED ON ME YET!"

THE SECRET HISTORY OF A PERSONAL PAR.

SET FORTH CHRONOLOGICALLY.

I.
 (From "The Non-Stop," Oct. 31.)

A GUSHING young lady walking through a wood with an eminent botanist began to sentimentalize about the extreme age of some of the trees.

"What a lot they must have seen in their time!" she cried. "Oh that they could speak! You dear old beech," she continued, placing her hand on an adjacent trunk, "what would you say to me, could you but talk?"

"I am a poplar!" responded the *savant*.

II.
 (From "Crummy Bits," Nov. 7.)

THEY were newly married—very much so. She: dreamy and poetic. He: just the other thing. It was a warm day and they rested lovingly on a rustic seat 'neath the soft shade of a (more or less) spreading tree.

She. I wonder if this sweet old beech can hear? What stories it might tell, if it only could!

He. Ah—er—yes. Just the sort of things everybody would like.

She. Why?

He. Because they'd be popular (poplar) stories!

III.

(From "P. U. P." Nov. 14.)

AN amusing story is going the rounds of the House anent a certain austere ex-Chancellor of Exchequer, now removed to the bracing atmosphere of the Upper House. It was in his House of Commons' days and he was discussing with a familiar friend the secret of the success of some of the prominent men on both sides of the House.

"Speaking of myself," he said at length, "there is one thing quite certain, and that is, I am not likely to have much of a following so long as I remain in the Commons."

"But whatever makes you think that?" queried the worthy and astonished Member.

"Why, don't you see," he responded grimly, "so long as I am a BEACH (beech) I can hardly expect to be popular (poplar)!"

"The stars in their courses fought against Cicero," said Mr. James Blossom, "and I think they must have fought against us in Neepsend."—*Sheffield Daily Independent*.

How the stars must hate these orators.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

SWIFTLY she swung her shining cleek,
 And blushed like any rose,
 As, smitten lightly on the cheek,
 The ball rolled to her toes;
 Small wonder, when I tell you that

Pinned on her light brown hair
 She wore a charming picture hat,
 A garden in the air!

I held her hands, to put them right,
 Showed where her feet should go,
 And told how drives went out of sight

And puts ran to and fro;
 Though she could make bewitching eyes,

She could not form her tees,
 And these I made of ample size
 Upon my humble knees.

She missed, with many a smiling look,

And blamed me for it all,
 Because my woeful visage took
 Her eye clean off the ball;

Golf was the sport, but I'm afraid
 We trifled with the name;
 Observing friends declared we played

A much more ancient game!



A RIVAL ATTRACTION.

NEGLECTED ARTISTE (*performer on the European Concertina*). "DOESN'T LOOK AS IF I'M EVER GOING TO COME ON, WHAT WITH ALL THESE BERLIN KNOCKABOUT EXTRA TURNS!"



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM A COLLEAGUE OF TOBY, M.P.

WITH a drastic Licensing Bill worrying through its various stages in the House of Commons, it is perhaps no wonder that those connected with the Trade should find this a time of unusual depression, and suffer in health as in spirits; it is sad to know, however, that Mr. Punch's Special Distiller, who has so skilfully produced the *Essence of Parliament* for many a long year, should not be immune to these influences, and that TOBY, M.P., for the first time for more than twenty years, is unable through illness to continue his Diary this week, and is "tied" to his "house." May he have a rapid recovery.

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 10th.—Dull heavy clouds were in the air. A resolute Government had come down to the House ready to discuss with ruthless determination the Scottish Education Bill. Oblivious to the lowering of Scottish eyebrows "stern and wild," ASQUITH moved the suspension of the Eleven o'clock Rule, thereby throwing open for Government use those cheerless hours which rational citizens devote to sleep, but which are rich in possibilities to a Ministry loaded down below the "Plimsoll mark" with legislative cargo.

Being of an invincibly sanguine temperament, ASQUITH didn't "see why the House should sit late, but "



MR. JHERREMHOIAH MACVEAGH.

"Misther Spaker, plwat is the Scottish national flag?"

—and here there was just the needful suggestion of the "whiff of grape-shot," the most delicate flick of the party-whip round errant flanks—"the Government were very anxious to finish the Bill." The river-mists of early morning hours had no terrors for them, and if decadent Gaels were unequal to the ordeal then a handful of Southron Ministerial "settlers" would know the reason why! There was a certain dour and forbidding interplay of upper and nether lip, unpleasantly suggestive of mill-stones. Then he lay back on the Treasury Bench, with hands rammed deeply in his pockets, and gazed up with fleeting friendliness at the stained-glass lighting in the roof.

Wary Scotsmen who knew their ASQUITH discussed and debated with one furtive eye on the "Master of Legions," delusively rosy and debonair to the casual observer, and they breathed more freely when he withdrew to his oak-panelled tent behind the chair, leaving SINCLAIR, with claymore, target and dirk gleaming with the russet glow of the cairngorm, to shepherd them through the pass.

The chill of the midnight-watch had no terrors for an old campaigner like JAMES CRAIG, who, with SEELY and our one and only WINSTON, has served his country well among the kopjes of South Africa. That the subject was a Scotch one, and he an Ulster-Irishman, was a trifle. The sea-passage from Larne to Stranraer is a mere nothing, he did it easily "in his stride," and his devotion to

the national flag and Imperial emblems is a hardy growth that will stand any amount of transplantation. Anyhow, he chipped in, and with direct and unpretentious oratory demanded that Scottish children should be put early on easy terms with the national flag, should know its origin and history, and should sing with youthful fervour the National Anthem.

Alas! he reckoned without that incorrigible humourist MACVEAGH. An Ulsterman, too, but a Nationalist of the most fearsome and unbridled order, JEREMIAH (for so tyrannical forbears have relentlessly labelled him) is blessed with a bright and irresponsible sense of humour which bubbles up all over the place at unexpected moments, to the extreme discomfort and dislocation of individuals near the spot. His wildest, most delirious joy is to capsize CRAIG.

Would the hon. gentleman kindly tell him what is the Scottish national flag? Is it a bloodthirsty lion rampant on a golden field, or is it the Blue Cross of St. Andrew; or is it, maybe, some other "koind av a loion"? Shall dear little Scottish barefooted children be introduced, pale and panic-stricken, to such heraldic horrors?

Then, again, what is the "National Anthem of Scotland"? He hadn't the remotest idea, and he didn't believe a single Scotch



LEAVING SINCLAIR TO IT.

The Premier retires to his tent for well-deserved repose.



WASTED WILLY CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER.

Member could tell him! Is it *Scots wha hae*, or is it, as he had rather gathered in his travels in Scotland, *Auld Lang Syne*? Nobody seemed to know; and how was an unfortunate dominie to choose among the rival barbaric airs with which Scotland abounds?

JEREMIAH THE JESTER sat down with so excruciatingly comical an air of unsatisfied thirst for heraldic lore, etc., that Members roared, got on with their work, and went chuckling home at 1.45 A.M.

Such is the business value of irresponsible fun.

Wednesday, November 11th.—Pleasure in excess proverbially brings retribution in its train. The wild, unhallowed glory of the sudden breathless arrival last month of the female counterpart of DORANDO PIETRI led to the closing for ever of the surreptitious peep-hole alongside the glass swing-doors. Up to then, lady visitors had been permitted the frenzied joy of getting, through its small Gothic panes, the most intimate obtainable view of the innermost sanctuary of the Empire. *Per contra*, watchful, self-conscious, senatorial drones had caught a fleeting vision of a disturbing sex, and had preened their agitated wings accordingly to make the best impression possible at short notice. Pretending to be interested in ASQUITH, LLOYD-GEORGE, McKENNA, and in that flaunting bachelor who leads the Opposition, the ladies' eyes had been fixed with reverential awe on the beaming face and comfortable personality of JOHN BARKER (now Bart.), chairman of "PAQUIN," high priest of millinery in *excellis*, giving the sanction of his sturdy rustic presence to what LANSDOWNE calls the "phenomenal (legislative) misfits" produced by the Government.

These joys are away in the *ewig-keit*; the SPEAKER's fiat went forth; his foot, in silver-buckled shoe, was put down, and the price of the raid was paid; and a small price, too, considering the "moral and intellectual damage" done to an ancient assembly.

Then a few days later came the evening of staggering sensation when

a few hardy maids, who had "heard voices" (in Caxton Hall), were found moored and shrieking in the Ladies' gallery (so-called), lashed like virginia-creeper to the gilded trellis above the heads of horror-stricken journalists, only to be removed from the sacrificial grille by main force, taking their "moorings," substantial pieces of the Palace of Westminster, with them.

This performance, and a pale imitation of it in the other Strangers' quarter, brought down the SPEAKER'S



"HOP SUBSTITUTES."

Mr. Lloyd-George has recently had several questions to answer on the above abstruse subject. Are "Hop substitutes" like this?

majesty upon them and all their kind, and a clear and comprehensive sweep was made of all the galleries.

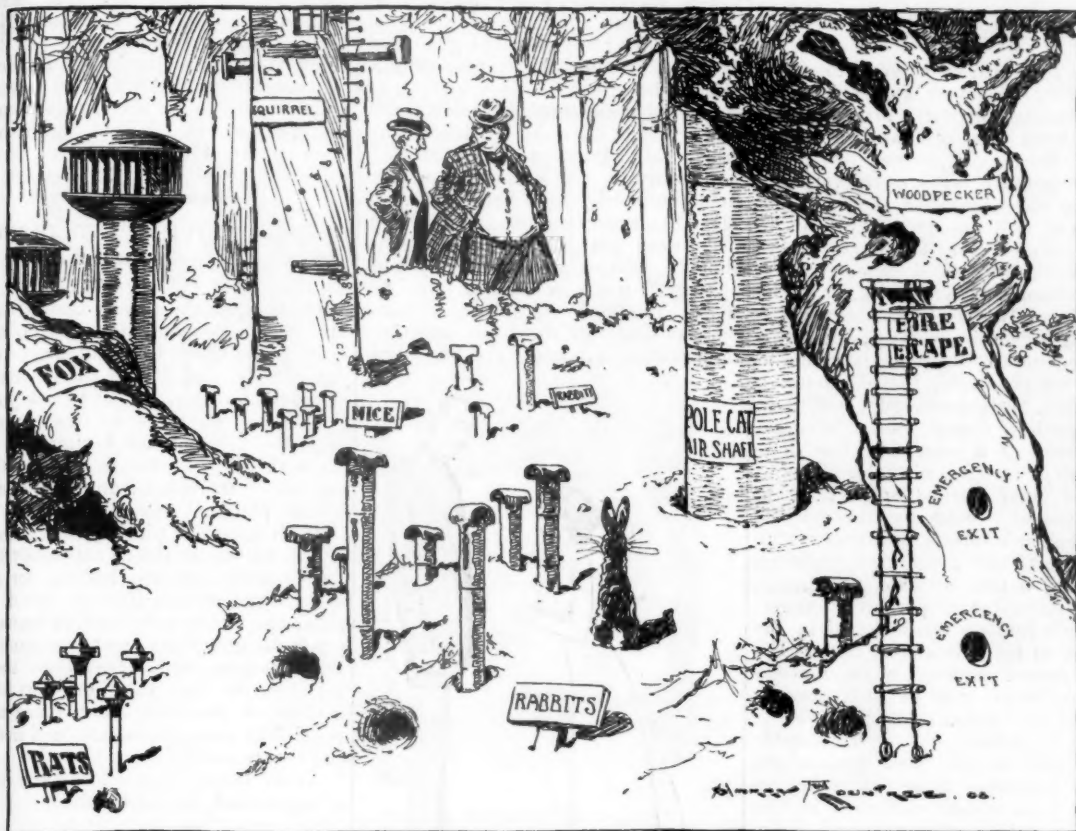
Since then one has looked down, day after day, on the pathetic, harrowing scene—an assembly of self-immolated heroes who, in the cause of sex and in the name of order, have deprived themselves of the very breath of life; six hundred and fifty oratorical athletes with a positive yearning for recognition doing battle in an empty stadium; a mighty company of potential GARRICKS playing to a dress circle, upper boxes, and gallery draped in aching desolation,

never a face to whom to turn a triumphant glance or a moist, appealing eye. Perorations instinct with a noble fire hurled into paralysing emptiness.

The joke has been to wait and watch, and have little wagers with oneself as to which of the poor sufferers would be the first to reach the limit of human endurance and admit that he, for one, could bear it no longer; that to waste an attractive, irresistible personality on oak balconies and green leather was frankly insupportable. Who would be the first to succumb, and say, on trembling knees, "Let them in, Mr. SPEAKER, or I die!"

It came at last. At the end of Questions there rose from the Labour Benches a broken figure, in sombre, chocolate-coloured tweed; once burly, self-reliant, aggressive—all that remains of WILL THORNE. Born to stand clasping the folds of a blood-red, shot-frazzled banner on the barricades facing the last futile volleys of the well-to-do, supported on the one hand by the gaunt figure of Comrade BERNARD SHAW, with khaki-coloured beard and moustache flowing in the breeze; on the other, a Comrade-Countess in revolt; while SNOWDEN with pallid finger points out a likely Aerated Bread shop where they may fit themselves for sanguinary deeds in Carlton House Terrace on a commandeered rock-cake and a small lemonade. Yet there stands poor WILL with haggard cheek, clutching in nerveless fingers a tremulous sombrero and begs for mercy!

An ordeal which has brought to this the ruddy, vigorous plebeian THORNE must have dealt unimaginable havoc in more highly-strung, aristocratic temperaments on other benches. Talk of the Unemployed! Another week or two and we should have seen marching the streets processions of the Unobserved. What of the crumpled LEA? The ashen HUGH—how has he fared, with never a sympathetic face from Islington in the Strangers' gallery to revel with him in his swashbuckling raids among the newly-ermined? No wonder the long Parliamentary days



HYGIENE FOR OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

Harassed Landowner. "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU COMPLAIN. I'VE PUT IN ALL THE AIR-SHAFTS, FIRE-ESCAPES, EMERGENCY EXITS, ETC., THAT YOU REQUIRE."

Urban Sanitary Inspector. "BUT, MY DEAR SIR, WHERE IS THE PROVISION FOR THE GREAT AUK, SHOULD THAT BIRD ELECT TO SETTLE ON YOUR LAND?"

and nights of unseen, unrelenting labour have told heavily on DALZIEL. Let those who wonder at the clank of his knightly spurs in the Inner Lobby go in and emulate his ceaseless, unrelenting devotion on the green benches, and they all may yet kneel proudly to the accolade. The motto on his shield is "I am here!"

The SPEAKER rose, concealing emotion with consummate mastery. "I have made such enquiries as I could," he said with calm dignity, "and I have not hitherto observed any feverish anxiety to reopen either of the galleries." (Outward cheers, but internal groans and suppressed agony.)

Never was there such a scene of harrowing self-sacrifice. Experienced heads in the Press Gallery drooped forward, tears marred and blotted the records of the verbatim reporters, poor THORNE was left to bear alone the obloquy of surrender. WILLY

REDMOND, his curly, eager head grown greyer and chastened by the terrors of seclusion, made one or two frenzied efforts to get overcrowded pressmen sprinkled along the side galleries, and so give a fictitious air of publicity to the scene. It might conceivably have saved a few distinguished lives, but the SPEAKER and LULU HARCOURT, with stifled sobs, passed him from one to the other till he sank exhausted and gave up all hope.

E. T. R.

"Steps are being taken by the Motor Union to induce education authorities to give children some instruction in the rules and courtesies of the road."—*The Times*.

They might learn to curtsy and say: "Morituri te salutamus."

"WANTED, Young Lady, to represent the 'Loveliest Woman in the World' in High-class Illusion."—*The Stage*.

There should be no difficulty about this.

Another Entente.

GRAVE EUROPEAN CRISIS AVERTED.

"The corsage and the blouse have come to a very satisfactory understanding regarding their respective rôles in this winter's repertoire of dress."—Lady Charlotte in *The Daily Mail*.

From the PRIME MINISTER'S Guildhall speech, as reported in *The Morning Post* (the italics being our very own):

"In the meantime we are taking, as we are bound to take, all the steps which a generous and even intelligent interpretation and administration of the law can suggest to cope with the problem of unemployment."

This is too much. We had not expected this.

Messrs. BELL announce a new work on English combined figure-skating, and add:

"The book will be printed in a form suitable for use on the ice."

With padded and waterproof covers?

THE HAT TRICK AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

For the third successive time (not of asking, Heaven knows, but of spontaneous giving) Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has produced a Thief-play. To do Mr. SUTRO justice he has invented a fairly novel variation on the old-established scheme; and all went well enough till we got to that point in the Third Act where the first "dramatic" episode occurs. Up to then Mr. ALEXANDER, as "The Builder of Bridges," had been interpreting (in admirable style, and with a marked improvement in the manipulation of his smile) the character of a simple, well-mannered gentleman, modest but strong with the quiet assurance of a man who has done big things in fight with the forces of Nature, and learned self-control in the process. Suddenly, through the inconceivable fatuity of a young man who blurts out a secret of extreme delicacy before a whole tea-party, which includes a perfect stranger, he finds himself disillusioned in the matter of his lady's good faith. His only decent course, when matters became clear, was to walk straight out of the room. Instead, he is asked to behave like an intolerable prig, and let the poor broken girl stand shivering there while he delivers a virtuously indignant lecture on the theme of her moral delinquency. Compared with this, the attitude of King Arthur to Guinevere in the nunnery stamps him as the fine gentleman that TENNYSON made him out to be.

Till now Mr. SUTRO had held a possible mirror up to human nature. But here he is tempted to paint upon its surface those insufferable flowers which are the glory of looking-glasses in a Philistine household. One wonders a little that so clever a writer should find it necessary to sacrifice his credit to the supposed exigencies of popular drama. Perhaps he wanted to give the actor-manager a chance. In that case one wonders that so intelligent a player as Mr. ALEXANDER should fail to see how sorry a figure he was cutting as he threw off this tirade against a woman with no one to defend her. And I doubt whether even from a practical point of view the author will find the episode remunerative. For his play, otherwise excellent, never quite recovered from it, and the obvious and perfumery reconciliation at the close made poor amends for this miserable display of ungenerosity in a nature which else-

where had been freely labelled as magnanimous.

I wish Mr. SUTRO would give Miss IRENE VANBRUGH a change of air. But if she must be either a thief, or the sister and accomplice of a thief, she still has no rival for delicacy of craft. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD had his moments, but he is only a self-made embezzler—not born that way. Miss FLORENCE HAYDON, in the part of a dear old thing who "always thought bridges were made by machinery," was, as ever, a pure delight. If she could only have been on the stage all the time, prattling in a corner, I could have been well



Mr. Dawson Milward (Arnold Faringay).
"I'm a thief! I'm a thief!"

Miss Irene Vanbrugh (Dorothy Faringay).
"I shouldn't worry about that. Somebody's got to be a thief in these St. James's plays. I was the first of them, and Miss Mabel Hackney came next, and now it's your turn."

content. Mr. WILLIAM FARREN was very engaging as the head partner of an engineering firm, who was all in favour of perfidy in women, because it set their victims free to go and build bridges for him in outlandish regions. He was as welcome as a roaring gale in a land of mists. By sheer force of naturalness Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS gave great distinction to the unobtrusive character of a head clerk. There was no better performance than his. Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS did creditable, but rather ineffective, work in the most difficult part of all, that of the supplanted lover. Few people play it really satisfactorily in actual life.

I must not forget the great moral purpose of the play. Its name, *The Builder of Bridges*, ought to be changed to *The Blaster of Bucket-shops*. Mr. SUTRO was very severe and insistent in his attacks upon outside brokers. I do hope he hasn't been badly hit by one of these monsters of iniquity. O. S.

CORRECT LIVING AND DYING.

[See certain recent works on Etiquette.]

At a Dinner-Party.

Do not partake of any dishes that are new to you and that you do not quite know how to negotiate. You can simply say, "No, thank you." It would be very *gauche* to ask your neighbours at table or the person opposite, "What am I supposed to do with this?" Or to say to the servant, "Bring me something easier to eat, please."

With regard to pip-fruit at dessert, it will be wisest (more especially for young girls who are looking for an establishment in life) to avoid it altogether, as it is difficult to manage pip-fruit gracefully and pleasantly. Some people, it is true, blow their pips on to the floor or into the middle of the table; but these are persons of assured position, and make their own rules.

Never insert your whole hand into a finger-bowl, or ask for soap.

Weddings.

When a guest at a wedding reception, your behaviour should be cheerful but quiet. It is not *your* show, remember; and the chief mourners—the chief figures—rightly monopolise all the attention.

Introductions.

Always introduce the lower in rank to the higher. If you are not sure which would take precedence, make some little gracious excuse and keep them waiting while you consult *De-brett*. If they are both gone before you have decided, that settles the difficulty. The rule of introducing the single to the married obtains only among women. With men you would proceed in the reverse way, the position of a single man in society being the more distinguished.

Last Illness and Death.

When friends come to see you during your last illness, you will, if able, receive them courteously. It would not be in good taste to reproach them with never having appreciated you, or to imply that their conduct has helped to break down your constitution. It would



Customer. "WHY, I THOUGHT YOU CALLED HIM 'THE COLT'?"

Ostler. "SURE, YER HONOUR, AND THAT'S THE NAME HE'S HAD FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, AND HE STICKS TO IT LIKE A RESPECTABLE BASTE, THE SAME AS YOURSELF!"

also be incorrect to try to "improve the occasion." People do not want to be improved, except in their worldly circumstances.

When all the last illness visits have been paid, you will proceed to die. It is not considered smart to get better and give your friends the shock of seeing you about again.

Funerals.

When attending one of these sad functions, you will, of course, regulate the amount of grief shown by your relationship to the deceased. Signs of extreme grief are considered middle-class, and are only excusable in quite near relatives. If you are a comparatively distant relative or only a friend, it is sufficient to pass a plain white handkerchief (without lace or embroidery) across your face once or twice. At no function, unfortunately, is etiquette so apt to be forgotten or neglected; indeed, it has been said that the only funeral at which one is confident of behaving with absolute correctness is one's own.

A USEFUL LESSON.

THERE WAS ONCE a rather passionate man who put his trust in a new and rather foolish barometer. Passionate men often want to be out in the open air, but never more so than when rain prevents them. So this man upon a certain Saturday morning had an engagement in the country, which, had the weather been fine, he would probably have regarded with indifference. But in the morning, because it looked like rain, he thought he would like to go, and, when it did rain, he set his heart upon going.

He tapped the glass of the barometer, and the finger moved slowly but firmly to "Set Fair." The rain meanwhile rained a little harder than before. Being still credulous, he went and spent an hour in getting his bicycle ready. Then he tapped again, and so at the end of every hour during the day he tapped. As the barometer's opinion of the weather rose to the highest degree, the man's opinion of the barometer

sank to the lowest degree, until finally at three o'clock he left it in disgust and decided that he could not go.

At half-past four, when it was now too late for anything, the rain stopped, the sun shone, and everything was indeed set fair. The passionate man, regarding this late development bitterly, tapped the glass of the barometer once more, and the finger leapt without hesitation to "Stormy." Now that man was not only passionate by nature, but he had also been sorely tried that day. So he took the barometer from its peg upon the wall of his house and cast it forth from the front door, saying: "Go outside, you ignorant fool, and look for yourself."

"The club itself [i.e. the Deal and Walmer Angling Association] has over 400 members, but the committee decided that it would be unwise in face of the heavy sea to continue the competition."—*Daily Mail*.

This shows rather a niggardly spirit. With over 400 members they might well have risked it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE often reproached the woman who turned to the last page of her novel first, in order to see whether they really did get married; and I have told her that she was both spoiling her present enjoyment and, by giving way to her curiosity, laying up a store of troubles for herself in the future; to which she could only reply that her enjoyment was her own affair, and why did all men smoke too much? Well, after reading *The Diva's Ruby* (MACMILLAN) I find myself now in her position; for Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's latest story is the third of a trilogy, being a sequel to *Soprano* and *The Prima Donna*—two books which I was unfortunate enough to miss. So I am wondering whether my enjoyment of them would indeed be spoilt now that I know who married *Cordova*; or whether I should find them as delightful as I found this one. *The Diva's Ruby* is flavoured (I repudiate the metaphor) with a reticent humour which I like, and it deals with millionaires and carnations out of season and quails, which I adore. But chiefly it is a masterpiece of stage management, and a monument to Mr. CRAWFORD's wide knowledge of men and things. All the same I don't think he need have bothered to tell me that, if a ship which is capable of steaming sixteen knots an hour has a current of six knots against her, her speed is only ten knots—even though I reckon myself among the "landsmen" for whose benefit he thought it "as well to explain."

With an ignorance too common in these degenerate times, I had always associated the *laudator temporis acti* with the nonagenarian, the lean and slippered pantaloon, the teller of old wives' tales, or the toothless remembrancer of past delights. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that I discovered Mr. COMYNS CARR assuming this rôle, openly and with malice prepense declaring himself "an impenitent Victorian." In his reminiscences of *Some Eminent Victorians* (DUCKWORTH), he looks down upon the mortals of this puny age, and boldly tells them he has known better men than they. So be it. Mr. CARR's grandfather very likely told him that England in the sixties was no longer what it had been in the days of Waterloo; possibly even in the Stone Age there were folk who lamented the superior culture of the glacial epoch. Is it perhaps a sign of the decadence which Mr. CARR laments that he is himself not quite sure what to call his own book? On the cover it stands as *Some Eminent Victorians*, but the pages are headed "Reminiscences" tout court. For all that, as an additional handful of scattered leaves thrown into that pot-pourri vase of literature and art which is labelled "Personal Recollections of the Great," the book is welcome and entertaining. Mr. CARR has known most people worth knowing, and a good many who were not; he tells much

that is interesting about the former, and mercifully spares us the latter.

Mr. PERCIVAL GIBBON is one of the best living writers of short stories, but his new novel, *Salvator* (BLACKWOOD), is disappointing. I am for the most part not in favour of long books, but *Salvator* for its proving needed many more pages. It was a case really for collaboration. Mr. GIBBON can manage *Charters* and *Pumphrey* well enough, but when it came to *Salvator* himself, the revolutionist who tried to regenerate Mozambique and died in that forlorn effort, he needed the analytical and romantic pen of Mr. CONRAD. As it is, *Salvator* is the indifferent novel of a very clever man. It is dedicated to an industrious fellow-writer, "patient in his stall"; which means—what?



THE NEW FIELD KITCHEN IN ACTION.

Disgusted Tommy. "THERE Y'ARE! JEST AS I WAS ROLLIN' UP FOR MY RIZ DE VEAU À LA POUSSIÈRE."

he hasn't the felicity to be an Englishman.

Though nearly all the folk who tramp
Through BERTRAM ATKEY's *Easy Money*
(GRANT RICHARDS) might be labelled "Scamp,"
I laughed because I found them funny.

I laughed at them no less than at
The plot's ingenious web of jesting,
And then upon me as I sat
There came my moral self protesting.

Being, as doubtless you are, used
To strictly straight and honest dealings,
Ought I, it asked, to be amused
Against my inborn finer feelings?

Pending an answer, let me say,
I found the matter so inviting
That I shall look some other day
For more of Mr. ATKEY's writing.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that at the entrance to each of the Imperial palaces in Germany there is now exhibited a neatly-framed little notice:—

NO INTERVIEWERS.

It is again stated that a most flattering offer from Serbia was made to the KAISER in the event of his resigning his position in Germany.

Herr KINDERLEN-WAECHTER, the German Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who is said to be a nominee of the KAISER, is now being roughly handled by the German Press, which takes particular exception to a yellow waistcoat which he affects. Curiously enough the KAISER's most famous cartoon warned his people of the Yellow Peril.

We cannot say that we agree with those persons who object to the inclusion of the United States among our possible enemies in the calculation of a two-Power standard for our Navy. It is true that everyone over here knows that all Americans love us better than themselves, but in America itself there is a shocking amount of ignorance on this point.

The Daily News has apparently tired already of the campaign against the House of Lords, and is beginning to sneer at the other place. In a note on the effect of bankruptcy on a member of the Upper House, our contemporary winds up:—"While thus disqualified, however, the bankrupt peer is not deprived of his privileges—that is to say, he does not become a commoner, and cannot be elected to the House of Commons."

"Why," asks a correspondent, "is it not allowed to read a newspaper in the House of Commons?" We believe the reason to be that Parliament is proud of its traditions, and one of these is the child-like innocence of our legislators.

"It is astonishing," says a great thinker, "how different persons'

ideas of beauty vary." This is proved, of course, by many of the ladies who enter for Beauty Competitions.

Professional prisoners, we hear, are objecting most strongly to Suffragettes wearing prison costume for demonstration purposes, and thus bringing it into contempt.

"Had you another house up your sleeve?" asked counsel of a female

thought by some authorities to have been a heat-spot due to the recent abnormally warm weather.

It has been proposed in the French Chamber, in the debate on Capital Punishment, that no one committing two murders within a year shall be exempt from the guillotine. This allowance of one free murder *per annum* is considered in homicidal circles not to err on the side of generosity, but no doubt a compromise will be arranged.

Some politicians take the Suffragettes more seriously than others. Mr. BONAR LAW, M.P., for instance, has put his vocal powers into training so as to cope with interruptions from that quarter. Last week he delivered a speech at the Mountain Ash Pavilion, which is leased to the proprietors of a menagerie, and the orator's words were punctuated by the cries of savage beasts.

"Singing in the streets cannot be permitted," declared the Marylebone magistrate. "We cannot allow the streets to be made hideous by people who think they can sing." This humane prohibition might with advantage be carried further.

Over 200 applications for space for "Salome Dances" have, it is said, been received by the managers of the Fun City which is to open later on at Olympia. This idea of refining certain places of entertainment by the introduction of a semi-religious element strikes us as being peculiarly bright and British.



THE END OF THE RECITATION.

"AND I—I AM THAT LITTLE CHAP, CURLY AND BROWN."

witness at Shoreditch County Court last week. Surely the expression should be "under your hat"?

At Aurillac, the other day, a goat which accompanied a peasant into the local bank began nibbling a bond worth £3,000. This has led a correspondent to ask what precautions have been taken to prevent a similar incident happening at the Bank of England.

The large spot which was seen on the face of the sun last week is

According to *The Daily Mirror*, thieves are arming themselves with sharp snippers to cut off the tails of stoles as they hang over ladies' shoulders.

A Victim. LUCILLE, bring hither my twice-tailed stole!

"On the Australians' form in this game they are in for a big defeat at Oxford on Wednesday . . . while Oxford, on their form against Gay's Hospital last Wednesday, will have to improve 50 per cent. to win."—*Sunday Times*. After this, it was the easiest possible thing to say, "I told you so."

THE GENTLE FRAU'S APPEAL.

[A Member of Parliament has been exhibiting a toy model of a German gunboat which has a small slot for the insertion of nickel coins. These toys are being used as collecting-boxes by agents of the German Women's Navy League. It is said that they are handed about in German schools with the request, "Give us your pence, so that we can thrash the English."]

CHILDREN of the Vaterland,
Little budding maily-fisters,
Please to lend a helping hand
To your mothers, aunts and sisters;
Help to give it England hot!
Put your pennings in the slot!

Look at this delightful toy
Built upon a gunboat model,
Suitable for girl or boy!
Just as soon as they can toddle;
Every coin that in you slip
Goes to smash an English ship!

We, the Women's Navy League,
Keen to have our foes in pickle,
In the cause of *Krieg und Sieg*
Beg you, babes, to spare a nickel;
Thrash the Lion and his whelps!
Every little nickel helps.

When you've got to manhood's heigh,
Proved the faith that now you're new in,
You'll be glad you gave your mite
Towards arranging England's ruin;
We can do with small amounts;
Every little nickel counts.

Santa Claus is coming soon;
He will stuff inside your socks his
Gifts, including (what a boon!)
One of our collection-boxes;
Could there be a nicer toy
For a Christian girl or boy?

And, when full of food and mirth,
You have done your day and prayed a
Christmas prayer for Peace on Earth,
Don't forget the Great Armada!
Ere you seek your tiny cot
Slip a trifle in the slot!

O. S.

"When fashion demands slender gracefulness of women who have to break corset laces to make themselves even presentable, isn't it fortunate that science steps in and makes their task easy?"

Liverpool Daily Mercury.

This shows the Superiority of Man, who can break a boot-lace quite easily, without any help from science.

He. Darling, all is over between us.
She. Oh, GEORGE, this is so Abruzzi.

Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS, as reported by *The Globe* :—

"For his own part he had never hesitated to say that he would support a duty on hope if there was the opportunity of doing so."

If we may say so without expense, we hope he won't.

"NOTICE.—It is reported that I. C. H., waggoner for Mr. G. B., set fire to his stack-yard. If anyone can prove me guilty I shall come on them for damages."—*The Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

We like his spirit.

DISCURSIONS.

THE BILL-HUNT.

SCENE—*The Library. Time, 10 A.M. She is reading a newspaper. He, at the writing-table, is going through his correspondence, and has just opened an envelope of a bilious aspect.*

He. Well, I'm dashed!

She. Are you? Why?

He. Here's a bill from ROWLANDS—£2 13s. 4d.

She. Well, what about it? It isn't much.

He. It's quite enough. I simply hate these bills from ROWLANDS. They're always coming in. And I'm sure this one's been paid. I remember the amount.

She (with more interest). Let me have a look at it. (He hands it to her for inspection.) "Repairs to garden roller." We've had nothing done to the roller. I'm inclined to think you're right.

He. Generous being!

She. We're certainly not going to pay twice over.

He (enthusiastically). What a Chancellor of the Exchequer you'd have made. No more National Debt, no more taxes, no more—

She. CHARLES, get up and help me to find the receipted bill. (He gets up.) Now the great question is, where is it?

He. What's the use of asking me? You know you always put the bills away, and you've got some patent system for finding them. You try first, and I'll get on with my letters.

She. What an idea! Do you really think I'm going to hunt for a bill while you amuse yourself with your letters. No, no, you've got to help.

He. But—

She. Not another word. You can begin with your bill-filing box.

He. But I haven't put a bill there for years. It's full of children's books and toys and things.

She. You never can tell. It was meant for bills, and there's no knowing that this particular bill hasn't got stowed away there by mistake. Come on. I'll take the drawers under the book-shelves.

He. But I tell you it's perfect foolishness to look for a bill in the bill-box.

She. CHARLES, I'm disappointed in you. What was that I read about the dignity of labour the other day?

He. You really do talk more nonsense than any other female human being in the world, and that's saying a lot.

She. Not as much as you think it says, CHARLES. Now, then. One, two, three, off! I bet I find it first. (She springs to a drawer, pulls it out, and begins to rummage through it. He proceeds to the bill-box and reluctantly opens it.)

She (half to herself). It might be here. No—these seem to be about five years old. Halloa! What's this? (Reads.) "SURTEES & Co., £48 12s. To one superfine Angola, fancy-lined coat, ditto waistcoat," and so on, and so on. What wicked extravagance! CHARLES, you never told me of this.

He (lamely). It's a tailor's bill.

She. It is.

He. Well, it's been paid, anyhow.

She. That's just it. £48 12s. absolutely wasted on your chest and back and legs; and then you dare to complain—



AD LEONES.

LICENSING BILL. "WELL, NOTHING BUT A MIRACLE CAN SAVE ME NOW!"





Child (herself unmoved). "I DO LIKE YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELF, MOTHER. WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU LAUGH IN A THEATRE FOR YEARS."

He. Oh, do go on with your hunting. How can I concentrate my mind if you chatter so much?

She. Chatter isn't a pretty word, CHARLES. I'm only doing my duty as a wife in pointing out—

He. I don't want any more of your pointing.

(He immerses himself in the bill-box, from which he extracts four tattered picture-books, a broken tambourine, five dolls in various stages of decay, two stuffed monkeys, a brown bear, and a donkey on wheels.)

She. Any luck yet?

He. Not a bit. How are you getting on?

She. So—so. *(Exultantly)* Here it is! No—that's £3 14s. 2d.—but it's one of ROWLANDS'S right enough. I'm on the track. You try another drawer.

(He does so. Gradually a litter of bills and letters and toys and books and pamphlets is spread over the carpet.)

He (desperately). It's no good. I'm going to chuck it.

She. Coward! Get up on the ledge. There's a pile of papers on the top of that bookshelf.

(He mounts, seizes the papers and falls backwards in a cloud of dust across a sofa.)

He (coughing violently). Ow—ow—didn't I tell you—ow—ow—ow—my back's broken—ow—and it's only a packet of your mother's letters after all.

She. Mamma's letters? How curious. I knew I'd put them away somewhere.

He. That comes of being tidy, doesn't it? I'm

choked with dust; my back's in three pieces; I've sprained both ankles; but you've got your mother's letters, and—

She. CHARLES, if you say a word against mamma's letters, you shall have cold mutton for dinner.

He. It's the one thing I dote on. And there's one other thing I simply love, and that's ROWLANDS'S bills. I'm going to write a cheque for this one.

She. You wouldn't dare, after all our trouble.

He. I dare do all that may become a man. *(He writes the cheque to an accompaniment of protests.)* There! I've done it. And now I'm off for a stroll. You do the tidying up, dear. You know I'm no good at that.

(Exit, leaving her speechless amid a wilderness of papers.)

"HILL-WILLIS.—On the 14th Nov., at Herstoncoeur, Little Thurrock, Essex, the wife of Stephen Alexander Hill-Willis, C.E., Assoc.M. Inst.Mech.E., M.R.S.I., &c., Engineer and Surveyor to the Orsett R.D.C., late of the P.W.D., C.I., of a son."—*The Times*.

Self-effacement is all very well in its way, but there is such a thing as false modesty, and we are inclined to think the above a case in point. To a man of reserved nature it must have been indeed painful thus to lift the veil enshrouding his career, and our only regret is that, having once put his hand to the plough, he should so soon have turned back. The fugitive glimpses he affords us of his life and achievements make us crave for more.

THE NEW WESTMINSTER.

The Westminster Gazette, which has lately been enlarged and newly constituted, has recently printed a story recommending the charms of a certain restaurant, without giving the reader any warning that what appeared to be art was as a matter of hard fact advertisement. It is felt that if this kind of thing spreads the paper may come to read somewhat as follows:—

NOTES BY THE WAY.

There are a good many letters on the Education question in *The Times* this morning, and they are all pretty much what might be expected at this stage of the negotiations. The extremists on either side are extremists still, but in between there is a great body of opinion which is ready and eager for an honourable compromise, in which (if we may be forgiven for explaining the obvious) each side would have to make concessions. Has not the time come for that great solvent of difficulties, a good dinner? We venture to recommend this meeting ground (we had almost written meeting ground) and should be very happy to undertake the arrangements. The locale is obvious to anyone who read in our issue of Saturday, the 14th, the story about Amarylhis and the New Payity.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Mr. H. B. IRVING in "THE LYONS MAIL."

As I watched *The Lyons Mail* through my monocle last night I could not help thinking what excellent opportunities it offered to the reviser. Suppose, I thought, that some clever man took it in hand and made it a new and topical thing. In the old play Mr. H. B. IRVING takes the part of the double; in the modern version he might begin as a single gentleman, but by dint of excellent feeding at the New Payity Restaurant, say, where he lunches, dines and sups, he ends, with the assistance of pillows, as a most convincing double gentleman. The new title might be *The Lyons Meal*, and all the scenes would be laid in one or other of the sumptuous rooms of this delightful resort.

REVIEWS.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON.

Mr. SEPTIMIUS BOALE's new work on *The Facades of the Metropolis* brings a tinge of pleasure to the cheeks of the jaded reviewer such as seldom finds its way there. It is both authoritative and attractive, and it needs no special knowledge to

discover its merits. Mr. BOALE's taste and our own coincide almost invariably, and more particularly are we at one with him in his eulogy of the New Payity Restaurant, which we, too, regard as a model of the latter-day architect's skill and adaptability. It rises from the pavement with such courage and address; its walls are so perpendicular; its door is so invitingly placed; its windows are set absolutely where they should be; and the roof completes all—*finis coronat opus*.

SOUFFLÉS.

In Paris they have been eating camel steak. We hear that Mrs. LEO HUNTER, dining last evening at the New Payity, confidently ordered Lyon's chops. What next?

If he who sleeps dines, will not some statistician tell us how heavily one must sleep to compass as good a dinner as the seven-and-six *table d'hôte* at the New Payity? Like Rip Van Winkle, at least. May you live long and broser!

COMPETITION.

This week we offer a prize of two guineas for the best Greek hexameter describing, in the manner of HOMER's catalogue of ships, the courses at a Sunday evening dinner at the New Payity.

Last week's competition was again won by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who should, we think, have a good chance for this also.

THE LATEST NEWS.

An alarm of fire called several engines to the New Payity Restaurant this morning, but it proved to be groundless, having been occasioned by a waiter's misunderstanding of a delighted guest's remarks on the heat of the curry.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

THE WINE AND THE BUSH.

It may not be generally known how the three brass balls, the sign of the pawnbroker, originated; but everyone is acquainted with the meaning of the bush outside a wine-shop. Just as a striped pole signifies that a barber dwells below, so did the bush indicate the vintner. Good wine, however, as the proverb says, needs no bush, and that doubtless explains the absence of a bush over the door of the New Payity.

"GRAFT."

The curious word "Graft," which now crops up so often in American

papers, has yet hardly reached this country, at any rate as a neologism, although the processes which it describes are probably firmly enough established. The derivation is a mystery, nor can we see how it has been drawn from arboriculture, unless as meaning that the wealthy man whose subsidies the grafter takes is the parent stock, and the grafter, or he who receives any secret commission, is the parasitical growth fastened to that stock.

BOOMSTERS AT THEIR REVELS.

GUSHING GENEROSITY.

MISS SALLY WORPLE, the flower-girl who, as Mr. MAX BAMBERGER was driving through Piccadilly Circus the other day in his motor-car, threw a bunch of violets into the vehicle, has received the following soul-shaking letter from the famous pianist:—

"Maridge's Hotel, Mayfair.

DEAREST GIRL,—I was immensely touched by your graceful thought of me the other day and shall remember it with positively abject emotion as long as I live. It gives me great pleasure to learn, on the authority of the news investigator of *The Daily Slopbowl*, that you are the only support of your parents and sixteen small brothers and sisters, and I am convinced that you will grow up into a great, brave, high-minded woman, for you have already given evidence of the possession of altogether exceptional nobility of character. As a humble and altogether inadequate recompense for your generosity, I enclose a cheque for £25 to buy you some suitable gift—preferably a little toque—to remind you how deeply I appreciate your heroic self-sacrifice.

Believe me to remain, dearest girl, ever your faithful friend,

MAX SEBASTIAN BAMBERGER,
Court Pianist to the
Emperor MENELIK of Abyssinia."

Miss WORPLE, who has since been interviewed by our representative, is a handsome young lady of some twenty summers. Asked as to her plans, Miss WORPLE said as soon as she had completed her wardrobe at WEDFERN's she proposed to start on a tour round the world with a special company for the performance of a series of short one-Act heroic plays, based on her own exploits. The National Testimonial organised by *The Daily Slopbowl* had already brought her £3,400 in addition to the sum presented by Mr.



Rural Philosopher. "NAY, THOU MAUNT BE SWEERIN' AT OWD MARE! SHE'S GOTTEN A DEAL MORE SENSE NOR SOME OF UZ WHAT'S BETTER EDDICATED."

BAMBERGER, and she hoped that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would, out of the funds at his disposal, add another £2,000.

It is gratifying to be able to add that Mr. BAMBERGER's splendidly public-spirited act is not to go without due acknowledgment. The eloquent appeal of *The Daily Slop-bowl* to its subscribers has met with a magnificent response, and on enquiry at the offices last night it was ascertained that the special BAMBERGER Reward Fund has reached the impressive aggregate of £7,412. If, as is hoped, the sum subscribed should reach £10,000, it is proposed to devote half to the purchase of a magnificent grand pianoforte, with inlaid panels painted by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE and Herr EMIL FUCHS, and half to a superb 100 h.p. Napravnik Limousine, with decorations by Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, for Madame BAMBERGER.

Meantime the Mansion House Fund started by the LORD MAYOR for the purpose of suitably acknowledging the splendid services of *The Daily Slop-bowl* in calling attention to the noble way in which Mr. BAMBERGER had behaved to the heroic flower-girl is advancing by leaps and bounds. The latest list of subscribers includes the names of Mr. BILGER-GUPPY the

eminent Transatlantic Oil King, Mme. JOSEPHINE ST. HELENA, and all the prodigies who are at present petrifying the metropolis.

A MODERN BAYARD.

A very touching incident recently occurred in Pall Mall. As Signor POLMONI DI PELLE, in company with Madame ELLIE YELBA, was leaving the Carlton Hotel, the Signor struck a match intending to light a cigarette, but as there was rather a high wind at the time the match was blown out. At that moment a sandwich-man who was passing by, realising the situation with a flash of exquisite sympathy, said, "Ere y'are, guv'nor, just get behind my board," and promptly enabled the illustrious baritone to achieve his purpose without further mishap.

The name of this modern Bayard, we now learn, is JONAS SWOGGLE, and he has been the recipient of the following letter from Madame ELLIE YELBA:—

"My very dear Friend,—Your extraordinarily chivalrous behaviour to my husband under exceptionally trying circumstances has touched me to the quick, and I sincerely trust that before long I shall be able to induce some great poet and equally great musician to embody the inci-

dent in a ballad, to which I may be able to render full-throated justice. In the meantime you will, I hope, accept the accompanying cheque for £50 as a token of my regard and in partial recognition of your splendidly heroic act of generosity to a total stranger.

Yours,

With sincere admiration,

ELLIE YELBA-POLMONI DI PELLE."

On calling upon Mr. SWOGGLE at his private residence in Whitechapel yesterday, our representative had a long and interesting interview with this great-hearted gentleman. Mr. SWOGGLE declared that he was never so surprised in his life as when he received Madame ELLIE YELBA's letter, which, he added, had entirely changed the course of his life. He has already been photographed by the camera experts of sixteen daily papers, and received thirty-nine offers of engagements from music-hall managers, as well as an invitation from the manager of *The Times* to write a new *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* for Mr. JOHN MURRAY, in collaboration with Lady GROVE.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Smith—a daughter. Both progressing favourably."—*The Times*.

We should be glad to hear how the little girl is going on.

VOTES FOR ACTRESSES.

MOST-FAVOUR'D-BEAUTY COMPETITION.

[On the principle of the plébiscites started by some of our contemporaries for choosing actresses for engagements.]

This competition has been started at the instance of readers goaded to desperation by the increase of picture post-cards, portraits in illustrated papers, carriage accidents and other industries created by the modern actress. The six most popular comédiennes, as determined by our ballot, will receive an offer to stop acting and retire absolutely from public life, with compensation calculated at fourteen years' purchase. Old-age pensions will in addition be provided for the six walking ladies and operatic choristers selected by our readers.

For the purpose of this competition alone, "musical comedy" will be considered to be drama, and any lady who utters more than one line on the stage, or even joins in a shout of joy or execration, will be held to be an actress within the meaning of the Act.

In connection with this contest will be a Grand Tour scheme for despatching popular favourites who have passed 59 to Central Africa, Further Siberia, and other distant localities for a prolonged period, all those passing through New York being forbidden to announce to the Press that they are receiving record salaries.

Successful actresses will be required to refrain from appearing on Christmas cards, writing face-wash or tooth-powder advertisements, opening bazaars or losing their jewellery.

Meanwhile, candidates' photographs should show the teeth freely, and represent the sitter in a motor-car or swinging in a garden hammock.

It is hoped to follow this competition with others for amateur reciters, aged comedians, etc., and a Marathon Race to Kamschatka for the composers of the plots of musical comedy.

[The following form, to be filled up by Candidates, will be supplied on application.]

To the Editor.

I, the undersigned, beg to submit my name, on the understanding that, if elected, my farewell appearances shall not exceed twenty (20) in number.

Name (1) actual.....
 " (2) for stage purposes.....
 " (3) for other purposes.....
 Age (not necessarily for publica-

tion, but as a guarantee of good faith. Candidates are requested to write clearly)

Married or single (if married, state how many times; if single and engaged, state name and courtesy title, if any, of peer's son in full).....

Full list of complexions and colours of hair—(1) On the stage.....
(2) Off the stage.....

Possible breadth and depth of smile in feet and inches.....

Height from sole of high-heeled stage shoe to tip of tallest feather of Merry Widow Hat. (Note.—Natural height will be reckoned as two-thirds of the above).....

I further promise, if successful, to abstain after my farewell appearances from acting for the rest of my life, and to use my influence to induce my friends to do the same.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME HUNTING PEOPLE.

Tally-ho Lodge, Melton.

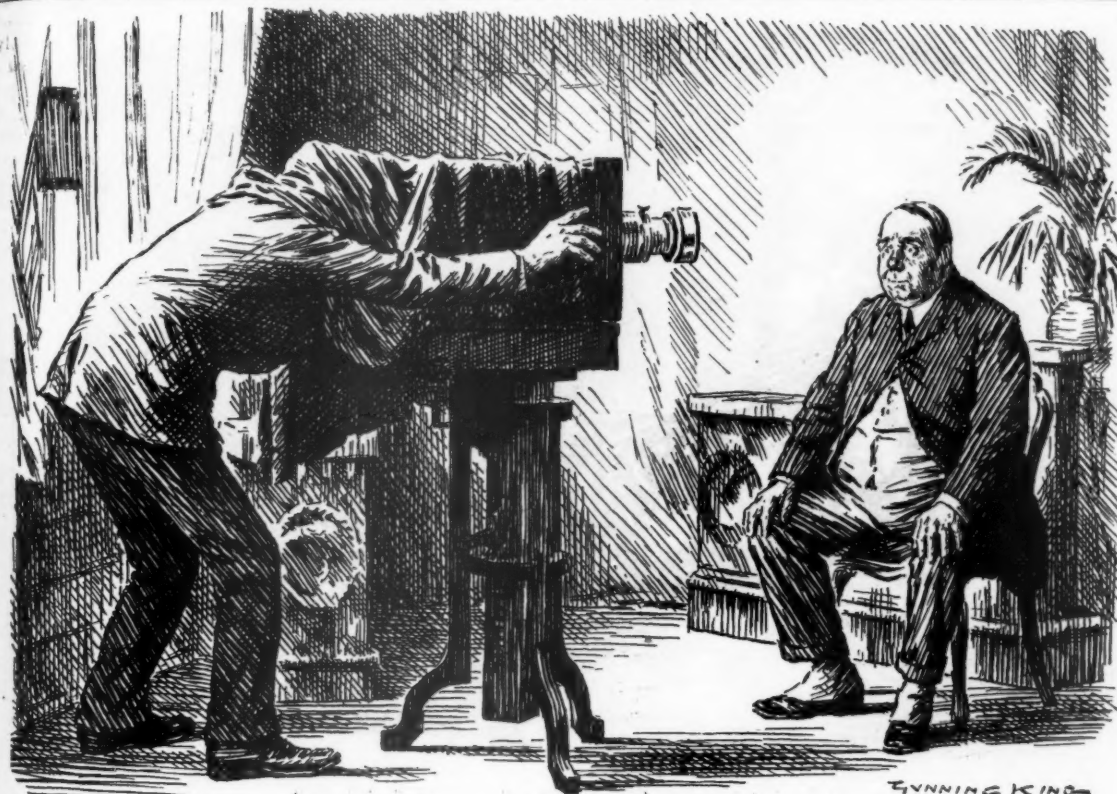
DEAREST DAPHNE,—I stayed at BOB AISLABIE's for the opening of the season with the Hurry-up, of which she's the new "Master." You don't know BOB, do you? She dropped into the big Aislabie estates when she came of age a few years ago, and is quite one of the latest things in women. Talk of "hunting complexions!" BOB's is long past praying for. She couldn't wear a white or light-coloured gown for nuts! Her hair is cropped short, she always rides in the new way, and her voice is like a motor-hooter. You should see her striding about in the morning, in riding boots and a covert coat with a cigar in her face, giving her orders! She'd pass anywhere for a man, only she's too obtrusively masculine. She's a good sort, however, and even her mannishness had its rise in filial virtue: her father was horribly disappointed that she wasn't a boy, so she did her level to be one. I've tried to soften her down a bit, but—"It's no use, BLANCHE," she shouted; "I couldn't be a lace-and-chiffon woman however hard I tried. You can't make a what-d'-you-call-it out of a thingummy. I've a stand-up fight with MITCHELL every evening when she tries to put a coil and some pin-curls on this cropped noddle of mine for dinner. I'm just what I was when father

gave me a pearl necklet on my fourteenth birthday, and I was so horribly disappointed it wasn't a new huntin'-crop that I chucked it out of the window. Poet chaps write a lot of rot about flowery May and leafy June; give me November, when wire's down and the country's stripped for business, a bit of blood to carry me, and hounds throwing their tongues, and I'll ask nothing better of life!"

And d'you know, it's the funniest thing! LORD NINIAN FFOLLYOTT is simply cracked on BOB ("TWEETIE," as he calls her), and has taken Yoicks Cottage for the season. LORD NINNY, who hates exercise and takes care of his complexion and likes needlework better than anything else! (All the cushions and comfies and cosies at his little flat in Pont Street are covered with his own work.)

"I loathe huntin'," he said to me miserably at the meet yesterday; "the gettin' up early and the cold wind, and bein' thrown so often; but, if I'm to see anything of TWEETIE I must hunt for TWEETIE's huntin' all the winter." "Of course she is!" shouted BOB, riding up and flicking him with her crop. "Buck up, sonny! I'll put you in my pocket and you sha'n't come to any harm." "TWEETIE's very cruel to me, BLANCHE," he said; "I propose to her every day, and she only laughs and says she can't be plagued with that rubbish; and I've bought a lovely engagement ring, and she says she hates rings and won't wear it, and she makes me wear it; and I think it's very hard that, though I'm engaged to TWEETIE, TWEETIE's not engaged to me!"

I wonder how they'll get on if they ever do marry. NORTY thinks they'll be all right, because BOB, being an outdoor woman and NINNY an indoors man, they won't see much of each other, and that's the chief thing in marriage. We'd a lovely run yesterday, but after the second fox was accounted for I dropped out, and so did SIDDY DANGLETON, and we rode round by Seven Spires and Mudberry, and had tea at the queerest little wayside inn—great fun! BOB attacked me about it after dinner, when we were smoking. "You lost the best of the day, BLANCHE MULTIMILL," she bawled. "Hounds routed out a nailing good fox from Mudberry Wood, a glorious old fellow who gave us a clinkin' good fifty minutes' run till he tired, and then they banged him about; and rolled him over at Milby. There was plenty of grief. The old Duke of DUNSTABLE got a jolly good



Sitter. "WELL! HAVE I AT LAST GOT THE PLEASANT EXPRESSION YOU DESIRE?"

Operator. "YES, SIR. NOW KEEP QUITE STILL, SIR."

Sitter. "HURRY UP, THEN. IT HURTS MY FACE."

sousing in Milby Brook; and serve him jolly well right! He'd the cheek to give WILSON some advice about the pack this morning. As if WILSON and I don't know what we're about! But about this dropping out when hounds are running, and sneaking off to *tête-à-tête* teas at wayside pubs—there's a lot too much of it, and I tell you straight, you people who do it, you don't deserve to hunt with the Hurry-up, and now I'm Master I'll stop it if I can." "Don't get on your hind-legs about it, Bob," I said. "If we're such bad children you must enlarge the powers of your whipper-in, that's all!" But it's no use bestowing a little *plaisanterie* on Bob. She interrupted me with, "I say, people! Congrats, I believe, after all, I shall get my licence to ride under N.H. rules. And then, hip! hip! for the Grand National!" "Oh, TWEETIE, you cruel girl!" bleated Lord NINNY. "I hope you won't get the rotten old licence. I should have to come to Aintree if you rode in the Grand National, and I should die of fright for fear you got killed!" She

laughed, and called him a silly little thing.

BOB AISLABIE is only one more example of a fault I find with our sex, my dearest. I'm afraid we're a bit *one-idea'd*. (I'm an exception, of course, and so are *you*, and so's any woman one happens to be talking to at the moment.) We ought to remember that we're "not for a day but for all the time," as SHAKESPEARE said of himself. There's your booky woman, who runs all to brains; your emancipated woman, who runs all to votes; and your outdoor woman, who runs all to hands and feet and shout. We ought all to try, as I do, to be *many-sided*—"all things to all men," and all that sort of thing. Look at *me*; I'm not too busy with fun and frocks and frills to have my opinions about the problems of the day, though I've no intention of chaining myself to the Speaker's chair and giving the House the benefit of them. The Unemployed, for instance. I've a splendid scheme for setting them to make a great big road right through England, for *motors* only. Then there need be

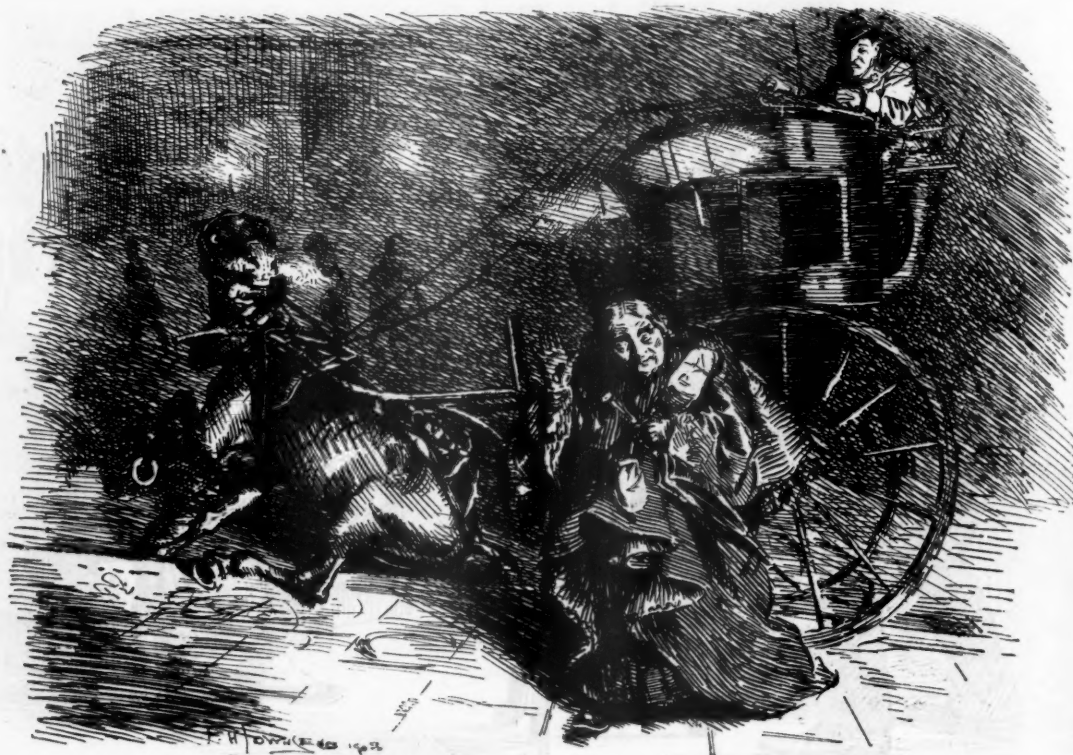
no speed limit; the police could leave off setting traps for motorists, and turn *all* their attention to murders and things; and no people or doggies would get run over. Talking of doggies, those dreadful Socialists, not content with abusing *us*, are attacking our darlings—"pampered pets," as they call them. What do they mean by it? Do they want to take my sweet Pompom out of his little bye-bye basket and put in one of the Unemployed instead?

I've told NORTY (who's hunting with the Lotsmore, but has twice been over for a day with the Hurry-up) that he's quite welcome to use my idea about the Unemployed in Parliament; for I hold that a woman's influence in these matters should be *indirect*. He only laughs. But I daresay he *will* use it.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Our New Mayor is a descendant of the Rev. Henry Venn; he was his grandmother's grandfather."—*The Torquay Directory*.

It doesn't say what relation he was to the blind beggar.



"OH, I DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE YOUR CAB. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF YOUR HORSE."

"WELL, LADY, P'RAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL, AS HE DON'T SEEM TO LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU NEITHER!"

"JOURNALISM AS A FORCE."

(A grateful appreciation.)

'Tis only now, when dank autumnal vapour
Begins to lure the microbe from his lair,
And woods grow leafless, and the linen-draper
Is selling warmer lines in underwear,
That you become, my vespertinal paper,
A power beyond compare.

All summer long, a light and careless rover,
Your lucubrations on the kerb I peck,
I browse among your literary clover
And cast away the sheet a crumpled wreck;
But now the days of thriftlessness are over—
I guard you like a cheque.

The fateful leader on important crises,
The feuilleton that agitates the heart,
The doings of our *Dreadnoughts* on the high seas,
The method of concocting apple-tart:—
In one and all my educated eye sees
The useful ends of Art.

For when the grip of toil at evening loosens,
And homeward I return through rain and mire,
Too oft to find (a most infernal nuisance;
And one that warps the framework of my lyre)—
Where was I? Yes—too oft to find that SUSAN'S
Forgot to pack the fire;

There breathes no inspiration half so tender
(I've tried a pair of bellows all in vain)

As you, my journal, stretched above the fender,
To animate the embers as they wane.

"Hi, boy!" (I think I hear the bell-mouthed vendor
"My *Evening Blast* again!")

ALICE-SIT-ON-THE-FLOOR.

CAN anyone ask whether London is dull or likely to continue so this winter, after reading in a contemporary about the brilliant idea of a lady resident of South London who is well known in the theatrical world? The reply is in the negative, as this transpontine novelty takes the form of a sit-on-the-floor tea. We learn, at first hand, that the most astonishing effect of this curious tea-party was that every man and woman present seemed to be far more bright and willing to talk than usual, while one quiet, shy man was full of jokes and anecdotes. It is, however, not quite without precedent. The Georgian participants in the feasts of reason and flow of soul not infrequently finished the evening under the table. There are differences, of course, in progressive Peckham and up-to-date Tooting. Our later roysterers now enter the room on all-fours, while the ladies bring their own sweeping-machines and dusters with them. The application of these household necessities to the shins and backs of the gentlemen acts as an unfailing conversational gambit, and draws out the most retiring visitor. Unending fun, too, is caused by tripping over a row of toes with tea-cups, varied with a cascade of sally-lunns. The ice, and other things, are broken at once. Altogether, we note a distinct advance on the celebrated entertainment given in *Alice in Wonderland*.



Bernard Partridge.

KIND ENQUIRIES.

SULTAN OF TURKEY (to GERMAN KAISER). "SPEAKING AS ONE CONSTITUTIONALISED MONARCH TO ANOTHER—HOW IS YOUR YOUNG GERMAN PARTY?"



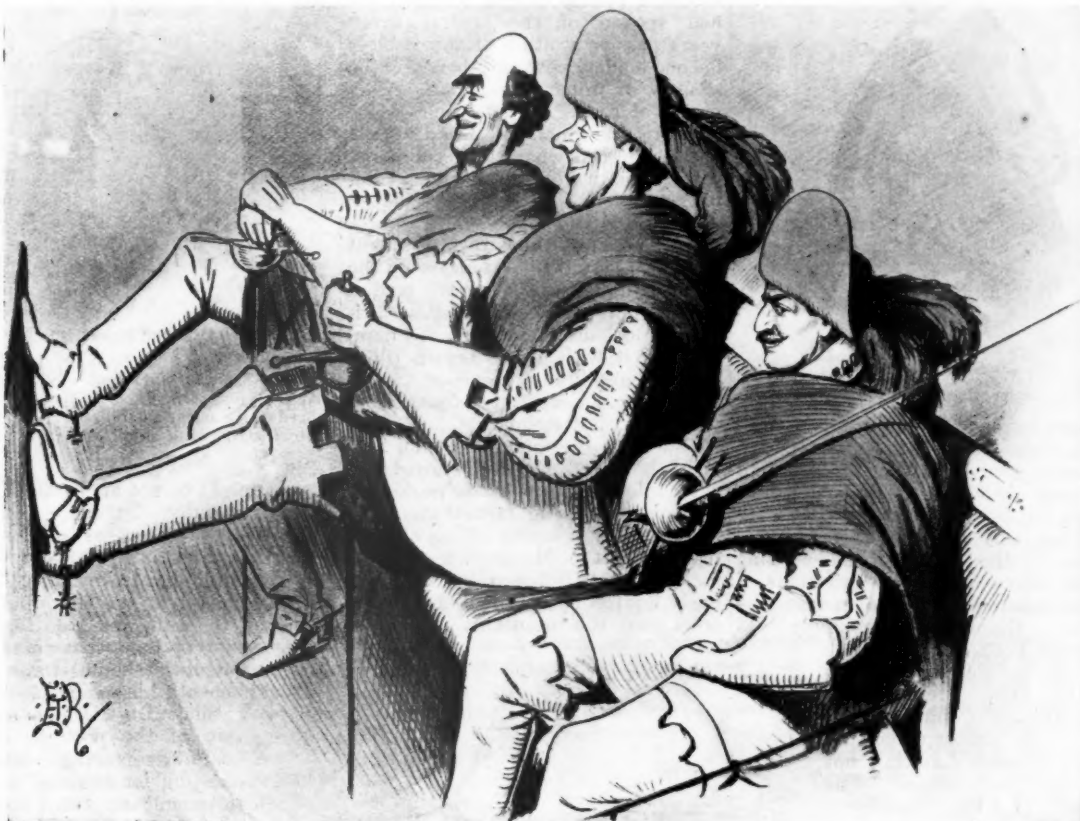
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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM A COLLEAGUE OF TOBY, M.P.



"THE THREE MUSKETEERS;" OR, D'ARTAGNAN AND TWO OF THEM.
(S-m Ev-ns, McK-enna, and H-rt S-m-l.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 17th.—According to the orators who constitute the firing-line of the Opposition when Licensing Bills are around—and, by the way, it is interesting to note how short of sharp-shooters their advanced trenches really are, how quickly the *rota* is worked through, and the same speakers pop up again with the brazen regularity of recurring decimals—LEIF JONES, pallid and convinced, is the master-mind that controls the tactics of the Treasury Bench.

With grey lock pendent on his forehead like a wintry Atlantic roller tumbling in on the shores of some unpronounceable bay in his native Wales, his pale, ascetic face illumined with the joy of seeing all his pet theories and his wildest dreams compacted into a Government Bill, he sits directly be-

hind Ministers, marking each move of the enemy. Every now and then he leans quickly forward to point out some weak spot in the "parallels" of the brewer and the publican, some point where they have over-reached themselves. He lends some colour to the suggestion that he is the veritable MOLTKE who directs, by frequent use of the regal, comprehensive "We," the authoritative "Us." But surely such an assumption does less than justice to the three bold, skilful "Musketeers" below him, cloaked, plumed and booted, on the Treasury Bench, all daring spirits out for blood.

The jaunty McKENNA of the fighting-top and careful curl, the D'Artagnan of the Admiralty, who has looked in to lend a hand—in what moment of weakness can one conceive his deadly thrust directed or restrained by the lifelong advo-

cate of temperance behind him? Never a gauntlet yet was hurled to the ground in his district but blue steel flashed from the scabbard, and quick, responsive stamp of eager heel, clink of spur, and cloak dashed quickly clear of wrist and shoulder of his sword-arm, told of our REGINALD afire and darkness about to be illumined by the showering sparks of steel on steel.

How can one think of SAM (PORTHOS) EVANS, with beetle-brow and shaven chin and Alpine scone agleam, yielding his lightning judgment, staying his lightning wrist-play, thrusting here or there at the bidding of any unscarred thumper of the peaceful tub? Who so blind as not to see the stark impossibility of swarthy, sinewy ARAMIS-SAMUEL, waiting for directions? Why, his steady, searching eagle-eye would be sadly out were it not the first to



SOLIDIFIED ATR.

"Sir, I never wince." (Mr. G-rge Y-ng-r.)

detect an opening for deadly lunge; his blade would be wet with the forensic gore of CAVE or F. E. SMITH seconds ahead of any whispered hint from JONES.

There was a thrilling moment once when in the course of the evening LEIF JONES fancied he saw signs of weakness and emotion across the way. Glancing searchingly at GEORGE YOUNGER, rosy, prosperous, he said delightedly, "The Hon. Member for Ayr Boroughs winced!"

To the uninstructed the thing seemed doubtful, not to say impossible. The glow of the combined health-giving breezes of Ayr, Campbeltown, Inverary, Irvine and Oban seemed to have made YOUNGER proof against any such human frailty.

Up with all speed permissible to nascent *embonpoint* he sprang. "Sir!" said he, "I never wince!"

Plainly our LEIF had misread some fleeting outward vibration of exuberant prosperity, but there is a rooted dislike in all of us to admit mistake, and he contented himself with the mild evasion, "Well, all I can say is that the Hon. Member showed some of those symptoms which the other Hon. Members show when they wince."

This later suggested to ARTHUR BALFOUR that he also saw wincing going on in other and more distinguished quarters (these

things are so infectious); but possibly again the wish was father to the thought.

ARTHUR made great play with a touching phrase of SAM EVANS'. He had spoken of the (extra) seven years passive waiting of the hapless licence-holder, cowering beneath the shadow of impending doom, as "a period of rest."

There was much to be said for the truth of this when one compared this season of immunity from "compensation-levy" and from "charges in respect of monopoly value" with more boisterous times of stress; but it tickled BALFOUR's fancy and he blew with a humour of his own a fascinating bubble of shifting iridescent colours, and kept it there, swelling it with gentle breath till it floated, absolutely gorgeous, about the House. Later, at a touch from MCKENNA, it was gone.

Take it all round ARTHUR enjoyed himself. He had started out with a deliciously pathetic profession of jealousy at the fact that, while the speeches of nearly all his old colleagues in the Ministry responsible for the 1904 Bill had been assiduously hunted up and quoted from, in order that the intentions of its pro-



ONE WHO KNOWS.

Earl Winterton. "The President of the Board of Trade has said in a speech in the country that the greatest intellects in the land were ranged on the side of the Bill."

Mr. Hodge. "Hear, hear!"

(Mr. J-lin H-dge.)

moters might be got at, he alone had been spitefully ignored, omitted maliciously, treated as of no account!

"Yet, after all, Mr. SPEAKER, I was Prime Minister at the time and the author of the Bill, and I do think it is very hard that the Hon. Member should think me beneath his notice!"

Since DU MAURIER's picture of the poor famished host at an evening "crush" pleading for some slight refreshment on the plaintive ground that he was "only the master of the house," no such moving scene has been recorded.

The explanation of this malignant ostracism came later, when it turned out that minute and careful search revealed the fact that, in all the long debates of 1904, ARTHUR had made no single pronouncement, spoken no solitary word on the point under discussion, leaving it with a fine generosity and characteristic self-abnegation to others to commit themselves and give hostages to posterity.

In a burst of picturesque and graphic inspiration towards the close of his speech he "knocked-in" on the canvas, with the dexterity of a FRANZ HALS or a SEYMOUR LUCAS, a glowing picture of ASQUITH and his merry men as



"A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUCCANEER."

(A fragment of Mr. Arthur Balfour's suggestion for a next year's Academy picture.)



M.P.H. (who has lately taken to polo). "BY JOVE, OLD MAN, THIS IS BETTER THAN MISSING A DIRTY LITTLE WHITE BALL, AND SAYING 'D-E,' ISN'T IT?"

"Buccaneers of the Sixteenth Century" laying under contribution some hapless "city in the West Indies."

In point of "bravura," "impasto," "morbidezza," "chiaroscuro," and other Italian noblemen whose names I forget, but who occupy the armoury and form the perpetual body-guard of the art-critic, this would be bad to beat.

For comprehensive range and wild variegation of perplexing topics, no one ever knew anything like Report Stage of the Licensing Bill. Its authors, whoever they may be—the halo flits from brow to brow, from ASQUITH to WHITTAKER, from WHITTAKER elsewhere—seem to have acted on the sound principle enunciated at the music-halls, that

"Every little bit, added to what you've got, Makes just a little bit more!!"

Simple in form, incontrovertible in argument, one has realised at once as it was jerked over the footlights, between the wheezes, by that peripatetic philosopher, R. G. KNOWLES, that here, trippingly stated, was an eternal truth. It will stand the test of minutest examination, and he would be a bold man who would undertake to expose its fallacy.

To the temperance reformer, with

his lifelong antagonists, the brewer and the publican, in the hollow of his legislative hand, the formula was no doubt irresistible; in practice it's a weariness to the flesh. Still, everyone who knows the horrors of the drink trade, even to-day, will wish that when, gathering its clauses and schedules about it, the Bill sweeps presently into the "gas-chamber" of the Lords, the good in it at all events may escape asphyxiation.

E. T. R.

THE YANKEE PERIL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Monday last a newspaper contents bill displayed in large letters these ominous words:—

ENORMOUS AMERICAN
TRADE DEVELOPMENT
NEW ARCHBISHOP.

Is the Government alive to this new menace? Is England's proud title of "Mistress of the Seas" to be wrested from her at last? I trust, Sir, that you will use your influence and impress upon the authorities the necessity of laying down at once two new Archbishops of the Cantuar class as an answer to this undoubted challenge. We are also lamentably weak in ordinary Bishops. Of the thirty-

three Diocesan Bishops of the Worcester class, the majority are of ancient date, and seventeen are classed as Suffragan! Opposed to these, America has some eighty fairly modern Bishops, the oldest dating from 1784. True, we have about ninety first-class Colonial Bishops, who, however, are acting too far from their base to be of any practical value to the Mother Country.

To keep abreast of the Two-Power Standard, at least six Archdeacons should be provided for in next year's programme, though seven would perhaps be better. In Rural Deans (of which we have at present 810, including two temporarily laid-up) we are not satisfactorily strong, but on the subject of Deans I cannot touch in this letter; they would require a chapter to themselves. In the smaller craft, such as Curates, we are well represented, although even here a little more money might well be expended. Above all, we need more Canons. I am no pessimist, but I love my country, and that is why I confidently appeal to you, Mr. Punch, knowing there is nothing you have more at heart than the welfare and glory of the British Aisles. I enclose my card and remain,

Yours, etc.,

THE MAN IN THE PEW.

AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otaakura, of Nagasaki, Student of Automobile Construction, Letters and Life.]

III.

QUICK-HAND MEMENTOES OF AN AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.

The gentleman who presides up the mahogany tree of *Punch* points the finger of a nod to me that I am not to deal so fulsomely with the "automobile" as with the "exhibition" side of the question. While on the tent-pegs of dubiety whether automobile engineering practice, as seen through Japanese *pince-nez* (or folders), would not be more interesting than mere cracklings about men and manners, I must hop the twig of alacrity to fulfil his behests.

If the proper study of man is mankind, one could select few better studios than that laid out at the feet by disgorging one bob at the turnstiles of Olympia the Golden.

Though now rising two years a student of motoring affairs, I had never tumbled how great a percentage of the British population are motorists; yet each second or third stripling who strode the cocoa-nut-shy *tapis* of Addison Road wore a cap designed to defy the utmost vigours of the elements, and an equal number had swathed *tibia* and *fibula* in puttee coloured leggings of wild-boar's hide. I am pleased to remark the modesty of these fellows. Frequently I observed one such who would say to his companion, "That is a jolly fine chassis, old chap." His *ris-à-ris*, appetite for information holding both his sides, would ask *why*, in what respect it excelled others? But instead of erecting his importance on the pinnacle of conceitedness by detailing the points in which the particular chassis was hot stuff, his mentor would yawn, almost with *embarras de sagesse*, and say, "Come along, we must be moving!"

Those gentlemen employed to vend the wares of Autolyceus in the shape of motor-cars are great guns. By the dintings of a few carefully-phrased enquiries I discovered that many of the cars on exhibition had skeletons in their closets. Half-a-dozen young fellows whose conversational oars I plied confided to me, in fact, that

they had each personally been employed recently by another firm, but had felt constrained to resign lucrative and important positions because of the weakness of the old firm's back-axes, or steering-gear, or ignition system, or method of lubrication. Though they told me this tale of latent decrepitude singly and one by one, I summed up my facts, and discovered that at least six of the cars on show had some weakness of constitution. But, happily enough, any one of these chaps would assure me that the car he now had the hardihood to represent excelled no end just in that particular selection

facturer the section in which his car is top-hole, and combining the purchase (and I should be as happy as a jig to come over and bare a hand at the assembly of the parts), he would have a car that never was on land ashore, and I should be able to give myself a dig in one or two ribs and say, "Well done, stout fellow!"

While I was chewing my rags with satisfaction upon this picture and on that, a gentleman whom I have met in the company of my literary god-papa approached me, looking very replete with beans.

He asked me to show him round, and as I had no shame in bringing to the *bon marché* such a blooming and well-groomed bear I proceeded to give him a few pupil-dilations.

We stopped at a stand gaily adorned with the palms of Lebanon and Turkey rugs, and I engaged in wordy counters with the young man *chargé des affaires*.

"Is this a good car?" I asked, thinking to open the bow-window of opportunity for him to do himself a bit of good.

"No, sir; rotten. I may tell you, between our bed-posts, that this car is exhibited here only to accentuate the fine moulding of the forms of others. This car is a shining example of all that is least desirable, least defensible, most *ultra vires*, and infinitely devoid of *locus standi*. And I shall be obliged if you will ambulate rapidly in the direction of Hellantoumni, Griqualand West."

I seek no golden-clothed deference, but I ask my fellow-inhabitants of these green isles, far away from my native place of birth, if this was a proper manner in which to meet a polite interrogatory overture.

I entered protest, and remarked that he was a puppy, a flapper and a sucking-pig who was for long condemned to an exclusively lacteal diet.

"My dear little jitsy-ju-jube," he retorts, "I have nothing further to say to you. I have had here this morning five of your intelligent if hound-pied compatriots, each seeking to bestow on my heaving bosom the bright star of an order for six cars on behalf of the Marquis



"PLEASE MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER TOOTH-BRUSH? THE WHISKERS HAVE COME OUT OF THIS 'UN."

of its vitals where the other car had failed miserably. So much for the benefit of change, as I remarked.

In half-an-hour I had made notes of the names of the eight cars possessing the best (a) back-axle, (b) engine, (c) gears, (d) ignition, (e) lubrication, (f) carburation system, (g) suspension, and (h)—though I am well aware that there is no such note in the gamut of either tonic sol-fa or ancient version—coach-work. Should any subscriber to *Punch* be on the tiptoe of buying a car, wishful in all reasonableness to buy one that will bang Banagher in two shakes, I shall be pleased to let him have the names of these eight cars. By buying from each manu-



THE DEMOCRATIC AGE.

Kind Lady. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"

Little Man. "SOMEFIN' WHAT DON'T WEAR A COLLAR!"

WHATO. Three of them wanted a dollar so that they might send telegrams announcing their selection: one of them had had his pocket picked in the train on the way down here; and one of my men strangled the other before he had got to the 'tapping' point. So you had better run along, my little man, before I risk immolating the point of a comparatively new shoe in an attempt to kick your hip-pocket into your hat-band. *Savvy?*"

By jingo! when my friend explained to me that some low-class countrymen of mine were practising the hide-and-seek of a leg-pulling attempt to maintain false pretences, I was indeed sick in heart.

My friend had the presence of mind to recommend a cordial, which to some places of decimals put me on my feet again; but I can never believe that a Japanese has been guilty of working such a diaphanously thin-warped wheeze as suggested by this car-seller.

I recommended my peregrine's pickle of a trot round the building.

Spotting out on a stand a young chap of some openness of counten-

ance, and determined not to let first impressions of his *genus* steel my pancreas against him, I asked him what number of cars he had sold. He was somewhat of a waggish kidney, it seemed, for he assured me he had that day palmed off no less than eight. I betokened some interest in his wares thereupon, and he asked me—probably because he could see I was a discriminating lynch-pin—if I should care for a Trial Trip. I took him on, and said by all means fair or foul, I should indeed, and no mistake. He gave me his card, and directed me to the outer confinements of the building, where were many greasy young boys tending cars of an irritatingly unanimous grizzliness of painting. I asked one such if he could waft me o'er the ferry of intervening *terra firma* to Shepherd's Bush tuber.

"No," said this young devil's sport, "I blooming cannot. Do you take me for a blooming Sunday-school treat?" he said.

Experientia docet. I had seen the folly of bandying my oratorical shins with such *canaille*, and withdrew, reserving to myself the right, when I

shall feel the spirit mooding me to become the proud possessor of a car, to spot my winner in France or other place where one can traffic without a snub on both cheeks. E. N. D.

"Enfeebled by age, Bishop Lang enters upon his Archbishopal work in the 45th year of his age."

In the chorus of congratulations, it was left to *The Cork Constitution* to strike this jarring note.

"PARIS DAY BY DAY.

SAYINGS OF NAPOLEON.

By Special Wire."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Once more our enterprising contemporary achieves a "scoop."

"Racing was put back fifteen minutes at Warwick this afternoon.

Owing to the late arrival of the Birmingham trains racing was put back fifteen minutes at Warwick to-day. The going was heavy.

Delightfully fine November weather prevailed at Warwick when racing started this afternoon, but owing to a breakdown on the railway several of the special trains were late, and racing had to be put back a bit. The rings were well filled."—*Evening News*.

And so on. Say when you've had enough.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE never read any book by MARY JOHNSTON that missed distinction, and her last, *Lewis Rand* (CONSTABLE) is as good as her best; perhaps even a little better still, by virtue of the firmness of hand which she here shows in the drawing of character. Yet I must harbour a little mild resentment against her for having led my judgment astray. Her title and her earlier chapters gave one to suppose that *Lewis Rand* was going to be a hero. True, he is in a sense a man of heroic build and has a certain greatness of nature, but it is warped by an ambitious egoism that brings him to a wretched end. Meanwhile—a far more regrettable error—one has acquired an unfounded prejudice against a very perfect gentleman, *Ludwell Cary*, chiefly because he happens to be the rival of *Rand* in politics and love, and has the advantage of him in birth, breeding, and natural charm. Miss JOHNSTON might have spared him to survive his enemy, but she has pitilessly chosen to have the courage of her own ideas. Whether the popularity

of her book will suffer or not, she has justified herself as an artist. The part that women play in this romance is not so prominent as it might be. *Unity* is a slight, frivolous thing; and *Jacqueline* a hazy figure, half lost in the shadow thrown by the man she adores through honour and shame. One is jarred at times by a touch of unintended affectation in her speech; but this is forgotten in the tragic and noble reserve of her misery at the close. If a fault has to be found with Miss

JOHNSTON's charming style, it is that she is rather lax in the selection of her details. Botany is her weak point. I counted over three dozen trees and plants in her first chapter. She should try to paint more broadly with fewer strokes of the brush. Yet everyone has his own way of creating atmosphere, and anyhow there are few writers who can be so lavish of their descriptive powers, and yet never cause a moment's sense of tedium.

Memories of SAUL among the prophets flit vaguely across the mind on discovering that the author of *Lyra Frivola and Verses to Order* has written a history. Poets certainly have turned historians before now, and even historians in less serious moments have tried to write poetry; but both, truth to tell, have generally made a sorry mess of the other fellows' business. All the more honour, then, to Mr. A. D. GODLEY that in *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century* (METHUEN) he has given us an excellent history. He apologises in the preface for producing a dull book: would that other authors were able to produce chronicles at once so scholarly and witty! Like good wine in the old catch, Mr. GODLEY makes dull dogs delightful; and there were some very dull dogs indeed in eighteenth-century Oxford. But the least brilliant of academic periods produces its worthies, such as the oarsmen of the green leather caps and nankeen jackets. And their memory is as well

worth preserving as that of GIBBON's bibulous dons, who blush in nebulous regions at an unwilling immortality. By the way, is it because MILTON was a Cambridge man that the old misquotation is again allowed to crop up in these pages—"fresh fields and pastures new"? A poet should have remembered that his Puritan predecessor wrote of woods, not fields.

Mr. EDWARD H. COOPER is well known as a man of two hobbies. Children and thoroughbreds, Newmarket and the nursery, are the twin passions of his life; and I suppose that there is very little about Puss in the (Tattenham) Corner and Kiss in the (Doncaster) Ring which he does not know. The amiable nature which is the secret of this twofold power is abundantly reflected in his new book, *The End of the Journey* (HURST AND BLACKETT), though the children and horses which figure in its pages are merely excellent side-shows. In the circus proper the performers are all grown-ups. The leading lady and gentleman had loved and married—but not each other, since poverty forbade the bans—some years before the actual performance. In the first turn they meet again, accompanied by their several encumbrances in the shape of husband, wife, and children, and then the band begins to play. Mr. COOPER stands in the middle and cracks his whip, the pace gets faster and faster, and the other performers and the spectators hold their breath, wondering how soon their feelings will run away with them and they with each other. But just when the chief actors threaten to get out of hand, the whip cracks again, and a Roman priest thunders after them mounted on a



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.

I.—WILLIAM TELL.

special train, and saves the situation in the nick of time. So that when, hand in hand with their lawful spouses, they bow their thanks for your applause, you feel that none is a penny the worse. And that is much more than can usually be said about books dealing with the difficult question which is the subject of Mr. COOPER's graphic story.

Given two things, it is only human to prefer one; although "Both" is sometimes the best choice. In the present instance, however, when the two things are Mr. J. B. ATKINS' book of essays, *Side Shows* (CHRISTOPHER), and Mr. REGINALD LUCAS' book of essays, or, at any rate, essayist's commentary, *When all the World is Young* (HUMPHREYS), I find a preference for Mr. ATKINS, although I do not elevate that preference to the rank of criticism. Mr. REGINALD LUCAS is too worldly-wise, too man-about-townish for me. His title is also misleading, for one expects the glow of youth and finds instead a cool sententiousness. Mr. ATKINS, on the other hand, takes one into the open air. He is a traveller, an observer of nature; he can sail a boat; he thinks BUTLER's *Analogy* the best holiday book, because by taking it with him on holidays he ensures a rest from reading; he looks upon the visible world as an entertainment, and sets down its praises in honest, enthusiastic prose. In his little companionable book all the world is young.

HINTS ON SHOPPING.

By LADY GRAFT.

We are now at the season of the year when the windows begin to be very alluring and presents are in the air, when, in fact,

"—they shop who never shopped before,
And they who always shopped now shop the more."

As to whether the word "shop" should be permitted to do double duty as a substantive and verb I have not made up my mind. I must ask Mr. ARCHER, of the Simplified Spelling Society, when next I see him in the stalls on a first night; and I want also to tell him that, if he is in want of a Lady Vice-President, surely MAUDIE DARBELL is marked out for the honours by every right. That self-sacrificing clipping of the final *e* is so very much what our dear Scotch WILLIE and ANDY of Skibo are desiring.

But to come to shopping—the season already gives signs of being a very remarkable one. Furs, for example, were never so fashionable or so much written about in the Press. Personally I favour sable; but that, of course, is not within the reach of everyone. You must be either a millionairess or a very influential lady-journalist to get that particular fur. My own set, which is perfectly new, could not be finer, and I have every reason to recommend the wonderful stock, at very reasonable prices, of the Lapland & Hairpuss Co., 999, Regent Street. For those who cannot afford sable there are minks and squirrel, and even the smaller domestic felidae.

It is safe to say that never was a season with a better supply of novelties in dress than the present—a circumstance attributable to the dispersion of the amazing exhibits at Shepherd's Bush; but it has been computed by a statistician, none the less, that if every inch of the White City had been given to *modistes*, to the total exclusion of pictures, Canadian produce, flip-flaps and what not, it would not have been sufficient to contain half the Franco-British models which have been acquired by the millinery trade since the closing of the Exhibition. Be that as it may, London is fortunate in possessing an unprecedented stock of frocks and blouses, and no woman any longer has any excuse for ever wearing the same clothes twice. In this embarrassment of riches the choice is a difficulty; but, if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, I would say that no shop is likely to treat you better than Messrs. B. COMING & Co., of 2403, Oxford Street, whose Salome tea-gowns are the rage of the moment, causing countless young men to lose their heads daily. I have one, and I know.



Tramp. "WILL YER GIVE ME SOMETHIN' TO EAT, MISSUS? I'M THAT THIRSTY I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SLEEP TO-NIGHT!"

And the dear chicks—it is to be a great Christmas for them. Uncontrollable peals of laughter I already seem to hear (with my mind's ear, *Horatio!*) as they unpack one after another of the delightfully droll toys that are now being displayed for them, the happy lucky mites! At Messrs. JOAKES, for example, are the most fascinating mechanical toys, including a Suffragette who waves a banner, with "Votes for Women" on it, with incredible realism; and there are, of course, any number of flying machines and Teddy bears. Merely to see them sets one longing to be young again in the dear old nursery

days. Many will be the anxious appeals outside Messrs. JOAKES'S fascinating window this month, of "Mummy, do let us go in here!" Ah, the modern Mummies—what a wonderful age to be born into, with Messrs. JOAKES stocking every shelf and corner for them, and the papers open to receive unprejudiced advice as to where to shop! This is indeed the millennium.

"Nearly new Sheffield plate tea-service, in velvet-lined box, 35/-, or exchange for gentleman."—*The Lady.*

These sneers, however, do not really advance the Suffragettes' cause.

THE ORDEAL BY DISSOLUTION.

[To the PRIME MINISTER; recalling his declaration at Manchester in regard to the Licensing Bill: "On the result of the fight we have staked our political existence."]

So, Sir, the Peers in their Palace of Leisure,
Which the occasion had painfully pack'd,
Seem, by report, to have taken your measure
(Pardon the phrase) and returned it intact.

You and your honour were staked on the issue;
You were to stand or to fall with your Bill;
Now is the test, and we all of us wish you
Joy of asserting the weight of your will.

See, they have flung you the challenging gauntlet,
Plush on the surface and iron inside;
Here is your chance of redeeming your vauntlet,
Also the option of eating your pride.

Meanwhile, in view of the time and exertion
Spent on the holiday task of your House—
Useless, except that it caused a diversion
Grateful to numbers of pheasants and grouse—

If (and the Radical papers have said it)—
If the conclusion was really fore-known,
Shall I be wrong when I say that the credit
Oughtn't to lie with the Peerage alone?

Then as to Temperance—even a Tory,
Even the worst of us, *even a Peer*,
Doesn't (believe me) instinctively glory
In the excessive consumption of beer.

Some of us wish that the snares might be fewer
Luring to misery, squalid and lean;
Only, we argue, in bleeding the brewer,
See that the blade of your weapon is clean.

But, to recur to the question of daggers
Drawn for the fray, I am anxious to see
Whether the People, the pendulum-waggers,
Stick to their choice in the duel to be.

Here's to your nerve! may it never grow flabby,
Flinching before an inferior host;
Victory or the alternative Abbey!
Surely you cannot go back on your boast!

Yet, it appears, in the Palace of Leisure
Doubts are expressed of your courage and grit;
You were to stand or to fall with your measure;
Surely you cannot be meaning to *sit!* O. S.

According to the *A. B. C. Railway Guide* the 5.5 P.M. Sunday train from Brighton to London runs only on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. This arrangement has been made to meet the scruples of those who object to travelling on the Sabbath.

"Wanted, Cavies, or offers for 50 strawberry plants and telescope."
Fur and Feather.

Voice from the Library window:—"John! As soon as you've given the cavy his bran mash, run down to the strawberry bed. There's a slug on the forty-third plant from the end."

"The Chief Secretary . . . looks forward to the day when the grass lands will be occupied by a race of small agriculturists with mixed farms partly tilled and partly arable."—*The Daily Telegraph.*
Something else besides the farms seems mixed here.

DISCURSIONS.

MRS. BOBRINSKY AGAIN.

My housekeeper, Mrs. BOBRINSKY, has strong views on many subjects, the lift-boy being, as I have said on a previous occasion, one of them. She has no belief in lift-boys as a class, and she considers that the particular boy who works the lift in the mansions in which I occupy a flat is the most incompetent and desperate specimen that ever got stuck half-way to the top-floor. This happened to him the day before yesterday, and Mrs. BOBRINSKY, taking advantage of his discomfiture, did not fail to tell him that she had told him so. The lift-boy, having answered her by one of his most piercing cat-calls, paid no further attention to her compliments.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY has, however, now added to her gallery of aversions the girl who, till yesterday, had helped her in the service of my flat. This girl, I may say, was kept rigorously in the background of the kitchen, and though I was encouraged to assume her existence I was never permitted to set eyes on her. Her departure, therefore, has left no void in me. Up to yesterday she was; to-day she is not. "I sent 'er about 'er business," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY, adding subsequently that ambition (in the direction of becoming a cook) had ruined every prospect of happiness in their relations. I was also asked to mark Mrs. BOBRINSKY's words that the girl would come to no good.

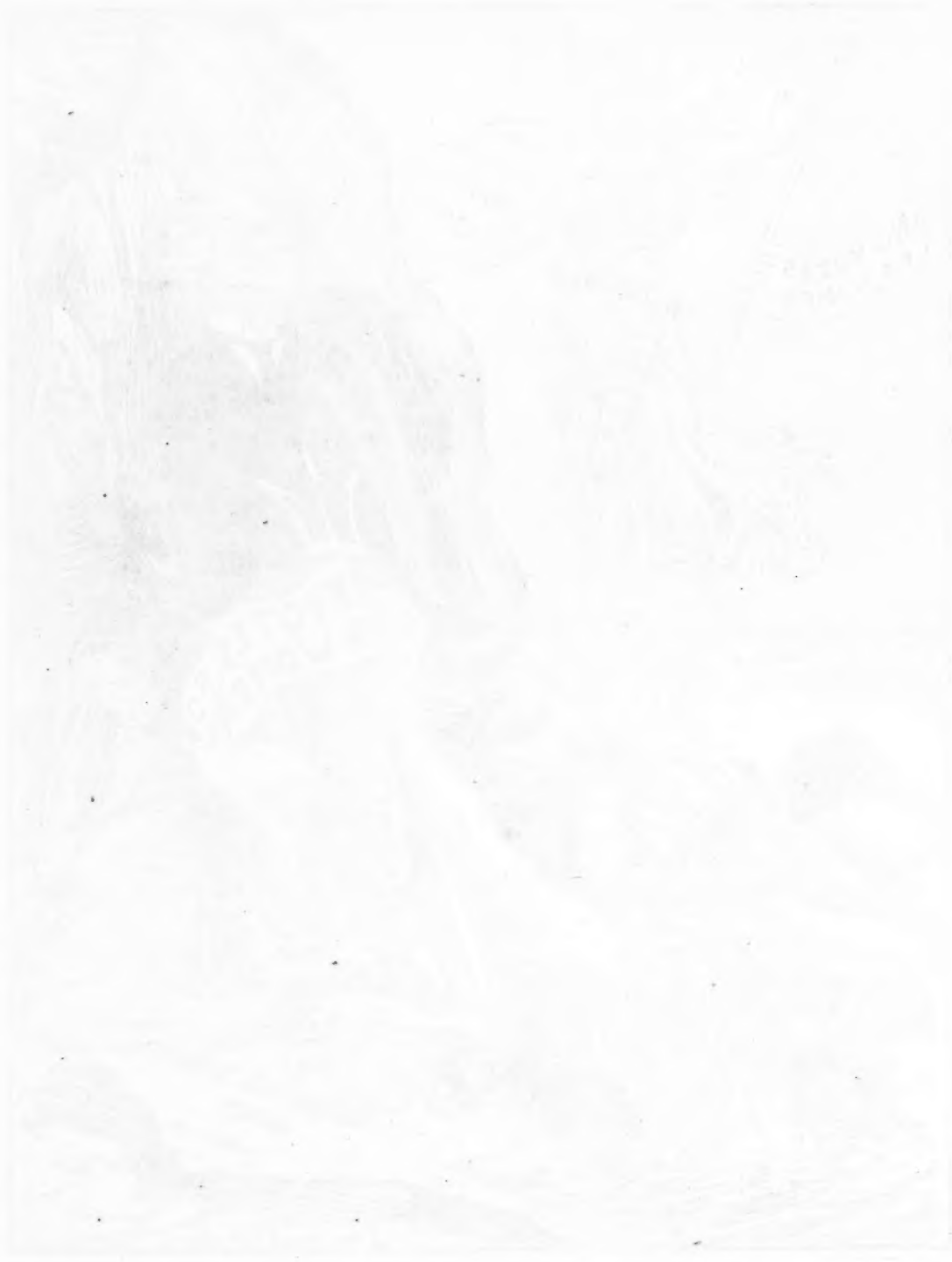
"I never could get 'er to fetch no errands," continued Mrs. BOBRINSKY, "she was that flighty. And she's left the prints of 'er 'ands on the walls and the furniture. It'll be difficult to wash 'em off for fear of the paper and paint. She'd bin a between, 'alf up 'alf down, to a lady at Maiden'ead. It was a funny 'ouse by 'er account of it. The lady 'ad one set o' friends and 'er 'usband 'ad another set, and they both lived in two different 'ouses." "Separated?" I asked. "Well, not exactly what you might call separated," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY, "but not livin' together. This girl got ten shillings a week there, which is a wicked price to pay a girl like that, and now and then the lady give 'er servants presents. The cook got a gold watch and the girl got a silver chain with a medallion. 'Owver it all come to an end, because there was trouble about the rent.

"When the girl come 'ere I could see directly she wasn't one o' my sort. She'd set there dreamin' when she ought to 'ave bin up and workin', and she'd sing bits o' songs to me in the kitchen—things she'd picked up from the barril-orgins, all of 'em very slow and sorrowful. She said she was tryin' to cheer 'erself up. She never was quick on 'er legs except when the postman knocked, and then she was up and at the door in two twos, always expectin' somebody was goin' to write to 'er. No, not love-letters. Letters from the cook or the 'ousemaid in 'er last place. She'd take 'em to bed with 'er and set up 'uggin' them or readin' them like a book. She'd read 'em over and over agin and say if she could 'ave a 'undred letters every day she could die quite 'appy; but she only got four all the time she was 'ere, and that seemed to make 'er mope.

"She reminded me o' my brother's wife, ELLEN—'er that got paralysed and couldn't speak, only say 'Yum, yum,' and move 'er 'ead about. A sad trial she was to my brother. 'E was in a 'ussar regiment before 'e married 'er, and when 'e went to India we used to write to 'im, and we always ended our letters by sayin', 'Love from the Cook.' We was all cooks then, me and my two sisters and my aunt, and we thought 'e'd see the joke. But 'e wasn't one for jokes, and



PERSEA AND ANDROMEDUS.





Archibald (in trousers for the first time—to Rector). "I SAY, WHAT'S THE COLOUR OF YOUR BRACES?"

'e got it fixed in 'is mind that there was a real cook kep' in 'iding for 'im somewhere. And when 'e come back ELLEN was the first cook 'e met, so 'e put two and two together and married 'er.

"'E was very 'andy about the 'ouse, 'avin' bin a soldier, and when ELLEN went all down her right side 'e did all the tidying and cooked for 'isself too. Pore thing, she didn't last long. But my brother 'ad a beautiful memorial card done for 'er by one o' them poets that the undertaker recommended—something about 'er bein' 'lost to view in the clouds above, but I'll remember you and all your love'—I can't rightly recollect it. Still, it was a mercy she was took, because she'd only 'ave bin a misery to 'erself and everybody else."

LOVE, IN AND OUT OF.

THERE are three degrees of intimacy—acquaintance, friendship and love. Thus the Young Man becomes acquainted with the parent, feigns friendship for the son, but really loves the daughter.

I am one of the son class. When love comes in at the door, I go out by the window.

I do not, however, remain outside on the damp, cold grass. I go elsewhere, if only for the satisfaction of causing to other sons that discomfort which I myself suffer.

Proposals may be oral or written. If oral, the voice should be slightly raised and each word clearly enunciated. If written, only one side of the paper must be used, and the name and address of the proposer on no account omitted.

Printed forms of proposal are much used, but almost exclusively by Insurance Companies.

You may be asked during the proceedings to "name the happy day." The day referred to is your wedding day.

Every man should remember that, in the ordinary way, if he has reached 3 P.M. without getting married, he is, by a merciful dispensation of ecclesiastical law, safe for that day at any rate.

Make a point of never rising before lunch and never lunching before 2:30 P.M. and you may escape matrimony altogether.

The best man is so called because he has the worst job. It is for him to kiss the bride, and that without option of a fine.

Even for the looker-on the wedding function is not all beer and skittles. It is more frequently a warmish glass of rather bad champagne.

It is quite right to suppose that Settlements are made at the earliest stage. The name is misleading, for the trouble is only just beginning.

When booking tickets for the honeymoon, the husband may just as well book right through for both. He will not be allowed to get out at the first stop and come home by himself.

Italy on the Dorando-Hayes Race.
Unus homo nobis Dorando restituit rem.

CHARIVARIA.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA's charming book of photographs is published on an entirely new system. The purchasers get all the royalties.

The German KAISER "gave an audience" last week to the new British Ambassador. The report that he "granted him an interview" is incorrect and malicious.

At the instigation of Great Britain and Russia, the SHAH has withdrawn the rescript in which he announced that he would not summon a Parliament. His reported reason for changing his mind is that he thought it would be a pity to set a bad example to Russia.

At a number of churches at Ottawa the services were recently conducted without music because, on account of the water famine, there was no power to supply wind for the organs. It remains to be seen what effect this will have on the religious life of Canada.

An American contemporary refers to Mr. ROCKEFELLER's "greasy smile." The epithet should surely be "oily"?

"There are at the present moment in the House of Commons men sitting there who are in danger of falling and who know they are in danger of falling," said Mr. J. E. ELLIS, M.P., in his address on Drink. Recent by-elections have certainly shown how difficult it is nowadays for Liberals to retain their seats.

The reassuring statement that anyone meeting a party of the lunatics to whose public perambulations the residents of Epsom have taken exception would be unable to distinguish them from the ordinary inhabitants, is causing grave offence in the district.

While a witness was being cross-examined in Mr. Justice DARLING's Court last week, Mr. BOWER, K.C., remarked to him, "Do not try to be funny." It is only right that our judges' prerogatives should be jealously guarded.

The Central News informs us that a Los Angeles man has been granted a divorce from his wife on the remarkable ground that she had got into the habit of bathing the children in gasoline to save time and trouble. This latest development of the "*nettoyage à sec*" process is certainly interesting.

Two men who were fined £3 each at Bournemouth for begging, last week, were found to be in possession of no

less than £7 19s. 0d. We have carefully considered the figures, and have come to the conclusion that it was still worth the men's while.

"Labour omnia vincit," says *The New Age*. This mute protest of the dead language against American spelling is touching.

We note the appearance of *The King's English. Abridged for School Use*. We are sorry that our youth should be officially encouraged in the vicious habit of clipping words.

The Liverpool Evening Echo gave us a list, the other day, of

"STINGUISHED INVALIDS."
Fortunately, in spite of the ominous head line, they all appeared to be doing pretty well.

Included in a number of goods left in the racks of Great Western Railway carriages and sold last week was a skull. It does not speak very well for the vigilance of G.W.R. officials that it should be possible for any one to leave one of their premises minus this important feature without attracting attention.

KING PETER, we are told, is now suffering from a slight impediment in his speech, and does not at present grant interviews. This flattery of imitation puts the German KAISER in an awkward position. An *entente* with Serbia might go far to endanger the well-known unanimity of the Triple Alliance.

The New York Marathon Race between HAYES and DORANDO resulted in a terrible *fiasco*. DORANDO won.

"In the twenty-fifth mile," we read, "some of the spectators hissed DORANDO under the impression that he had prevented one of the American's efforts to pass him by shooting out his right arm." But surely, even if this had happened, it would not have been considered unsportsmanlike in America? Or is it only permissible in the case of Americans, like CARPENTER, whom, by the way, President ROOSEVELT has delighted to honour with a special cup for the race in which he was disqualified by the Committee of the Olympic Games for foul running?

"The trousers were not necessities," said the Judge in dismissing a claim against a minor last week at the Westminster County Court. The cult of Salome progresses.

Great Professions. No. I.

"CARPET REPAIRER: Reparation of lacerated and full of holes vestements."—*The Egyptian Gazette*.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

"In conversation," said somebody (I think it was my grandfather), "there should always be a give and take. The ball must be kept rolling." If he had ever had a niece two years old, I don't think he would have bothered.

"What's that?" said MARGERY, pointing suddenly.

"That," I said, stroking it, "is dear uncle's nose."

"What's that?"

"Take your finger away. Ah, yes, that is dear uncle's eye. The left one."

"Dear uncle's left one," said MARGERY thoughtfully. "What's it doing?"

"Thinking."

"What's 'thinking'?"

"What dear uncle does every afternoon after lunch."

"What's lunch?"

"Eggs, sardines, macaroons—everything."

With a great effort MARGERY resisted the temptation to ask what "everything" was (a difficult question), or what everything was doing (a still more difficult one), and made a statement of her own.

"Santa Claus bring Margie a balloon from Daddy," she announced.

"A balloon! How jolly!" I said with interest. "What sort are you having? One of those semi-detached ones with the gas laid on, or the pink ones with a velvet collar?"

"I own chimney," said MARGERY.

"Oh, that kind. Do you think—I mean, isn't it rather—"

"Tell MARGIE a story about a balloon."

"Bother," I murmured.

"What's 'bother'?"

"'Bother' is what you say when relations ask you to tell them a story about a balloon. It means, 'But for the fact that we both have the MONTMORENCY blood in our veins, I should be compelled to decline your kind invitation, all the stories I know about balloons being stiff 'uns.' It also means, 'Instead of talking about balloons, won't you sing me a little song?'"

"Nope," said MARGERY.

"Bother, she's forgotten her music."

"What did you say, uncle dear; what did you say?"

I sighed and began.

"Once upon a time there was a balloon, a dear little toy balloon, and—and—"

"What's that?" asked MARGERY, making a dab at my chest. "What's that, uncle dear?"

"That," I said, "is a button. More particularly, a red waistcoat button. More particularly still, my top red waistcoat button."

"What's that?" she asked, going down one.

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Punch, 2/12/08.

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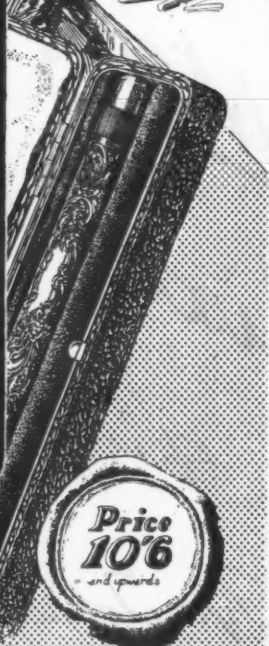
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Includes silver-plated Razor and
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Unique Location, facing Kurhaus. Moderate Tariff. **WIESBADEN**

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Three Star
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For Refined Palates

Second to none for
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of bouquet and
mellowness

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'Never require grinding.'
Made in Sheffield, England
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Black Handles, 8s. each; Ivory Han-
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The latest success is

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4½ per Oz.

An Ideal Pipe Tobacco

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Prepared by Picard Frères,
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A TOILET POWDER
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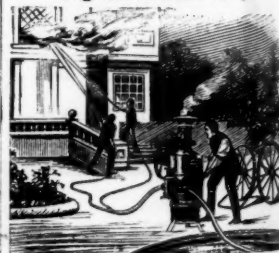
Blanche, Maturôle, Rose, Sachet, 1s. per box.

MISS VANE FEATHERSTONE says
"I have already sampled the white for my
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Light Portable "Valiant" Steam Fire
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"Valiant" as a Fire Engine.
An Engineer writes: "The 'Valiant' has done
excellent service in three large fires recently, and
has also been used as a Pumping Engine, in which
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Weight only 6½ cwt. Write for Pamphlet 2081.
63, Long Acre, W.C., London.



Dealer. "E'S AS CLEVER AS A WAGGON LOAD O' MONKEYS, AND AS FOR JUMPIN', WITH A LIGHT WEIGHT LIKE YOU, I BELIEVE 'E'D 'OP OVER THAT"—(pointing to obstacle composed of railway sleepers and barbed wire)—"BEFORE YE KNEW WHERE YE WERE."

Patron. "YES, I DESSAY HE WOULD."

[Postpones purchase indefinitely.]

"That is a button. *Description:* second red waistcoat—*Parents living:* both—*Infectious diseases:* scarlet fever slightly once."

"What's that?"

"That's a—ah, yes, a button. The third. A good little chap, but not so chubby as his brothers. He couldn't go down to Margate with them last year, and so, of course—Well, as I was saying, there was once a balloon, and —"

"What's tha—a—at?" said MARGERY, bending forward suddenly and kissing it.

"Look here, you've jolly well got to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with the next question. As a matter of fact, though you won't believe me, that again is a button."

"What's that?" asked MARGERY, digging at the fifth button.

"Owing to extreme pressure on space," I began. "Thank you. That also is a button. Its responsibility is greater than that of its brethren. The crash may come at any moment. Luckily it has booked its passage to the — Where was I? Oh yes—well, this balloon —"

"What's that?" said MARGERY, pointing to the last one.

"I must have written notice of that question. I can't tell you offhand."

"What's that, uncle dear?"

"Well, I don't know, MARGIE. It looks something like a collar stud, only

somehow you wouldn't expect to find a collar stud there. Of course it *may* have slipped . . . Or could it be one of those red beads, do you think? . . . N-no, it isn't a bead . . . And it isn't a raspberry; because this is the wrong week for raspberries. Of course it might be a — By Jove, I've got it! It's a button!"

I gave the sort of war-whoop with which one announces these discoveries, and MARGERY whooped too.

"A button!" she cried. "A dear little button!" She thought for a moment. "What's a button?"

This was ridiculous.

"You don't mean to say," I reproached her, "that I've got to tell you now what a button is. *That*," I added severely, pointing to the top of my waistcoat, "is a button."

"What's that?" said MARGERY, pointing to the next one.

I looked at her in horror. Then I began to talk very quickly.

"There was once a balloon," I said rapidly, "a dear little boy balloon—I mean toy balloon, and this balloon was a jolly little balloon just two minutes old, and he wasn't always asking silly questions, and when he fell down and exploded himself they used to wring him out and say, 'Come come now, be a brave little balloon about it,' and so —"

"What's that?" asked MARGERY, pointing to the top button.

There was only one way out of it. I began to sing a carol in a very shrill voice. All the artist rose in MARGERY.

"Don't sing," she said hurriedly; "MARGIE sing. What shall MARGIE sing, uncle?"

Before I could suggest anything she was off. It was a scandalous song. She began by announcing that she wanted to be among the boys, and (anticipating my startled protests) assured me that it was no good kicking up a noise, because it was no fun going out when there weren't any boys about, you were so lonely-onely-onely . . .

Here the tune became undecided; and, a chance word recalling another context to her mind, she drifted suddenly into a hymn, and sang it with the same religious fervour as she had sung the other, her fair head flung back and her hazel eyes gazing into Heaven. . .

I listened carefully. This was a bit I didn't recognise. . . The tune wavered for a moment . . . and out of it these words emerged triumphant—

"Talk of me to the boys you meet,
Remember me kindly to Regent Street,
And give them my love in the —"

"What's that, uncle?"

"That," I said, stroking it, "is dear uncle's nose."

"What's —"

By the way, would you like it all over again? No? Oh, very well. A. A. M.

MANY MORE INVENTIONS.

ENGLAND STILL IN THE VAN.

THE remarkable account which recently appeared in *The Times* of Mr. Edison's new projects and ideas has led some unthinking and unpatriotic persons to suppose that inventive genius is the monopoly of America. Mr. *Punch* is therefore unfeignedly glad to inform his readers, as the result of careful inquiries in various quarters, that the Old Country is not merely holding her own, but evincing a marked superiority over all competitors in the enlargement of the domains of applied science.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, as we learned on inquiry at the University of Birmingham, is actively engaged on a series of elaborate experiments with a view to perfecting his new self-interviewing machine. The great objection to the employment of the ordinary interviewer—talented and stimulating though he often is—is that he only succeeds in eliciting from his subject those views which represent his normal consciousness. The peculiar feature of Sir OLIVER's machine, which may roughly be described as a radioactive planchette operated by a small gas-engine, is that it enables the self-interviewer to reveal in automatic script the workings of the subliminal consciousness. The results already achieved by the inventor have been most encouraging, and 'bid fair to supply enterprising editors with "copy" of a character and quality entirely transcending anything which has yet appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*. Without going into details we may content ourselves with stating that Sir OLIVER LODGE has discovered that his own personality is quite exceptionally multiple in its composition, including, amongst others, (1) an archbishop of high Anglican tendencies, (2) an acrobat with a speciality for performance on the wireless trapèze, (3) a Mexican cow-puncher with an extraordinary command of picturesque expletives, (4) a professional singer with a voice of abnormal profundity, (5) a Welsh rabbit with strong views on the subject of disestablishment.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has been obliged to abandon all correspondence with the Press owing to the demands made on his leisure by his epoch-making experiments in hat-architecture. Realising that the gigantic headgear adopted by women of fashion has come to stay, Mr. ASHTON has concentrated his energies on devising a hat which shall combine the useful with the ornamental. Taking for his model the American "skyscraper," Mr. ASHTON has patented a hat which with a circumference of ten feet supports a superstructure of ten storeys, each of which forms a small apartment suitable for

accommodating provisions, pet animals, small children or musical instruments. The framework being of aluminium, it is possible to unite strength and lightness to an extraordinary degree, and by modelling the outlines now on those of a cinerary urn, now on those of a Tower of Silence or a Burmese Mortuary Pagoda, the patentee reconciles the claims of beauty with the demands of common sense. In conclusion Mr. ASHTON maintains that his invention has triumphantly solved the *matinée* problem, since as it would be absolutely impossible for ladies to wear his hats indoors, their universal adoption will render the removal of feminine headgear in the theatre compulsory.

Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., after several failures, has at last succeeded in overcoming the difficulties in the way of carrying out his plan of a motor painting-machine, which enables an artist, using the wheels of his car as a brush, to decorate the landscape with suitable designs. The tyres of the wheels are composed of compressed camel's hair; an ingenious apparatus makes it possible for the artist to squirt varying colours on to their surface as he goes along; while finally an auto-levitator enables him to surmount all obstacles, and travel across country, painting everything in his course. Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER has already completed a gigantic group of portraits covering an area of twenty square miles in Bavaria, and is conducting negotiations with the United States Government with a view to decorating the whole of the Yellowstone Park with cartoons representing historic incidents in the growth of the great Republic.

LORD ROSSLYN, by no means discouraged by his recent bout with Sir HIRAM GORKI—we should say, MAXIM—has just completed a new system which is calculated not only to beat the Bank but to beat Banagher too. So deadly are its workings that it is understood on the Riviera that M. BLANC has given an order for a wrought steel zareba on the very latest pattern with which to surround the Casino in the hope of keeping his Lordship out. Meanwhile his Lordship is said to be on the point of visiting Le Mans to arrange with Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT for some aerial means of approaching the Casino and entering with his conquering system by the roof.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM meanwhile has not been idle. Turning for the moment from lethal weapons, he has been bending his mighty brain upon the more pressing needs of peace—or, at any rate, of domestic politics. Among his recent inventions are the "Anti-Thorne Shutter" for bakers, being an easily fixed and impregnable shield against the attentions of any party of unem-

ployed or Graysonites who may call on the harmless purveyors of daily bread. Sir HIRAM has also perfected a new Suffragette chain, warranted unbreakable and proof against the file, which will keep a Suffragette in her place against railing or grille for ever if she likes. To this the name "The Zangwill" has been given, but a strong party is in favour of calling it "The Suffraghetto."

THE ARTICULATE APE.

A *Punch* representative, who is a student of the new monkey language which Professor RICHARD L. GARNER claims to have interpreted in the course of a long residence in the French Congo, was recently received at the monkey-house of the Zoo.

"Sam, the Guinea baboon," he writes, "sat pensively at the edge of the cage playing Patience with pieces of straw when I entered the monkey-house with a copy of Professor GARNER's newly-compiled dictionary of Monkeyish in one hand and a bag of nuts in the other.

"Sam paused in the playing with his straws, and stuck one in the corner of his mouth, like a racing tout. My idea was to try him with simple words first, so with a 'Khi-ii' I threw a monkey-nut at him. 'Khi-ii,' according to Professor GARNER, means 'Look out,' and Sam easily grasped my meaning. As the monkey-nut hit him on the nose he bounded out of reach. An excellent beginning.

"Then, because an adventurous green Macaque dropped from a swinging rope with a soft thud on Sam's head, the baboon fetched him a smack with his open palm, bared his teeth, and started to talk in undoubted Monkeyish.

"He said quite a lot in a long chitter-chatter that was as noisy as a burglar's rattle. It was chiefly idiom, with the strong provincial accent of New Guinea, and therefore difficult to follow. But I distinctly heard Sam mutter 'Qhui,' which in their phonetic language, according to Professor GARNER, means, 'Well, wait there a moment, I want to get at you.'

"A-ou-hou!" screamed the green Macaque, followed by a phrase which a hasty glance at the dictionary told me was equivalent to 'Chase me, blue-face!'

"The chief fault in Professor GARNER's dictionary is that it contains no handy conversational phrases in the manner of OLLENDORFF. It would have been pleasant, for in-



THE PROSE OF SUPERSTITION.

Venerable Invalid. "YES, MISS, I 'AD SICH A BOOTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT. I DREAMT AS 'OW MY OLE MAN 'AD COME BACK, AND WAS SITTING BESIDE ME, AND TOOK MY 'AND, AND STROKE AND STROKE IT. NOW, MISS, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY THAT BETOKE? I SHOULD TAKE IT AS A SIGN OF RAIN!"

stance, to have asked the Congo blue-moustached monkey, the one with the face like a carved Japanese idol, who was dangling from a rope and fondling his pale yellow whiskers with his disengaged hand, 'Good day, Sir. Have you the monkey-nut of your father's cousin?'

"It would have been nice to say to the Mona monkey—him with the pink nose and the white chest-protector—'No, but my brother has the blue feathers of the gardener's wife's hat.'

"The best opening that Professor GARNER provides is 'Our'h' (pronounced as if someone had just punched you in a vital part), meaning, 'Hello, there, my friend, where are you?'

"So I stood opposite the Amber Baboon—William, I think his name is—as he sat like a philosopher doing arithmetical sums on his fingers and toes, raised my hat and remarked, 'Our'h,' with a friendly nod. The effect was instantaneous.

"William bounded a yard into the air, went round thrice on a revolving wheel, tore down a festoon of little

sleeping monkeys, and finally came at me hand-over-foot down the wire netting. Something seemed to have upset him. A bar of hairy steel shot out at me and snatched my precious dictionary from my hand.

"It was plain that William was not a nice-tempered monkey. He sat on his hunkers and said things which were not in the dictionary. I transcribed in shorthand as follows: 'A-gr-r-r-wow-yah-bah-PHUT!!' His language would have shocked Professor GARNER. Then he ate my dictionary.

"After that I lost heart. Jamrach's Mangabey, whom I approached with a cordial 'En-uh,' which means 'Here I am, old fellow,' declined to be drawn into conversation, and sat like a little grey old man with mournful eyes as if he pitied me.

"The Mozambique monkey rolled up his eyes when I ventured on 'Chu-h,' which means 'Permit me to offer you a nut. Eh, what? what?' and a brown thing whose face was like a smudged three-colour-process print shrugged its

shoulders and spread out its palms as who should say, 'I do not follow you.'

"It may be that my accent was wrong, or it may be that the monkeys, through long absence, have forgotten their own language. But, frankly, it was a disappointing day, and next time I shall simply go and make a noise like a monkey-nut."

"There was a pathetic scene at the Cornhusker training table after the game last night. Coach Cole accompanied his pupils to supper and after the meal was finished gave them a little talk. With tears streaming down his cheeks and with all the players crying, he told them what he expected to do with the team this year, and how he had banked on capturing the Missouri valley championship."—*The Omaha Daily Bee.*

Of course, when the Americans play each other, one American side has to lose, and then these pathetic scenes occur.

"Devon Albion 5 pints, Falmouth nothing."
—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

Think of it—not even a small sherbet for the Falmouth team. Our sympathies go out to them.



Keeper (to Friend of the Family). "If you do see a fox, Sir, mind you shoot 'UN, AN' THEN JUST HOLLER OUT 'ARRINGTON! WOUNDED BIRD!' AN' I'LL BE BOUND AN' BURY 'UN UP WI' LEAVES AFORE ANYONE'S ANY THE WISER!"

LIGHTER MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

In connection with the recent discovery of a genuine comic song in twelve verses, words, music, and patter, by RICHARD WAGNER, we are assured that such manuscripts are by no means rare. The following advertisement of a well-known firm of Vocal Publishers is expected to appear shortly in *The Era*:-

Look! Look! NIGHT AND SHOOTER'S
Topicalities again on Top!

Season 1908-9.

N. S. & Co.'s special list of Classic
Comics. All safe Panto Winners.
All the Latest Discoveries.

No. 1. Principal Boys should not fail to
secure—

"In the Moon-Moonlight."

Words and music by FELIX BEETHOVEN.
Never before published.
A sure hit everywhere.

No. 2. A splendid screamer—

**"Something's Gone Wrong with
my Band Parts."**

Written and composed by MOZART, sen.
This Positive Cert should be secured at
once.

No. 3. Comedians wire to-day for—

"Variations on the 'Op.'"
(With dance.)

One of BRAHMS's Brightest.
Chorus whistled after first hearing!

No. 4. Special for Serio-Comics!

We want you to hear—

"Sitting on the Counterpoint."

SPOHR's Sparklet. Goes with a bang.
Any amount of encore verses.

No. 5. For Serios, the catch of the season
will be

"Too Loud at Forte."

BACH at his best.

SEBASTIAN has Got There this time.

Nothing like it since *My Old Dutch*.

Panto Rights of above on application.
Others to follow. Send for detailed
Catalogue.

We can make you a success!

"Moore's 'Song of the Shirt' is as true to-
day as when it was written—in France at all
events."—*The Sunday Chronicle*.

That may be; but HOOD's "Song of
the Shirt" is nearer still to the
truth.

TOLD BY A LITTLE BIRD.

[Military photographs are being taken by
cameras attached to carrier pigeons.]

A NEW device for photographing
fortifications has been discovered. You
coat the underside of sparrows with
sensitive gelatine. These are afterwards
enlarged (the photographs, not the
sparrows).

Trained carriers with phonographs
attached will be despatched to the next
German military manoeuvres. This will
save the awkwardness of interviews.

White ducks will be issued to the
Navy next summer.

"R.H.A." will in future stand for
Royal Hawk Artillery.

The Legion of Frontiersmen is examin-
ing into the value of rabbits for
collecting information in war-time.

Meantime gulls are being freely
employed for the acquisition of fresh
news about the engagement of the
Duke of ABRUZZI.

"A first edition of Homer, 1488, realised
the sum of £250 at Messrs. Hodgson and Co.'s
rooms yesterday."—*Daily Mail*.

It seems that HOMER was later than we
thought. It is known that he sometimes
nodded, so he may have overslept him-
self.



LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DELAYED.

MASTER RUNCIMAN. "SO GLAD THEY 'VE JOINED HANDS; MAKES IT MUCH MORE COMFY FOR ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 23rd.—BOSS once more in the imminent deadly breach, waving the red flag of danger. With military instinct entrenched himself on the Cross Benches. Can thus keep an eye on either section of the allied forces of officialdom. Never since LOCHIEL received his warning has there been so impressive an utterance.

Locherewe, Locherewe, beware of the day
When the Germans shall meet thee in
battle array.

No mincing matters with BOSS. "No offence meant," he said, "and I hope none will be taken." All the same was not blind to fact that in the northern ports of Germany there are moored all the year round ships capable of transporting 200,000 soldiers. Whither are they bound? Evidently not meant for cruising in summer seas. With State railways converging on the ports; with the telegraphs under control, the Press muzzled, 150,000 men might steal aboard, and, before you could say BOB HALDANE! they would be disembarked on British shores.

And what force would they find awaiting them? BOSS, a regular Calculating Boy when put to it, worked out a residuum of 40,000 citizen soldiers left to stop the triumphant march of 150,000 of what he described as a matchless Army. He demanded a million trained soldiers, always at home, an invincible cordon within whose outstretched arms the nation might sleep o' nights, none daring to make it afraid.

Business done.—On motion of BOSS, V.C., House declared opinion that the



Falconer Balfour. "Bravely done, good bird! My trusty 'Lansdowne' tiercel never fails me!"

defence of these Islands necessitates immediate attention of His Majesty's Government in direction of establishment and maintenance of effective army.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Some sensation created during Question hour by excited entrance of JACK PEASE. Members noticed that the Whip was made up in what was, considering brevity of time for preparation, striking presentation of Lord ROSSE, "a nobleman of Scotland" centuries before SINCLAIR became Secretary of State. Making his way to Treasury Bench, he edged himself in between PREMIER and the statesman whom in post-prandial exuberance a noble lord insisted upon addressing as GEORGE LLOYD.

Leaning towards ASQUITH, J. P. hoarsely whispered:

I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Asquith Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause?

Jack Pease Rosse. Let not your ears
despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the
heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

A. M. Humph! I guess at it.
J. P. R. Your autumn session's smashed;
your bonny babe
Savagely slaughtered.

Asquith (getting a little tired of this sort of thing and dropping into prose). In other words you mean that the Opposition Peers, meeting to-day at Lansdowne House, have resolved to throw out the Licensing Bill on the second reading.



THE PATRIOTIC "DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT."

Earls R-b-erts and W-m-as beat up for the defence of the country against invasion.



ROUGH ON STRACHEY.

Mr. Stanier. To ask the hon. member for South Somerset, as representing the President of the Board of Agriculture, if there are any animals now on their way from Pennsylvania to Great Britain, and, if so, will they be watched and destroyed?—Extract from "Questions," Nov. 23.

J. P. R. My lord, you've hit it on the nob.

"Humph!" repeated ASQUITH, pursing his lips, shrugging his shoulders, and tightening the fold of his arms across his chest. "What's the next business in our programme?"

J. P. R. (naturally indisposed after the trouble of his make-up to talk as if he were in the Lobby). May it please my lord, the Education Bill.

Asquith. Very well, we'll get along with that.

After this, appropriately enough as showing that Scotland stands where it did, House took up consideration of the Scotch Education Bill. GULLAND moved amendment designed to substitute title "Scottish" Education Department for "Scotch." Pledged his authority as Member of Edinburgh Dialectical Society that the word "Scotch" is here out of place. In the Edinburgh Directory there are 123 Scottish societies, only three Scotch. In Glasgow the proportion is almost precisely the same.

Scotch Members—or is it Scottish?—moved uneasily in their places. Are dying for a fight with somebody; eager to show their independence of Government authority, especially on matter of detail that would not involve Ministerial crisis. Happily LORD ADVOCATE on Treasury Bench; saved situation by adroit turn.

"Suppose," he said, "the Hon. Member, feeling athirst after this discussion, were

to go to the bar off the Inner Lobby and ask for 'Four of Scottish,' would he get what he wanted?"

That settled the matter. The Scottish—I mean the Scotch—are above all things a nation amenable to reason. Not only was Report stage of Bill forthwith passed, but the third reading was by permission taken.

House of Lords, Friday. —YOUNG WEMYSS seated at the Table with hand to ear is not really trying to catch the words falling from the lips of the noble lord on his legs. He is dwelling with satisfaction on the prospect of the long arm of Justice presently reaching a Government who, the other night, resisted a resolution jointly composed by BOSS and himself insisting on the creation of an Army capable of meeting the enemy in the gate. A fair-minded man, with a soul above Party politics, he admits that the present Government is not alone in its guilt. A little more than three years ago, PRINCE ARTHUR being then Premier, backed by a host in Lords and Commons, he had submitted a resolution identical in spirit with that moved on Monday by BOSS. What happened? At instance of LANSLOWNE, then Leader of House, it was unanimously adopted. What followed in way of practical result? Why, nothing.

Still the late Government had politely accepted what the present one rudely refused. And now they were about to be hammered out on the anvil of their

principal measure, for which the Commons had made the great sacrifice of an Autumn Session.

Anyhow YOUNG WEMYSS had done his duty, had stood manfully by the side of comrade BOSS, reinforcing his Resolution with a detachment of his own passed in July 1905. The friendship between these veteran warriors is touching.

Many-medalled BOSS sometimes affects to envy YOUNG WEMYSS one of his medals. It is certainly unique, not only in its history, but, when we remember War Office custom in these matters, by the promptness of its distribution. It was won at Waterloo. YOUNG WEMYSS was galloping in the charge on the EMPEROR'S Old Guard that turned the tide of battle. On his right rode "HICKEY" DOREEN of the Fifth. Halfway in the deadly course a cannon ball literally doubled DOREEN up. At the same moment YOUNG WEMYSS felt a blow on one of his right ribs which he took for a spent ball.

Returning to his quarters after BONAPARTE had fled, he found, sticking in his tunic under his right elbow, the rim driven in so far that it touched his flesh, a half-crown piece. When the cannon ball struck "HICKEY," it sent the coin spinning out of his pocket, with the remarkable result recorded. To this day, visitors at Elcho Castle, Perth, are shown the coin reposing on a velvet cushion under a glass case.

But that is another story. To be precise, it is one of SARK'S.

Business done.—Licensing Bill thrown out on Second Reading by 272 votes against 96.



THE GENTLE O'BRIEN OF 1908.

What a transformation since the volcanic days of old!!



THE ARROGANCE OF WEALTH.

Lady Golfer (with great assurance). "MINE'S THE TWO-SHILLING BALL!"

THE CAPERCAILZIE.

THOUGH meriting the Muse's smiles,
I fear that mid the odes directed
To fowls that use our British Isles
The capercaillie's been neglected;
Faute, then, *de micux*, perhaps this flow
Of gentle tribute will not be *de trop*?
Mid tracts of barren Scottish hill,
Where pines against the heath look murky,
The capercaillie roams at will
In size much like a Christmas turkey;
Although there may be times when you
Will fancy him at least as big as two.
For haply, when the beaters stir
The roedeer through the firs and larches,
You'll hear a terrifying whirr,
And down the gloomy forest arches
The capercaillie hurtles on,
And, ere you've braced your nerves, again is gone!
Now, had you shot him in the head,
There's just a chance you might have
dropped him;
A quarter of a pound of lead
Elsewhere, I know, would scarce have
stopped him.
He'll often go away and thrive
On half a shooting party's "number five."
And even when you get the bird
He never wins the gourmet's favour,

And London dealers, so I've heard,
Ascribe to him a curious flavour
Suggestive of a chunk of wood,
Which spoils him as a marketable food.

Yet has he merits after all,
For, stuffed and safe from shots and shoutings,
He'll dominate your London hall,
And hint at pleasant Northern outings
Whene'er you see his haughty face
Glare from the glazed recesses of his case.

The Journalistic Touch.

Result of Mr. Punch's Great Competition:

First Prize:

"These alas, were depleted—nearly decimated in fact—as out of 200 choristers only about 70 responded."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

Honourably Mentioned:

"A railway servants' concert in Huddersfield without Mr. William Riley as a soloist would, if it had not occurred once, be an unique circumstance."—*Huddersfield Chronicle*.

"Of the two well-known hymns 'Lead, kindly Light,' and 'Crossing the Bar,' Wesley, in the preface to his own hymn-book, said: 'Here is no doggerel; no blotches: nothing put in to patch up the rhyme.'"—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

In the next issue look out for COWPER's comments on KIPLING's "Recessional."

"Reports of the murder of King Peter were spread throughout the monarchy yesterday, but a telegram from Belgrade says that nothing unusual has occurred."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

This looks as though the reports might be true.

JOTTINGS OF A SMALL HOLDER.

APRIL.

OPERATIONS commenced on the first of this month. I am not superstitious, but wish I had put the inaugural occasion off to the first of any other month instead. Have at once received cause for disappointment, not to say chagrin. The Agent from whom I purchased the place in the first spasm of Land Hunger, assured me it was light loam. It turns out to be heavy clay. Perhaps not quite so much will be said in future about the swindling of countrymen who come up to Town.

Have had hard work this month, the labour being quite strange to me. Have stocked the Holding with three cows, some pigs, a horse, a dog, some fowls, &c., but it all appears as strange to them as to me, and we seem to pass a lot of time staring at each other, as if we don't know where we are. I suppose we shall settle down in time. At any rate, I must remember that I am a Pioneer.

I understand that a revenue of £600 per acre can be obtained by the French Intensive system of cultivation, and I have purchased the chassis and cloches necessary for one acre of land. Old-fashioned inhabitants of the district are much amused at this branch of my undertaking, but "he laughs best who laughs last." The profits from this acre alone will more than cover the expenses of the entire Holding.

MAY.

Have been much impeded in my operations this month, the weather not being ideal. It should have rained in April, but remained dry. The land is now saturated with daily downpours of rain, and great clods of clay stick to the soles of my boots,

making progress about the land difficult. I must take to wearing heavy boots, although I detest them: light ones, though covered by goloshes, are unsuitable.

A man named MILLER from the village offered to milk the cows for me, but I declined, desiring, as a true Pioneer, to carry out all the work myself. My success with the cows has been small, however, as I find they have an inexplicable antipathy to me, and make the task quite a dangerous one. I think I shall take on MILLER, after all.

I understand that the French Intensive system of cultivation is already being discussed seriously in the village. I am indeed a Pioneer, and, as I have before written, "he laughs best who

laughs last." I have just read of a case where an acre of hitherto unproductive land has returned no less than £800 in one season worked on this remarkable system. On this basis, I already see my Small Holding grown to a proud Estate of many acres, with noble mansion, hunting and fishing; and myself a J.P. of the county.

JUNE.

I lost my horse this month. A big thunder-storm at night did some serious damage to the stable roof. I found poor old Tom next morning standing in about three or four inches of water, and I don't



"I SAY, GRAN'PA, HOW D'YOU KNOW JUST HOW FAR UP TO WASH YOUR FACE?"

suppose he had had a wink of sleep. Pneumonia, complicated by acute rheumatism, ensued, and although I procured the best veterinary aid obtainable, he grew gradually worse, and at length succumbed. This is a sad blow to my enterprise. MILLER's father, who is the oldest inhabitant of the village, came up just after poor Thomas's death, and was much affected. He said he and Thomas had been playmates together as youngsters, and his eyes were dewy with tears as he contemplated the dead body of his old companion. I think, however, that MILLER Senior must be mistaken in this matter, as the man who sold the horse to me gave Thomas's age as eight years only.

MILLER gets plenty of milk from the cows, but unfortunately I have been unsuccessful in obtaining a market for it, and have been obliged to ask the Cottage Hospital to accept the surplus—which is the bulk. However, I hardly think it fair of them to make me deliver it, and have more than once been on the brink of pointing this out to them.

JULY.

A craze has set in throughout this district for the French Intensive method of cultivation, and quite a number of cloches have disappeared from my Holding. I did not doubt that my example would be followed in course of time, but all this enthusiasm will certainly have the effect of ruining me morally or materially, for I must either lose what I have spent on the cloches, or re-steal these articles where I can find them.

Have had to turn to hay-making. Had friends down to assist in this health-giving labour. I saved nothing by this plan, however, as entertaining these friends has come a good deal more expensive than hiring hands. However, we have had a rather good time this month. Pioneering can be deadly dull, unless you bring a few friends along now and again.

I hope there is nothing the matter with the pigs. They don't seem over well. It will indeed be disappointing if anything is wrong, as they are just getting ripe for turning into pork and bacon.

AUGUST.

The pigs have got me into trouble with the authorities, and it appears I am liable to various fines. I am only just beginning to learn how absurd are some of the laws on the statute books. All the pigs have been destroyed, and I am spoken of with opprobrium because they contracted swine fever! What kind of fever do these people imagine to be the right one for pigs? I cannot help being sarcastic. I am beginning to lose patience all round.

I am glad to say that two acres which I cleared, ploughed and sowed with an enormous amount of toil show signs of coming forward. Green shoots are to be seen everywhere. They *should* be potatoes. I hope they are potatoes.

A disaster has happened to my hayrick. It has taken fire, and not a wisp of it has been saved. It appears that unless stacked in the proper manner combustion may generate in the heart of a hayrick until it spontaneously breaks



JORROCKS IN 1908.

("Mr. Jorrocks counts twenty."—*Handley Cross*, Chap. II.)

The Hero (eyeing the thrusters). "COUNT TWENTY INDEED, THE NASTY, STIFFLECHASIN' BEGGARS! THE ONLY NUMBER THEY CARE ABOUT IS NUMBER VUN!"

out into flame. Never again shall my Town friends do my haymaking.

SEPTEMBER.

A new enemy has appeared this month in the shape of foxes. My fowls have been decimated, and MILLER says it is the work of foxes. But what I cannot comprehend is how the foxes succeeded in forcing the padlocks. MILLER, dilating on the cunning of foxes, says that they have been known to be capable of feats that would be marvellous even for human beings. This may be true, but it would not be so marvellous for a human being to pick a lock.

Did some rabbit shooting this month, but the creatures in this part seem to be specially trained to avoid guns. I thought I had killed a fine one—a hare, perhaps—but it turned out to be my neighbour's dog. I quietly buried it; and my neighbour made a tremendous hullabaloo all over the place. I have kept discreetly quiet. And now, without any proof, or, for that matter, without any expressed suspicion, he has deliberately shot my dog, and I am obliged to keep quiet about that too.

The potatoes have come up, and turn

out to be mangels. I felt there was something vague about the arrangement when I purchased the seed.

OCTOBER.

The milk has given out, and I have decided to give up cows. I have received a proposition from the Cottage Hospital which I regard as somewhat one-sided. They ask for a substantial monetary subscription in lieu of the milk.

MILLER also is looking to me for something to take the place of his milking job: he says he took it on to accommodate me, and lost other employment of a lucrative nature in consequence. This is hardly credible, seeing that during the first month he would lean over my fence watching me at work all day, doing nothing himself. He has further stated that the law in the country parts, under some Wild Birds and Gamekeepers Act, is that if you employ a man for the summer months you must continue to employ him during the winter. I don't believe this, but suppose I cannot escape the responsibility implied.

NOVEMBER.

Have balanced up my books this month, and have produced a Profit and Loss account. It shows a net profit of no less than £1,243 14s. 7d. This, however, includes the sum of £1,500 left to me by an uncle in the month of June.

Have decided to winter in Town.

The Pessimists.

"The store of heat in the sun could not last for ever. It would give out in time. The sun would gradually cool, and with the extinction of the sun all life on the earth became impossible. (Applause.)"—*The Failsaworth Co-operative Messenger*.

"Appleyard, the ex-Newcastle-Oldham pivot, who in his wanderings has graduated back to his birthplace, appeared for Grimsby."—*Newcastle Journal*.

"Going home by degrees," as a less inspired paper would have put it.

"The branch dissembled at 11.20 p.m., the opinion being generally expressed that all had spent a most profitable evening."—*The Clerk*.
How well we know that sort of dissembling.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT has been challenged, on this page and elsewhere, to write a modern novel, and now, in *Halfway House* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), he has picked up the glove. We all wanted to know what *Mercutio* would look like off the boards, and here we have him in homespun tweeds. Well, let it be said at once that he retains a considerable air of distinction, but it must be added that the artificial atmosphere of the costume-play still hangs about him. Some of the minor characters, it is true, smack of reality—a pleasant Rector, his not so pleasant wife, and, most of all, the young man *Duplessis*, who exercises a sinister mesmerism over the very plastic and susceptible heroine. But neither she herself, nor her husband, seems to correspond to any recognisable type. A little minx of a governess, commonplace and provincial, we meet her first at a parish treat catching prisoners in the game of "Oranges and Lemons." "It is the strife of love in a dream . . . for what cuddling girl but mimics there the transports she is to know one day?" (How Hewlettian a touch!) After a course of innocent spooning (I can think of no other word sufficiently banal) with just any youth who happens to be handy, she marries, for no particular reason on either side, an elderly gentleman of ponderous habit and rich estate, and at once develops, as to the manner born, into the assured châtelaine of a great country house. With equal suddenness she becomes enamoured of Nature and the Open Road, and throws in her lot with an amateur Romany, itinerant in a caravan. The influence of Mr. THOMAS HARDY is traceable here, just as the literary style, at first and before the author grew weary of his task and pushed the pace, shows evidence of the influence of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH. The book has much charm, especially when it brings us in touch with the delightful methods of the gentleman-gipsy; but it would scarce have served to make the reputation which Mr. HEWLETT has long ago won in the field of archaic romance.

In 69, Birnam Road (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. PETT RIDGE tells the story of a simple suburban circle. It embraces *Ella* and *Fred Hartley* (who is known at the office as "Pants-the-Heart"), their ménage, their relations, their friends; but one need hardly say that there is much more in the manner than in the matter. Mr. PETT RIDGE has two ways of relating occurrences, and either way you feel that they really are occurrences. He reports the actual words (for the majority of his occurrences are conversations); or he presents them obliquely with a scarcely discernible commentary, as when, the baby being more than seriously ill, "a curate called and left word with *Florrie* that it was all ordered for the best." "Left word" is Mr. PETT RIDGE's comment, and its brief presentment of the curate's business-like smugness is typical. The family gets on. *Fred*, indeed, develops from a state in which *Ella*, late a school teacher, scarcely allows him to speak in company for fear of howlers, to one in which she is at a loss for a word meaning gentleman to describe him. I am not quite sure whether this change could actually be wrought

in the time which the author allows it. But the process and the effect are very pleasant.

Approaching the task of depicting the story of *NADIR SHAH*, the Turkoman soldier of fortune who, mounting the throne of Persia as recently as the eighteenth century, almost rivalled the conquering marches of KING CYRUS, Sir MORTIMER DURAND halts between two opinions. Shall he treat the subject in the ordinary form of biography, or shall he write a romance, with the ruthless soldier for hero? He chooses the latter, more difficult, way, and has admirably succeeded. In *Nadir Shah* (CONSTABLE), whilst presenting a full, informing account of the marvellous campaign that at one time promised to throne the Persian on the Bosphorus, he permits himself, unfettered by the shackles of historic fact, to introduce a love episode. Furthermore, there are sketches of Persian scenes and characters which, out of place in a historical record, lend charm to the pages of romance. One finds in *NADIR SHAH* a prototype of NAPOLEON, who was born a few years after the Turkoman's tumultuous career was closed by the assassin's dagger. There was the same military capacity, the same painstaking preparation, the same swiftness and concentration when at the appointed moment the blow fell. In personal character there was the same imperiousness, the same thorough selfishness, the same relentless cruelty where private or public ends were to be served. It does not form a pleasant chapter in "the proper study of mankind." But it is fascinating.

EXPLODED REPUTATIONS. - II.
ORPHEUS.

It must, I think, be rather nice to be Mr. EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR; not, however, because he has written *Glentyre* (BLACKWOOD), but because, having done so, his

power of self-appreciation, and perhaps also the applause of his friends, were such as to persuade him that the general public would derive six-shillings' worth of entertainment from its perusal. How splendid to have friends like that! Did they actually laugh, one wonders, at the crocodile mistaken for a prehistoric monster, or at the habit, common, apparently, to all the author's personages, of tumbling down upon the very slightest provocation? Enviously, and with the best will in the world, I must confess my inability to follow them. Indeed, to speak by the book (a sufficiently weighty fashion in this instance!) the attempt to make a Scots *Cranford* of the village chronicles of *Glentyre* seems to have been doomed to failure from the outset. Honestly, Mr. SELLAR has not quite the touch for this kind of thing; and though, to do him justice, here and there traces of a genuinely comic idea are discernible—the old lady who has been told that she "understands gentlemen" is a case in point—his humour may be compared to a very small Scotch diluted with such a prodigious quantity of flat wordiness that the result was bound to be insipid. Still, it is always dangerous to dogmatise upon humour, and possibly amongst the impressionable folk north of the Tweed even the funniments of *Glentyre* may earn their tribute.

"But no cause has ever yet advanced by noise; sound argument wins the day."—*The Globe*.

How these political writers love to contradict themselves.

CHARIVARIA.

KENSINGTON, according to the birth-rate figures just published, is suffering from a serious dearth of babies. It has been suggested that, in order to attract the little mites, posters shall be issued drawing attention to the collection of QUEEN VICTORIA'S dolls which are on permanent exhibition at Kensington Palace.

Realising how keenly the public would be disappointed in the event of no Italian-American match taking place, Lieutenant CASANO, an aide-de-camp to the Duke of the ABRUZZI, has, we are informed, now become engaged to Miss LELAND, of Boston, U.S.A.

One has heard a good deal recently about male millinery in connection with ritualistic churches, but the following passage from a description of a wedding which appears in the pages of *Truth* would seem to show that laymen are now entering into rivalry with the clergy: "The elders were in blue satin Directoire gowns, with sashes of violet satin and broad-brimmed violet satin hats with bunches of violets for trimming."

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT
FLIES
INTO A TEMPER.

says a contemporary. These aeronauts are always having accidents.

On the 30th ult., with criminal thoughtlessness, several of our well-informed newspapers drew attention to the fact that we had had no fogs in November. The result, which might have been foreseen, was to put the weather on its mettle, and we had a beauty on December 2nd.

A vulgar old gentleman, on being asked last week to contribute to the

funds of the Feline Defence League's Home at Islington, replied that he did not approve of the Suffragettes.

The steward who was bitten by a Suffragette at Cubitt Town when he put his hand over her mouth is recovering, and it is thought that the Suffragette will not have to be shot.

In the course of a case at the Westminster County Court it was mentioned that at Drury Lane scene-shifters sometimes earn as much as £4 a week. The stage as a profession evidently offers better prospects than one had imagined.

"Reliable motor-cars may now be bought for under £200," says a con-

temporary, "and they have thus been brought within the reach of all." But what we want are motor-cars that we can get out of the reach of.

Next year, we are told, the Government will give us some Poor Laws. To those who think that any laws, however poor, are better than no laws, this should be good news.

The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD has been threatening to organise Passive Resistance among Income Tax payers until the House of Lords is abolished. The rumour that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is enchanted with his friend's idea is unconfirmed.

Meanwhile the House of Lords' scheme for reforming itself has been unfolded. It is proposed to reduce its membership by about one-third. This certainly narrows the scope of the dispute between the two Chambers, reducing it to a matter of figures. But it is still doubtful whether a Government amendment disposing of the remaining two-thirds will be a compromise acceptable to the Upper House.

From Votes for Women:—

"SUFFRAGETTE leaving Holloway Prison on the 28th inst. desires post as SECRETARY, or would undertake typewriting at home."

We suspect that this lady's ideal would be to combine both alternatives by taking the post of Home Secretary.



Knight Errant. "Ho! Varlet! Hast seen aught of a dragon in this forest?"
Woodman. "There was one here last week, Sir Knight, but my son Simon slew it with a hay-fork."

"There is no woman in the world who, when she starts out shopping, is capable of spending so much money as the American woman," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*. May we, as the husband of an English woman, protest against these thoughtless words as being calculated to promote foolish emulation?

"ALL THESE HATS REDUCED," says the notice in a *chapelier's* window, and mere men are left wondering what their size was originally.

THE SMOKER'S FRIEND.

(A Recent Correspondence.)

1.

MEMO. FROM MESSRS. ROBINSON,
CIGAR SHIPPERS.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have been very anxious at not having heard from you for nearly a year. We trust that you are in good health and that no illness or bereavement has kept you from writing to us. As you know, it is our one ambition to satisfy you in the matter of cigars, and your long silence on this subject has naturally made us apprehensive. Until we hear from you, however, we shall refuse to believe that the last lot you had from us were fatal.

Write to us frankly on the subject. How did you like the cigars we sent you last Christmas? Were they brown enough? Did they smoke to a finish strongly? Our third shipper, who went to Havana especially to select this lot for you, writes us that in this respect they were fit for an Ambassador or (we may add) an Actor Manager. What is it, then, that you are keeping back from us? Perhaps you could not light them? If this was the case you should have written to us before, and we would either have sent you others of a more porous quality or forwarded you our special gimlet, with which you could have brought about the necessary draught. Lay bare your heart to us about these cigars. Do you mind the green spots?

A connoisseur like yourself will of course understand that, though we guarantee that all the cigars sent out by us can be smoked, yet the quality of the cigar must necessarily vary with the price. This being so, perhaps you would care to try a slightly higher-priced cigar this time. We have referred to our books and we see that last year we had the pleasure of sending you a box of our famous *Flor di Cabajo* at 8s. 6d. the hundred. A nicer-coloured cigar is the *Blanco Capello* at 9s. 6d.; but we are hoping this Christmas that you will see your way to giving our celebrated *Pompadoros*, at £5 the hundred, a trial. They have all the features of the *Cabajo* which you approved, together with a breadth and charm of flavour of their own. May we send you a box of these?

Our other special lines are:—

The *I am Coming*—a spirited young cigar at 7s. 6d. the hundred, of which we enclose a sample.

The *Mañana*—prompt and impressive—10s. the hundred. (NOTE.—This cigar has a band.)

The *There and Back*—a good steady cigar. Only 10s. 6d. Never comes undone.

However, we are quite sure that none of these will appeal to such a fastidious palate as yours must be now, and that we may confidently rely on your order for a box of *Pompadoros*.

We may say that if you should unfortunately have completely lost your taste for cigars we shall be happy to send a box to any friend of yours. Nothing could make a more acceptable present, and nothing would endear your friend to you so completely.

Now please write to us and tell us what you feel about it. We desire to make friends of our customers; we do not wish our business to be a mere commercial undertaking. Talk to us as freely as you would to your old college chum or fellow-clubman. We insist on being of service to you.

Hoping to hear from you within a day or two, We are, etc.,

ROBINSON & Co.

2.

MEMO. FROM ME.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—A thousand thanks for your dear letter and the book with the pictures. Upon my word, I don't know which of the cigars I like best; they all look so jolly. Are they photographs or water-colours? I mean, are they really as brown as that? I like the tall one on page 7. I see you say that it smokes strongly to a finish. This is all very well, old friend, but what I want to know is, Does it hang at the beginning at all? Some of these cigars with a strong finish are very slow forward, you know.

Many thanks for the sample. Bless you, old pet, I don't mind the green spots. What do they mean? That the cigar isn't quite ripe yet, I suppose. But I think you overdo the light-brown spots. Or are they lucky, like those little strangers in the tea?

Yes, I think I must have some of your *Pompadoros*. Send a box at Christmas to Mr. SMITHSON, of 199, Cornhill, with our love—yours and mine and the third shipper's. I'll pay. Not at all, old chap; it's a pleasure. He sent me some last Christmas; as it happened, I left 'em in the train before I had smoked one; but that wasn't his fault, was it? I'll get some for myself later on, if I may. You won't mind waiting?

Dear old soul, you make a mistake when you say I had some cigars from you last year. I assure you I've

never heard of your name till to-day. That was why I didn't write on your birthday. You'll forgive me, won't you?

Now it is your turn to write. Tell me all about yourself, and your children, and the third shipper, and the light-brown spots and everything.

Cheero! Your very loving friend.

3.

DEAR SIR,—We have received your esteemed order, which shall be promptly executed. Though the *Pompadoros* will not be despatched to your friend till Christmas they are now being selected and will be put aside to mature.

We have referred again to our books and find that a box of our celebrated young *Cabajos* was indeed despatched to your address last year, on the advice of Mr. SMITHSON, of 199, Cornhill. This was why we were so anxious at your long silence.

We are, etc., ROBINSON & Co.

4.

DEAR OLD SPORT,—I am afraid you misunderstood my last letter. The *Pompadoros* are for myself; it was a hundred *I am Comings* which I wanted for my friend Mr. SMITHSON. I must tell you a funny thing about him; as a pal of both of us you will be interested. He collects cigar bands! I have no use for them myself; so, if it isn't troubling you, would you send the *Pompadoro* bands to him, as the *I am Comings* haven't any of their own? You might put them on the cigars to save packing. Ever your devoted,

A. A. M.

Immediately, if not Sooner.

"Mr. Haldane, distributing the prizes to the men of the 13th (Kensington) Battalion County of London Regiment last night, said that the modern division was not worth anything unless it was so constructed that it could be rapidly and swiftly mobilised and used to anticipate the stroke, so that the counter-stroke of defence might be given first."—*Daily Mail*.

The Unsectarian Spirit.

"Ibrahim Bey Nabih, Mudir of Behera, paid all the Ministers during his short stay at Cairo."—*The Egyptian Daily Post*.

"ALEXANDRA THEATRE, SHEFFIELD.

"Next Week:—The Girl who Wrecked his Home (1st visit)."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

She might have waited till she knew the family better.



OUR HONOURED DEAD.

SHAKESPEARE. "TALKING OF POSTERITY—THEY DID SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A NATIONAL THEATRE FOR ME; BUT, NOTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN. WHAT HAVE THEY DONE FOR YOU?"

MILTON. "OH, I'M ALL RIGHT. EVERY THREE HUNDRED YEARS THEY GIVE ME A BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE."

SHAKESPEARE. "LUCKY DOG!"

THE LONDON CHURCHMAN - FEBRUARY 1899



OUR HONORED DEAD.

THE LONDON CHURCHMAN - FEBRUARY 1899



Proud Mother of brainless and conceited youth. "You've no idea, Miss Smythe, how clever my son is. We quite expect him to be Lord Chancellor some day." Youth. "Oh, Mother! Miss Smythe will think you're exaggerating!"

MILTON EXAMINATION PAPER.

[We understand that the Aldermen and other guests present at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in celebration of Milton's tercentenary will be expected to hand in written answers to the following questions before being allowed to leave the Mansion House.]

1. Write down any five consecutive lines from *Paradise Lost*.
2. State your views as to the proper construction of an Epic, giving illustrations from HOMER, VIRGIL, DANTE and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.
3. Write ten lines in the Epic style on one of the following subjects:—
 - (a) The Lord Mayor.
 - (b) The Lord Mayor's Coachman.
 - (c) The City Remembrancer.
 - (d) A Liveryman.
 - (e) A Turtle before Capture.

4. "—fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus."
Give the context, and state whether you consider the diet a good one. Trace any historical connection between Asphaltus and Old Broad Street, and give six other trisyllabic words used by MILTON.

5. "Soft she withdrew; and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves."

Write a concise, but respectable, description of Oreads and Dryads. If you saw an Oread in Cheapside what conclusion would you come to? If four Dryads lived in Westbourne Grove what would be the effect on those who shop there?

6. Who had a "privy paw," and what did he do with it? Have you ever seen a two-handed engine at the

door? If so, describe it and say wherein (a) it resembles, (b) it differs from, the engine mentioned by MILTON. If you had a mantle blue would you twitch it? If not, why not? What happened to the owner of the mantle to-morrow?

7. "The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes."
Have you ever seen a cynosure? Can it be eaten? If not, what is the good of it? What is its derivation? What does it mean anyhow?
8. "Or richest Rothschild, Finance's child,
Issue his native banknotes wild."
Is this a strictly accurate quotation? If not, correct it.
9. Who dodged with whom betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*, and who was half glad when he had got whom down?
10. Who was "Cambuscan bold"? Tell the second half of his story in the style of the first half.

Alarming Announcement at Portsmouth.

"OUR NAVY AND ARMY
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK."

So much for the declarations of the Government.

"Young Gentleman sailing early in New Year for Australia, New Zealand, and South Pacific seeks another."—*The Morning Post*.

This seems a long journey to make for what is, after all, quite a common article at home.

"Cambridge began by pressing, Wright bringing off a marvellously dodging run, but he failed to score until 10 minutes had elapsed."

Cambridge Daily News.

If he had gone straight for goal he would probably have got there sooner.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

As I tossed my paper aside the shabby little man opposite looked at me over his black-rimmed pince-nez.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but have you finished with your paper?"

I passed it to him.

"I thank you," he said, with precise courtesy, and replacing the glasses on the tip of his nose he took out his pencil and began to look diligently through my *Daily Mail*.

"I take a keen interest in the questions of the day," he explained, "and nowhere, I find, are they so plentiful as in the halfpenny Press." Here he made a careful score against a headline on the third page. "I answer them all," he added, and, turning over the sheet, he marked the leading article also.

"Indeed!" I said, wondering a little.

"Yes. I feel I can do no other. It is but common courtesy to make some polite reply to questions that one may be asked, even by strangers, and especially to those asked by friends. Now take *The Daily Chronicle*, for instance. I used to read *The Chronicle* long before it formed the habit—the halfpenny habit, I call it—of asking questions. Well, *The Chronicle* is quite an old friend. You understand? So are *The Mail* and *The Express*, and the rest. Therefore, when one of these old friends asks a question, I am bound, as a gentleman, to answer it.

"Do you know that it was I who foretold the Boer War?" He waited for me to exclaim, which I promptly did. "Yes, sir; two days before hostilities began *The Mail* asked, 'Will there be war?' and by return of post I sent a post-card saying 'Yes.' And there was war!"

I congratulated him.

"Another of my successes was the break-up of the frost last winter. *The Chronicle* inquired on its poster one bitterly cold morning, 'Will the Frost hold?' I replied 'No'—written on an ordinary post-card, dashed off in a moment, no display or fuss, you understand—and within ten days, believe me or not as you please, the thaw came.

"I am generally right. I was particularly successful—I trust I am not boring you, sir? Well, I was particularly successful with the question, 'Will the Government resign?' During a period of two years I gave nineteen accurate replies out of a possible twenty-one. Of course I have my little joke sometimes. I well remember one of the papers

asking (years ago, this was), 'Has the motor-car come to stop?' Like a shot I replied, 'Yes.' Do you see it? I think I can claim to be the first to make that joke to a leading London daily. And when *The Express* once asked, 'Do we eat too much?' I wrote, 'How should I know when you have never asked me to dinner?' But they didn't take the hint.

"Time alone will show whether I made an accurate forecast with my emphatic reply to 'Will Women get the Vote?' Only a fortnight ago I saw in one of the penny weeklies, 'Can a Man Live in London on a Thousand a Year?' A thousand a year, sir; not seven-and-sixpence a week. Well, I've had no experience personally, but I made an intelligent guess, and replied, 'Yes.'"

"I hope the papers appreciate your information," I said.

"Lord bless you, I don't mind!" he exclaimed. "I don't want any thanks. Helping lame dogs over stiles, you know. Still, I gather that my replies give general satisfaction, for the questions as a rule are not asked again. I answered 524 last year, and up to date I have sent this year 492 replies."

The train stopped, and with a genial "Good day," he disappeared, without giving me a chance to ask if he happened to have among his relations anybody of the name of ASHTON.

CHICK-FOOD.

BY AUNT KINDLY.

ONCE again it is my pleasure to offer advice as to the best children's books of the year and point the way to happiness in the nurseries and play-rooms of England, and once again I have called in the expert assistance of a youthful reader, my little daughter CISSIE, who, though only a mite of seven, knows a good story and a good picture when she sees them as well as most.

To begin with, I may say again, as I always do, that never was there such a season for children's books—so witty and charming; never was there a time when it was so delightful to be a child.

Here, for example, is *Willy and the Wumps*, one of the drollest and most fanciful works I remember to have read. The satire is delightful, especially in the scene where the hostess twits the *King of Lollipop Land* with his second divorce.

We come to exquisite satire again in *The Motoring Mice*, one of those

charming grotesque animal books of which the chicks never tire. The verses by Mr. DEWITT EASLIE are quite Carrollesque in their humour and finish, as this extract will show:

Mousie, license all endorsed,
Wishes he again were horsed.

How true that is! How many a motorist (myself among them) has wished that after a visit to the Bench. The pictures are delightfully droll.

There lie also on my table the latest volumes in the darling Podgy Books, the always fascinating Phat Pholios and the Pretty Pilules. The best of the new Podgies is, I think, *The Wiffy Wunkses*; the best Phat Pholio is *Boo-Boo and the Larynx Bird*, and the best Pretty Pilule is *The Story of Mr. Sammy Serpent*, the illustrations to which, showing the merry little snake in his new trousers and tall hat smoking his first cigarette, and so forth, are irresistible.

Of the stories for children, the best I have read this year is *The Young Millionaire*, a diverting narrative of the children of an American finance king who are sent to Europe alone with a million pounds each to spend. This is most interestingly and convincingly worked out, and should be very popular in every English home this Christmas, which it is my hope will be spent happily by everyone, great and small!

I now make room for little CISSIE, who writes: "I have read *The Toffee Tree*. It is ripping. It is about a little boy who plants a piece of toffee and it grows into a ripping tree, and all kinds of things like that. It is ripping. There are some most beautiful pictures. I have read a ripping story called *Long Hair and Short Frock*. It is about a little girl and her adventures, and how the gipsies ran away with her, and how she was tracked by her fox-terrier Pimp and brought back. It is all very nice and ripping. Another ripping book is *The Wiggley Pigs*, the history of a family of pigs who go to the pantomime, and have a conjuror in their own sty, and delightful things like that, with the most beautiful pictures. I have read lots more books, in fact I don't do anything else, but these are the best, although all the others are ripping in places."

"MEAT WARRANTY.
Important Joint Conference."

Manchester Evening News.

This was a passable joke once, but it won't do now.



Governess. "TOMMY, STOP DOING THAT; YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE VERY CROSS."

Tommy. "OH, NOT SO VERY; SHE ISN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL A REALLY BAD-TEMPERED WOMAN."

CHATS ABOUT DEAR OLD LONDON.

PADDINGTON IN THE PAST.

[MR. SAMUEL TUBBINS, of the Mews, Hammer-smith, recounts some interesting experiences of his early youth in *Chat* No. 251.—With acknowledgments to "The Evening News."

I REMEMBER the building of the present Houses of Parliament quite distinctly. I used to pass there every morning, and one day I recollect seeing a cartload of stone slowly making its way to the site. There were two or three fairly large pieces of stone on the cart. No, I don't think I could identify them to-day, but my brother, who had a job there as labourer for three weeks, might be able to tell you. The cart was drawn by horses, but these I expect have been dead some time, leastwise I haven't seen them since that day.

The arrival of the news of WELINGTON'S victory at Trafalgar came when we had my wife's sister's little girl staying with us. She had fallen downstairs the day before, having tripped over a bit of loose carpet, and

was laying up on the sofa, and when I told her the news it would 'a' done your heart good to hear her laugh! Poor little thing, she's married now, and has a son who went to the bad and turned journalist. Paddington, where we lived then, was right in the country, and to get to London we used to have to cross a little stile close to where the left-luggage office on the G.W.R. departure platform now is. I think they must have moved the stile when they built the station.

There was no *Daily Mail* in those days. We just had to form our own opinions on everything and get along as best we could.

The Hampstead Murder made a great sensation when I was a lad of fourteen. The murderer was hanged on my birthday—a Wednesday. They seem to have lost the knack of catching 'em nowadays.

No, I can't say that I remember Buckingham Palace *without* that circular green hoarding in front of it; that must have been there a very long time. "QUEEN ELIZABETH

Memorial," or something like that, isn't it?

My father took me to the "White City" of 1851, but I rather think we called it the Exhibition in those days.

Taxicabs were quite unheard of, and I remember as if it was yesterday, so to speak, when it was one blast for a four-wheeler and two blasts—

[May we add a third?—Ed.]

"A Young Man Wants Situation as Odd Man or Pair Horses."

Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.

We have an old revolving cage, if he would care to come as three white mice.

"Schedule I. fixed the grant to contracting-out schools on a sliding-scale, based on the number of children, which ranged from 46s. 6d. when there were more than 1,300 children in a school to 46s. 6d. when there were between 30 and 50."—*The Morning Post.*

We can only attribute the failure of this slide to the mild weather. Anyhow, it shows the futility of compromise.

DAPHNE.

HERE 's a tale from times called olden, further qualified
as golden,

When the gods on high Olympus smacked of earth
and sunburnt tan,
With their far from formal Dryads, and their Oreads
and Naiads,
And the questionable doings of the forest Courts of
Pan.

At the era that I write on, in the whole of Greece no
chiton

Hid a contour more alluring or revealed so fair a
cheek

As the one which draped the figure, in its folded classic
rigour,

Of a charming girl called Daphne, of a type divinely
Greek.

I perhaps may also mention that her eyes were bluest
gentian,

While her hair was like the sunshine on the rippling
waves of wheat,

And her face supplied a thesis for the shepherds' pas-
toral pieces,

And they laid their choicest garlands at her little
sandalled feet.

But, in spite of rustic sheep's eyes and bucolic winks
and deep sighs,

Daphne shunned alike the pastorals and posies of the
herds

For the lonely woodland places or for high and windy
spaces,

For the music of the mountains or the singing of the
birds.

And if Bacchus and his leopards roused the neighbour-
ing nymphs and shepherds,

When the Bassarid and Maenad made the Vale of
Tempe ring

With their light and larkly revels on the misty moonlit
levels,

Well, I rather fancy Daphne would avoid that kind
of thing.

So the empty weeks that passed her left her cold as
alabaster,

Till one day by dark Peneus where the laurel thickets
are,

With a certain shy ignition, Daphne met a tall musician
Who in fact was young Apollo who had loved her
from afar.

Now, although his reputation gave some cause for con-
versation,

Still I think that had she waited he'd have won her
at his ease,

But, when he declared his title, in alarm at its recital
She forsook his further wooing for the butterflies and
bees.

Like the summer wind that passes, Daphne fled o'er
flowers and grasses,

For she heard the rushing footsteps race across the
scented thyme,

And in sudden panic ardour she implored the gods to
guard her

From the words she vowed were nonsense and the kiss
she called a crime!

And at once her lithe form faltered and grew rigid, and
she altered

To a bush of gleaming laurel in its dark perennial
green;

And she grows beside the river where the rushes thrill
and shiver

With an everlasting murmur of the things which
might have been!

And when Autumn days are dying and the wood is full
of sighing,

When there 's sobbing in the pine tops and a murmur
in the firs,

Do we tax imagination if we say its lamentation
Is our little Daphne crying for the love that was not
hers?

* * * * *

Should we want to pin a moral to this legend of the
laurel

For the use of any *débutante* on reaching seventeen,
It is: Don't be too unbending, or you 'll run the risk of
ending

Not a laurel, but a wall-flower—which is not an ever-
green!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VACUUM CLEANER."—You are wrong in your con-
jecture that the Select Committee on the mending of the
House of Lords has had the advantage of expert assis-
tance from Mr. HENRY ARTHUR-JONES, author of *Dolly
Reforming Herself*, a play that also turns upon the
subject of Bills. He was not consulted, and as the
Committee had under consideration the question of im-
proving the quality of the Upper Chamber by the
creation of Life Peers from the ranks of distinguished
Commoners a nice sense of delicacy precluded him from
volunteering his advice.

"A LOVER OF TERCENTENARIES."—We are surprised
and pained that you should only just have heard of
"The British Academy," which is conducting certain
commemorations in honour of the Tercentenary of
MILTON. It is not, of course, the same as the Royal
Academy, though that, too, is very British. "The
British Academy" is a body of gentlemen representa-
tive of those departments of literature—historic, philo-
sophic and scientific—which have least to do with litera-
ture proper, their only connection being that they are
compelled to express themselves through the medium of
words. If MILTON were living to-day they wouldn't look
at him. See lines on this topic p. 431.

"THROUGH A MASK DARKLY."—Many thanks for your
suggestion for a cartoon—*Comus*, as a Peer, pressing the
cup of Dissolution upon *The Lady* (Liberal Party), who
declines it with great dignity. We are using another
MILTON subject this time, and must postpone yours till
next tercentenary.

"War between Turkey and Belgravia seems almost inevitable."

The Rhodesia Herald.

Of course, things have improved a good deal since our
spirited young contemporary got hold of this piece of
news, and there seems every hope now of a quiet Christ-
mas in Pimlico.

"There are always a certain number of soakers whose potations are
probably greater if they pass five publichouses than if they pass only
one."—*The Times.*

It isn't the number they pass that matters, but the
number they can't get past.

STREET THRILLS.

Has it ever occurred to you that celebrities no less than yourself walk across roads, buy papers, hail cabs, and have their being? You may not have thought of it; but once you do think of it life is changed for you, and London becomes a new and wonderful city. I had not thought of it myself until this very last week, when I chanced upon an article in *The Chronicle*, in which occurred these stimulating sentences: "This ignorance of the presence of celebrated people in their very midst is so characteristic of Londoners that it can be illustrated by scores of cases from one's personal experience. Only last year, when MARK TWAIN was the central figure in England, the greatest of living Americans drove down Fleet Street—Fleet Street!—in a curious little pony-trap, and though his big white head challenged attention, nobody realised who he was." Isn't that extraordinary? But the worst of it is, *The Chronicle* doesn't say what the passers-by ought to have done had they recognised MARK. Something genial and offensive, no doubt, to make him sorry that he had come. Perhaps they ought to have taken the pony from the shafts and drawn him instead, or merely have stared him into discomfort.

Again: "Even playgoers, enthusiastic celebrity hunters though they are, rarely identify this or that star of the stage in their habits as they walk or drive about the streets. One would think that Miss EDNA MAY, as a passenger on the Underground, would have been—to use a fine, old, fruity phrase—the cynosure of all eyes, but it is doubtful whether two passengers in the long car realised that the charming lady in the corner seat was the first queen of musical comedy." There is, of course, no excuse for playgoers not to recognise their gods and goddesses, considering the number of illustrated papers and picture-postcards; but here, again, the two passengers whose ignorance, or nice breeding, is so stigmatised by *The Chronicle* are left in the dark as to their proper line of conduct. Obviously they should have made it apparent in some way or other that they knew, if only that Miss MAY might be made self-conscious and unhappy.

Finally we have this: "Coming away from NELSON's tomb is Mr. THOMAS HARDY, though none of the sightseers recognise in the slim,



Sadie. "WELL, I GUESS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL; BUT THERE ARE OTHERS QUITE AS BEAUTIFUL. I RECKON SHE'S JUST HAD THE LUCK TO BE TAKEN UP."

slight figure, with curiously dry, almost yellow-parchment, face, the creator of *Tess* and the epic poet of *The Dynasts*. One drops into the National Gallery to see the new Hals, and in the little crowd about it is Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. A hansom passes eastward to the Embankment, and one recognises its inmate with broad face, eagle nose, and unmistakable look of power, to be Mr. MOBERLY BELL, the man behind *The Times*. Anywhere and everywhere throughout London one runs across people of lesser or greater celebrity or achievement, and sees them as unnoticed units in every-day life. Only a month or two ago a roughly-bearded man came out of a tea-shop in Parliament Street, and in his hand a paper-bag, from which he began to eat buns as he walked

along. It was the Duke of NORFOLK, Premier Peer and Earl Marshal of England." But the Duke is hardly likely to do it again. These *Chronicle* gentlemen are too active and observant.

The moral of the whole thing is that one should be prepared for the worst—or best—and stare all the time at everyone, raising one's hat deferentially all the while. One will run the risk of paying undue attention to a few nonentities, but the satisfaction of having conveyed the illusion of recognition and homage to the others will be sufficient repayment. Let your motto be, To Hades with anonymity and retirement.

Remorse.

"Lady Bradenham buried herself with the teapot."—*"Hearth and Home"* feuilletton.



Captain of Signallers. "G—G—G, WHAT THE DEUCE DOES THE FELLOW MEAN? THERE'S NO WORD WITH THREE G'S RUNNING."
Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT SIGNALLER HIGGINS HE STUTTERS!"

EASY CHARITY FOR CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am only a little girl of nine years old, but I thought I would like to tell you all about my Christmas charities. They are such fun, something like competitions, but ever so much more interesting than the Limericks Daddy used to get so cross over. First of all I have to write a letter to Santa Claus—that means one of the Stores, really—and enclose a sixpenny postal order for a Children's Hospital, and as they are giving a thousand beautiful prizes for the best letters I am hoping to win one, as I think I write very nicely for my age—don't you? And even if I don't, every single child who sends a postal order will get a pretty souvenir, which, Mummy says, will very likely be worth more than sixpence.

Then I am collecting threepenny-bits for the Charity competition in Mummy's fashion paper. They are giving dolls' perambulators for prizes to the children who collect most; and I'm nearly sure to get one, as I bother all Mummy's and Daddy's friends dreadfully. Then I am painting a picture post-card and sending stamps for the Poor Children's Warm Stockings Charity; but I am only trying for a third prize in that, because the third prize is a paint-box and I want a new one. A lady from our own church asked me if I could make cuffs for the poor children round here. Of course I can make cuffs, but they are giving no prizes, and I don't expect I shall have time.

I thought, dear Mr. Punch, you might like to get up a Children's Charity Competition for us. We would send postal orders. And would you mind giving fountain pens

for prizes, because I do want to have one, and Daddy won't let me use his? Your affectionate little Friend, DOLLY.

TO MILTON.

[With sincere apologies to Wordsworth.]

"Milton, if he were alive now, would be in favour of every advanced movement except women's suffrage."—Prof. Hanley, of Chicago.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living with us now:
 England hath need of thee: she is a den
 Of roaring lions—women *versus* men;
 Women, who used to be content to bow
 To man's authority, have lost somehow
 The knack of doing so. Hence I take my pen
 To say how much I wish thee back again,
 To teach them manners. People say that thou
 Didst own the very attribute we need,
 Namely, "a voice whose sound was like the sea;"
 Imagine what an asset *that* would be
 At meetings where the Suffragette holds sway
 With frequent interruptions, and indeed
 The speaker's duty on herself doth lay!

"Canon Ball occupied the pulpit in the morning, and the Rector in the evening. Both at the morning and evening services the anthem was 'Sleepers, awake!'"—*The Peterborough Express*.

But surely this anthem cannot have been necessary in the morning.



A BIRD OUT OF HAND.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA (to his Bird). "IF YOU'RE DOING THIS WAR-DANCE IN HONOUR OF MY JUBILEE, I RATHER WISH YOU WOULDN'T.
[I'M AN OLD MAN, AND IT DON'T AMUSE ME.]

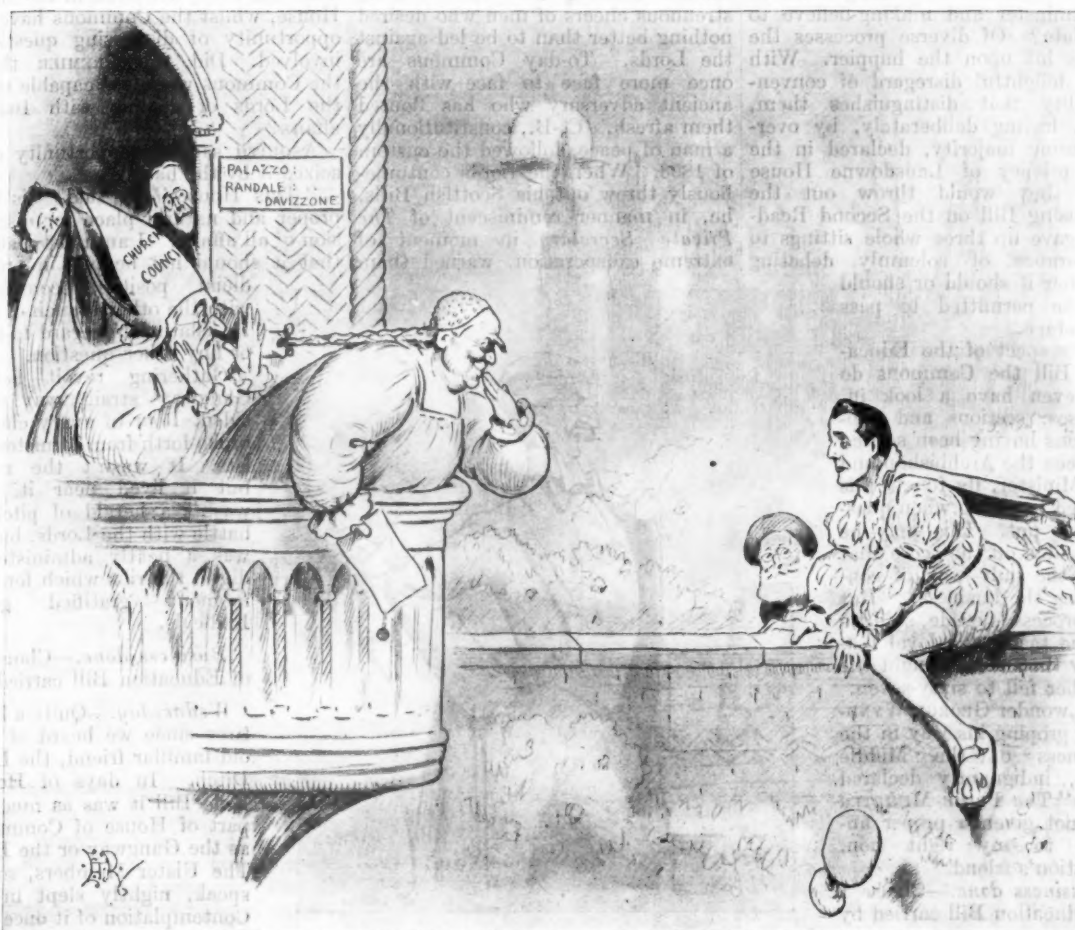
THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET (DAVIZZONE) to ROMEO (RUNCIMANI) as they are torn apart by infuriated friends. "I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!

This bud of love by Ingram's ripening breath

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

ROMEO. "Oh, blessed, blessed night! I was afraid,

Being in night, all this was but a dream.

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial!" [Is hauled down.

House of Commons, Monday, November 30th.—"Who's your fat friend?" BEAU BRUMMEL once asked an acquaintance, indicating with a nod the PRINCE REGENT, who stood close by. Who's GEORGE WYNDHAM's "right hon. Question's friend?"

This anonymous person introduced to Committee after it had been engaged for three hours in discussing Education Bill. G. W. had worked himself up to state of glowing indignation. PRINCE ARTHUR, earlier interposing, asked for particulars about grants to be made to contracting-out

schools. RUNCIMAN promised to give later on information as to what he airily alluded to as "the item." It was thereupon G. W. dragged in his "right hon. Question's friend," whose appearance on scene was greeted with grateful burst of laughter.

WYNDHAM wrath with whole arrangement of manipulating Bill.

"Why," he cried aloud, "we are back in the Middle Ages."

Parliamentary Procedure certainly taking on new phase. There still nominally exist two Chambers. But work of legislation is done outside.

Last week we had the Peers meeting at Lansdowne House to arrange fate of Licensing Bill. Decided to chuck it on Second Reading. And chucked it was. In respect of Education Bill analogous course adopted in Commons. PREMIER and PRIMATE write letters to each other discussing moot points. RUNCIMAN comes and goes between, and, when everything is settled in the back parlour, House of Commons is invited to append to arrangement the seal of its approval.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK says, this may be an admirable business system; but it is obviously over-

weighted. If the principal Bills of the Session are to be settled, whether at Lansdowne House or Lambeth Palace, what's the use of noble Lords and hon. Members coming down to Westminster and making-believe to legislate? Of diverse processes the Lords hit upon the happier. With that delightful disregard of conventionality that distinguishes them, they, having deliberately, by overwhelming majority, declared in the semi-privacy of Lansdowne House that they would throw out the Licensing Bill on the Second Reading, gave up three whole sittings to appearance of solemnly debating whether it should or should not be permitted to pass that stage.

In respect of the Education Bill the Commons do not even have a look in. Clauses, sections and subsections having been settled between the Archbishop and the Minister, its function is limited to voting when question is put. This may be defensible on the score that it is the only way of concluding the business. But the process is crude, so little to the taste of a loyal majority that once to-night the number fell to sixty-seven.

No wonder GEORGE WYNDHAM, groping his way in the darkness of the Middle Ages, indignantly declared that "The PRIME MINISTER has not given a proper answer to my right hon. Question's friend."

Business done.—Clause 1 of Education Bill carried by closure.

Tuesday.—Some expectation yesterday that the PREMIER would seize opportunity to "say a few words" about the Lords and the Licensing Bill. Occasion tempting; practice in analogous circumstances customary. GLADSTONE's last speech from the brass-bound box long familiar with the influence of his clenched fist contained a strong denunciation of conduct of Lords in throwing out Home Rule Bill, action closely followed by half-strangling of Parish Councils Bill.

"For me," said the veteran knight, wearing his armour for the last time, "my duty terminates with calling the attention of the House to the fact that we are considering a part, an essential and inseparable part, of a question that has become profoundly acute—a question that will

demand a settlement and must at an early date receive that settlement from the highest authority."

Fifteen years have sped since this solemn warning was uttered amid strenuous cheers of men who desired nothing better than to be led against the Lords. To-day Commons are once more face to face with the ancient adversary who has flouted them afresh. C.-B., constitutionally a man of peace, followed the custom of 1893. When the Lords contumeliously threw out his Scottish Bills, he, in manner reminiscent of *The Private Secretary* in moment of extreme exasperation, warned them



"MY RIGHT HONOURABLE QUESTION'S FRIEND."
(Rt. Hon. G-rge W-ndh-m.)

that if they did it again he "would give them a good hard knock." ASQUITH above all things a man of business. Not in a position just now to take the field against the Lords. The trumpet will sound to battle by-and-by. For the present he will stay in Downing Street and endeavour to get through as many Bills as can be managed in the course of another two, peradventure three, years. If he is not prepared to bite, why waste time in barking?

So yesterday came and went, and never a word was said about fate of Licensing Bill or iniquity of the Lords. To-day chance came of firing a shot without danger of ricochet. The rifle instantly at his shoulder. Gentlemen below Gangway on Ministerial side, competing with Don't

KEIR HARDIE in intimate knowledge of India, and in self-confidence of their capacity to govern it, protested against SECRETARY OF STATE's annual discourse being delivered in the other House, whilst the Commons have no opportunity of discussing questions involved. Did the PREMIER think the Commons were less capable than the Lords of dealing with Indian affairs?

ASQUITH saw his opportunity and seized it by the hair.

"This House," he said, "is the proper and natural place for discussion of all affairs. I am most jealous that it should not be put in prejudicial position compared with the other branch of the Legislature in regard to this or any other question."

Gathering revolt below Gangway straightway subsided. Roar of angry cheers broke forth from Ministerialists. It wasn't the rose, but it lived near it. It wasn't a herald of pitched battle with the Lords, but it was a neatly administered dig in the ribs which for the moment gratified good Radicals.

Business done.—Clause 2 of Education Bill carried.

Wednesday.—Quite a long time since we heard of our old familiar friend, the Last Ditch. In days of Home Rule Bill it was as much a part of House of Commons as the Gangway or the Bar. The Ulster Members, so to speak, nightly slept in it. Contemplation of it once led GRANDOLPH to imitate Mr. Silas Wegg's occasional habit of dropping into poetry.

"Ulster will fight," said the champion of Law and Order; "and Ulster will be right."

Colonel SAUNDERSON, ever-lamented among the old friends who leave the present House; saw to it that the ditch was kept in good order, suitable for Irish Landowners to die in whenever loyalty suggested that the procedure would be advantageous in the campaign against Home Rule.

Seemed as if the last ditch had disappeared with other Parliamentary institutions of the final quarter of the nineteenth century. One had come to think of it as filled-up, grass-grown, with children playing over a space in which gallant Ulstermen had several times died.

To-night, to delight of old Mem-



TRIALS OF A HUNTSMAN.

Huntsman (who has come a long way to a holloa). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"

Boy (from safe side of gate). "No."

Huntsman. "THEN WHY WAS YE HOLLERIN'?"

Boy. "CAUSE WE WANTED TO SEE THE 'UNTERS."

bers who felt quite young again, Dr. HAZELL dragged it in. Was hauled on to stage in speech corpuscating with other forensic fireworks. Occasion arose in respect of right of entry to schools conceded by Education Bill. Dr. HAZELL admitted that there was much good in the measure. "But if you have six eggs to make an omelette with, and one is bad, the whole dish is tainted." He protested that with the best will in the world he was "unable to swallow it, and the PREMIER's speech had not helped to wash it down."

After these reflections, appropriately introduced about the dinner hour, he came to the last ditch. Descending its depths, waving a banner bearing the strange device, "No Right of Entry," he called upon good Nonconformists to follow and die with him.

On a division the Last Ditchers mustered 18, Ministers decently covering them up with the assistance of 282 supporters.

Business done.—Still on Education Bill. (Since dead.)

THE TRUE APPEAL.

[In the new Christmas play at His Majesty's Theatre we are promised (by *The Daily Express*) "a subtlety and underlying philosophy in the story and its treatment which will cause it to appeal as strongly to grown-up people as to the children themselves."]

I've settled down in manhood's groove;

My pockets are no longer sewn up;
I've got a latchkey, and I move
In circles most distinctly grown-up.

I've quite abandoned booby-traps
And other rough-and-ready joking,
While—clearest sign of all, perhaps—
My father doesn't mind my smoking.

Yet these are facts that I forget,
Confronted with a children's story;
I follow it enrapt—and let
Philosophising go to glory.

Take *Peter Pan*: I went to that,
Because I loved to see the flying,
To feel my heart go pit-a-pat
When *Tinker Bell* (I feared) was
dying;

To watch the nurse dressed like a dog,

To hear the wolves and redskins howling,
To mark the pirates sipping grog
And tremble at their awful scowling;

To squirm before those ghastly jaws
Which swallowed *Hook* and all his rum wear—
That's why I went; and not because
I thought to sniff a moral somewhere.

"The peeresses came in bexies, as did the duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and ladies of lesser rank."—*The Western Daily Press*.

This shows that bexies are much more satisfactory than motor-cars to come in. Motor-cars tend to emphasize social distinctions.

The Dream that didn't come true.

"They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a RUNCIMAN spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon."
The Owl and the Pussy-cat.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—WYNDHAM'S.

FROM the general atmosphere of snobbery which pervades his play, *Sir Anthony*, I am not sure that the author himself escapes untainted. Certainly he takes small pains to conceal from us that the home life of the suburbs is known to him only by report. Whether the milieu is Herne Hill or the more genteel slopes of Balham, it is always a stage Suburbia that he presents. This kind of artificiality of the footlights doesn't matter much in the case of the two extremes of the social scale. The traditional duke and the traditional burglar serve well enough, since the playwright's probable unfamili-



"FALSE, FLEETING, PERJURED CLARENCE!"

Clarence Chope . . . Mr. Weedon Grossmith.
Rev. Wilkin Delmar . . Mr. J. D. Beveridge.

arity with these types in actual life is shared by most of his audience. But with the great In-between it is different, and there must have been many people, from the boxes to the pit, who could have easily corrected Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS' picture of suburban manners. An exception must be admitted in the character of the Congregational Minister, played by Mr. BEVERIDGE with an admirable restraint in the matter of unctuousness.

It seems a pity, if snobbery as the vice of the age was to be the author's theme, that he should have selected for ridicule so harmless and excusable a case as this of the pork-curer's clerk, who tries to make capital out of a chance association with a baronet on board ship. Far likelier objects of contempt in this kind were to be found at large, and

crying for castigation, in the outskirts, and even well within the borders, of Mayfair itself. And here he could more easily have confined his satire to the actual vice, and not been tempted to confuse it with the unnecessary ridicule of a class. I rather think, by the way, that *Sir Anthony*, whom I should have liked to see on the stage, was as bad a snob as any of them. His method of snubbing the innocent advances of the poor little clerk certainly did not make him out to be much of a thoroughbred.

The skeleton of the author's scheme is fairly fresh, but it is only a skeleton with no flesh to it. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH did all that was possible to give it life, playing like the good craftsman he always is. It was not his fault that he was given things to say which were far too clever for the part. I do wish that he might now and again be offered a rôle in which he isn't expected to shoot his shirt-cuffs and strut about with a crook in his elbows. Miss NINA BOUCICAULT had very little chance for her fine gifts in the rather obvious part of the clerk's sister; but Mr. EVELYN BEERBOHM showed great promise as an impossibly offensive counter-jumper. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER made a very passable minx; and Miss SUZANNE SHELTON, much too good for her opportunities, gave, in the person of the opulent Mrs. Bulger, a very humorous picture of the higher vulgarity.

II.—THE WALDORF.

I remember being taken once by a gallant fellow in the Argylls to see a popular Musical Comedy. Both of us laughed but little; I, because I found it rather stupid; he, because he knew it by heart. He admitted to having seen it twenty-two times.

I hazarded the only conceivable explanation: "You have," I said, "a friend in the chorus?"

He denied it.

"But what other thinkable attraction can there be?" I asked.

"Oh, well," he said, "one must do something of an evening."

I never in my life heard a worse excuse for anything.

Sometimes I think that the audiences who take delight in assisting at British Musical Comedies must be a class apart, and that I am outside the pale. For one thing, this kind of entertainment seems to need such a lot of creators—often half-a-dozen, not counting the performers with their private gag—and that makes it so hard to fix the

responsibility. However, the "New Musical Comedy" at the Waldorf is the work of two men only, Mr. HUGO FELIX (*sit nomen omen!*), who did the pretty music, and Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, who made the "Book and Lyrics." I am not including the original French authors, whose names are omitted on the programme, for after all they were foreigners, and only invented the thing, and so don't count.

The play is called *The Antelope*.

I never nursed a young gazelle;
But I was given an antelope.

The name stands for a company that insures you against your wife's elopement. I don't suppose that a pun like that—always a bad thing in a title—really amused Mr. ADRIAN



NAPLES IN KENSINGTON: A SERENADE.

Speranza Derrick . . Miss Kitty Gordon.
Bennett Barker . . . Mr. Fred Wright, jun.

Ross himself; but long commerce with the sort of humour that is demanded in the circles where his lot is cast has left him sadly cynical. As a maker of stage-lyrics, though hardened by habit, he is incapable of bad or slovenly work, and can still give proof of his quality, as in the song "Matches I have made." But he has not had a fair chance this time, being compelled to make words that would go to ready-made music. In these conditions he has done very well not to be more mechanical.

In one respect he enjoys an unusual advantage. As author of all the words, spoken or sung, he has no temptation to trespass on a rival's preserves, and has given us his Book and his Lyrics in right proportions. In effect, the movement of the farce is not hampered by the intrusion of songs out of season.

The music was exceptionally charming and more than made amends for the absence of superlative merit in the vocal interpretation.

Mr. FARREN SOUTAR, who played the hero-artist *Daubeny* (with attendant models), was a very pleasant figure—always natural and unspoilt. Mr. FRED EMNEY, as a housebreaker (in the nobler sense of the word), contributed some quiet humour; but the brunt of the fun fell upon Mr. FRED WRIGHT, jun., who bore it bravely and with a most elastic energy, but could not always conceal the effort. He made *The Antelope* go fairly fast: but his whip was out more than once. O. S.

VERSATILE VIRTUOSI.

["Mr. Theodore Byard, whose vocal efforts have won ready recognition in London by reason of their intellectuality, is at present carrying out a professional tour in what is an altogether new field as far as English artists are concerned, namely the Balkans . . . Mr. Byard is in the position to make a dual study of the situation, since, in addition to his musical efficiency, he has a wide knowledge of military matters gained as an officer in the British Army, a position which he resigned in order to devote himself more closely to the study of music."—*Morning Post*.]

KUBELIK, on whose shoulders the mantle of PAGANINI is admitted to have fallen, is about to undertake an extensive tour in Manchuria, Korea, Sakhalin and Japan. The main aim of his visit, however, is not so much artistic as scientific. KUBELIK has long been a profound student of physics, and he is anxious to confirm some of his remarkable theories on the subject of capillary attraction by experiments on the Hairy Ainos of Japan, whose susceptibility to music is little short of notorious.

Mr. McCORMACK, the famous Irish tenor, will shortly start on a professional tour in North Africa. After giving a series of concerts at Algiers, Biskra, and Figuig, and other influential centres, he intends to strike south for Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo, in the hopes, first, of discovering traces of the occupation of this region by the pre-historic Milesians; and, secondly, of studying the voice-production of the gorilla, which, on the authority of DU CHAILLU, is able to emit a high D from the chest and with the utmost impunity. As a singer and a prominent leader of the Celtic Renaissance, Mr. McCORMACK is admirably equipped to make a dual study of the situation. Professor GARNER, it will be remembered, employed a steel cage for his observation of the gorillas of this district, but



WINTER FASHIONS, 1908-9.

Mr. McCORMACK has patented an aluminium wigwam which is at once more portable and far more pleasing to the eye.

Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER has decided to carry out his long-deferred design of a pianoforte tour in the Solomon Islands in the ensuing spring. Being a first-rate Hebrew scholar as well as a great executant, Mr. BAMBERGER is peculiarly well adapted to cope with the dual exigencies of such an enterprise. He will, as on all similar occasions, be accompanied by his devoted wife (the daughter of Sir GABRIEL SLAZENGER, I.S.O., and fourteenth cousin, by marriage, of Lord MUNGO HARBOTTLE), their infant twin daughters, LADOGA and ONEGA, and a staff of expert press-cutters.

ACADEMIC INCONSISTENCY.

THE British Academy solely consists
Of scholars, historians, philologists;
And in framing the roll of its blessed
"immortals"
On poets it ruthlessly slams its
portals.

The British Academy, somewhat late
In the day, resolved to be up to date;
And set in motion its machinery
To organise a Tercentenary.

But strange to say, the man whom
it chose
To honour was MILTON, who, every
one knows,
Would not, if alive, be in a position
To be a British Aoademician.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is R. H. BENSON's habit to make his work either openly or covertly controversial, and readers of *The Conventionalists* (HUTCHINSON) have no surprise in store for them. The Banisters—an old Protestant family—were, with the exception of *Algy*, martyrs to convention, which means that they talked and thought of little but sport, food, and the management of their estate. The action of the first part of the book may be said to have been carried on to the music of meals, and in this atmosphere *Algy* was as out of place as a lady would be at a prize-fight. So when he meets some Roman Catholic priests and *Christopher Dell* (whom readers of *The Sentimentalists* will remember), it needs little perspicacity to guess what is going to happen. He was, of course, received into the Roman Catholic Church, and eventually entered a Carthusian monastery. I am far from being satisfied with the author's artifice of introducing himself as one of the characters of his book, for, instead of giving an impression of truth, it produces a directly contrary effect. Although it is often possible to blame FATHER BENSON for a lack of good taste, there is no denying his gifts of imagination and his excellent literary style. He contrives to make me both intensely interested and annoyed at the same time, and, as in output he is worthy of his family name, my feelings towards him are so constantly mixed that I do not know whether to beg him to write more or beseech him to write less.

Heroines in search of a thoroughly romantic and original situation cannot do better than communicate with the AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE Bureau. In *Wroth* (SMITH, ELDER) the leading lady, a widow who answers to the name (if I caught it rightly) of *Juliana Mordante di Belgioso dei Vespi*, disguises herself, and goes through the marriage ceremony with the man she loves, while he believes that he is giving his rather ferocious title of *Wroth* to *Peggy Beljoy*, a comedy actress and, to put it plainly, a baggage. Of course he would have been delighted if he had known of his mistake, for *Juliana* was his better angel, and he had only intended to marry the other lady in a mood of mad desperation; but his wife somewhat perversely refused to enlighten him for a matter of 200 pages or so, a period during which he performed prodigies of valour for her sake, under the impression that she was a single woman. However, as he had been a very wild young man, it was no doubt excellent discipline. I can't help feeling that the authors display a rather unnecessary tolerance towards the eccentricities of their hero (he was called "Mad Wroth" by the county and held blasphemous

orgies in a ruined abbey), and I am glad to remember that his date (*floruit et furuit*) was 1800 or thereabouts, and that he only kept tame wolves and not a motor-car. Still, at a respectful distance the pageant of his deeds excites sympathy, and one is glad when he at last wins his long-married bride.

Lady Noggs is delightful. She is at her best whilst still a child, her habit of setting her elders right being fascinating. By a bold and happy device Mr. JEPSON makes her a Peeress in her own right, niece and ward of the PRIME MINISTER. The effect was probably unintentional, but here and there in the intercourse of the twain there are little touches that will recall C.-B. to the memory of his still sorrowing friends. The full name of the book, *Lady Noggs Intervenes* (HUTCHINSON), is fairly descriptive of its plot. Whenever in varied circumstances the elders in *Lady Noggs's* circle get into difficulty she takes direction of affairs with her small hands and smooths out all the creases. Objection might be taken that, like *Sherlock Holmes* and *Tommy Dodd*, she "is sure to win," a condition that threatens monotony. But then she is irresistible.

The times are in joint, and SHAKESPEARE no longer spells ruin either in the theatre or the publishers' office. SHAKESPEARE in fact (whether we give him a National Memorial or not) is a commercial success, as indeed an illustrious Personage once remarked very shrewdly to the Bard's most assiduous modern henchman. These remarks are suggested by the publication of elaborately illustrated editions of *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream (HEINEMANN), illustrated by Mr. ARTHUR RACKHAM; *Twelfth Night* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), illustrated by Mr. W. HEATH ROBINSON, and *The Tempest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), illustrated by Mr. EDMUND DULAC. The pictures are in colours and are very numerous, and the circumstances of the volumes are sumptuous. Mr. RACKHAM is far and away the best. Indeed there are certain of Mr. RACKHAM's drawings which give one a sense of satisfaction that could not be increased; in other words they seem ideally right. But even where he is less sufficing he always has charm and delicacy and spirit and a distinction all his own. Mr. DULAC comes next in merit, but his colours are inclined to be dingy and his conception of *Miranda* is disappointing and by no means Shakspearean. Mr. HEATH ROBINSON's colours come under the same objection and his characteristics fail to interest. So much for SHAKESPEARE; but Messrs. HUTCHINSON, with one eye on His Majesty's Theatre, put forth an equally ambitious edition of *Faust* in HAYWARD's translation of GOETHE with many coloured pictures by WILLY POGANY, an Hungarian artist. WILLY, however, is not an illustrator for my money. He has a certain grotesque quality, but Mr. RACKHAM spoils one for poor draughtsmanship.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—III.

GIOTTO AND HIS FAMOUS "FREEHAND CIRCLE."

Showing how he did it to the satisfaction of the Pope's envoy.



Macdougall (to his new fourth wife). "THE MEENISTER DOESNA APPROVE O' MY MARRYIN' AGAIN, AN' SAE YOUNG A WIFE TOO. BUT, AS I TELL'T HIM, I CANNA BE AYE BURYIN', BURYIN'."

LOOKING FORWARD;

OR, THE TOO-MIGHTY DOLLAR.

MESSRS. SHEFFE & SON beg to announce that arrangements for the 1918 season of excursions to the United States are now complete. The first boat will leave Southampton on May 1st, and others, either from that port or Liverpool, at regular intervals of a few days throughout the summer months until August 31st.

Since the end of the last season so many more unique English treasures have found their way to the United States that Messrs. SHEFFE are anticipating an immense increase in the number of tourists, since it has become a habit of their countrymen to value only that which they have to travel abroad to see.

Among the special new objects of interest in America which the 1918 circular tours will embrace are:—

SHAKESPEARE'S cottage from Stratford-on-Avon, now the property of WILLIAM K. MUNGER, the cart-grease

king, and recently successfully re-erected at Mungersville, N.Y.

MILTON'S cottage from Chalfont St. Giles, now the property of HIRAM J. KINDERPOL, of Chicago, recently successfully re-erected in the grounds of his mansion in that city.

A priceless collection of WHISTLER'S etchings, first state, presented by the Artist to Queen VICTORIA. Now in the New York Museum.

Fifty-three first folios, all collected by Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN and exhibited through glass in the wholesale folio department of that virtuoso's famous library. Visitors are allowed to file by, but no one must stop.

The MS. of Magna Charta, now the property of ANDREW CANNIMANN, the proprietor of the famous rye whisky which bears his name, to be seen in the window of his chief office in Detroit. It will be remembered that this historic document, when it came into the market last year, was made an object of keen competition among

American collectors, the British Museum not being in a position to offer more than £25.

Assorted samples of VELASQUEZ, from twenty English collections, now the property of ESAU W. SMITHSON, the white-lead prince, whose mansion on 87th Avenue is one of the wonders of the world.

The MSS. of Mr. MEREDITH'S *Egoist*, Mr. HARDY'S *Far From the Madding Crowd*, Mr. SWINBURNE'S *Poems and Ballads*, first series, J. R. GREEN'S *Short History of the English People*, Mr. KIPLING'S *Seven Seas*, and CARLYLE'S *Past and Present*, which are now exhibited in the Mechanics' Institute at Poker Flat.

These are the principal new acquisitions since the Autumn of 1917; but it must be understood that others are crossing the Atlantic, East to West, every week.

"French shocks of earthquake have been experienced in central Germany."

Japan Daily Herald.

Undoubtedly a *casus belli*.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

HE DISCUSSES THE REFORM OF THE LORDS.

I FOUND him in one of his most judicial and ponderous moods. "I have been studying," he said, "the full report of Lord ROSEBERY'S Select Committee, and I come to the conclusion that they have left the root of the evil practically untouched. So far from killing the snake that is spoiling his Paradise, the noble Lowlander who occupied the chair has not even scotched him, unless the attempt to mollify him with soft airs upon the bagpipes is to count as scotching."

"To begin at the beginning—and it looks as if the Select Committee had started further on, like the Irishman who was for omitting the first half-dozen lessons in the French language because he had heard that they were the stiffest—it is not a bad plan when you are considering the reform of anything to ask yourself what is the actual object of that thing's existence. Now there are two possible arguments for the existence of a Second Chamber:—(1) That it is wanted to carry out the Will of the People; and therefore, if necessary, to protect them against their own elected representatives; (2) that it is wanted to guard the best interests of the People, whether they wish it or not; and therefore, if necessary, to protect them against themselves."

"As for No. 1, I have a profound contempt for the so-called Will of the People—"

("Vox Dei" I said, crossing myself.)

"—and my contempt," continued PRENDERBY unmoved, "is clearly shared by the Constitution, which allows a Government, Tory or Radical, to keep in office long after it has apparently ceased to represent popular feeling. And, anyhow, even if the Will of the People were worth respecting, instead of being a thing which is alternately described as a Divine Utterance and a Pendulum, a Lord of Parliament has no better power of gauging the country's feelings at any given moment than is enjoyed by the Man in the Street."

"Indeed, if it were the function of a Second Chamber simply to discover, and automatically endorse, the Will of the People, then the ideal Senate should consist of nothing but Election Agents. So I think we may dispose of theory No. 1 as unfit for serious contemplation."

"Remains No. 2. And for the purposes of a Chamber that has to look after the true interests of the nation, *populo volente nolente*, you need the absolutely best men that are to be found. Does an hereditary Peerage, and it alone, produce this type? It has, I grant, one great advantage: it is independent of the shifting pressure of popular demands at the polls. But a system of Chance—names taken at random from a directory and drawn out of a hat—would equally assure this desirable independence. And it is only one of many features required in a Second Chamber; yet it is the sole one that is guaranteed (and not always that) by the hereditary system."

"This system is admittedly rotten, and the Select Committee don't deny it. But they make no attempt to provide a decent alternative. The furthest they go is to say: 'There are at present about 590 of us.' Not every Peer is the depository of the Higher Wisdom. We can only be sure of 330 as answering to this description. The rest had better go."

"But," I put in, "you forget the generous inclusion of no fewer than four Life-Lords (exclusive of the Bench) to be created annually, with a limit of forty."

"True," replied PRENDERBY; "I had forgotten that bold and revolutionary proposal. But what are four or

even forty amongst all that multitude? Is this their notion of correcting poor blood, however blue, by an infusion of good blood, however red?"

"And, even so, the selection of three out of every four of these is to be confined to the Services—naval, military, bureaucratic, diplomatic, colonial—and to M.P.s of long sitting. So that, outside these official and political spheres, from the vast resources of intelligence and experience which happen to be engaged in other useful fields of activity (exclusive of Church and Bench), only one Commoner (all told) is to be elected *per annum* to the Upper Chamber on the pure ground of efficiency—Lord ROSEBERY'S own word in the old days. And when their number reaches the overwhelming figure 10 we shall have to wait for somebody to die."

"And you will please notice that any Peer who, by distinction or perseverance or good conduct, has risen to the higher ranks in these Services which I have named—an Admiral or a Lieutenant-General, for instance—is to become *ipso facto* a Lord of Parliament. There are to be 130 of these in addition to the 30 elevated commoners drawn from official or political sources. Well, I have nothing but respect, as you know, for the Public Service, though I am told that there are also unofficial methods of serving one's country; but I doubt if a dear old Admiral (God bless 'em all!), who has spent his life on the high seas, would, even if born to the Peerage, be the best possible authority on matters of domestic legislation—the only kind that he would be expected to handle, since his own department is catered for elsewhere."

I hesitated to dam the flow of my friend's pellucid eloquence, but I felt constrained to enter a protest somewhere. "I half fear," said I, "that you are congenitally lacking in veneration for Nobility of Birth."

"I entertain no rooted objection," he replied, "to a Peer as such. *Le snobisme à rebours* is just as contemptible as the more usual kind. I would not permit any man's birth, however exalted, to stand in his way. And I consider that the best suggestion made by the Select Committee was the proposal to allow ordinary Peers who have never sat in the Upper House to sit in the Commons, if they can get themselves elected to it. A sprinkling of this element might have a salutary and humanizing effect upon the Lower Chamber, and tend to keep young fellows like Lord WINTERTON in check. And I would even admit a few of them into the Upper House, where, of course, a higher standard of deliberative intelligence is demanded."

"And have you any scheme of your own?" I ventured.

"Ah," replied PRENDERBY, on a note of extreme modesty, "I have never specialised in creative, or even re-creative, art. Nor have I given, like the Select Committee, the best part of a year and a-half to the solution of this conundrum. But, speaking always as a child, I should like to see the members of the Second Chamber selected in the same way as the members of the Privy Council. I have noticed that the best men sooner or later drift into this Order. Or, better still perhaps, the Privy Council might itself be responsible for the selection, making it a point of honour to carry out this high duty without fear or favour or political prejudice, and solely on the ground of efficiency—Lord ROSEBERY'S own word once more."

"It sounds simple enough," I said.

"All the best things are quite simple," said PRENDERBY. O. S.



"ONE WORD MORE."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (to Central African fauna). "HALF A MOMENT, WHILE I JUST THROW THIS OFF, AND THEN I'M WITH YOU."





RECIPROCITY.

Dummy (consulting the score—while her partner considers his call). "I MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION, PARTNER, THAT ONE TRICK IN NO-TRUMPS GIVES US GAME."
 [Partner goes no trumps.]
 Third hand. "AND I MIGHT POSSIBLY VENTURE TO SUGGEST, PARTNER, THAT IF YOU HAPPEN TO PLAY A CLUB IT GIVES US THE RUBBER."

A PHANTASY OF THE 'PHONE.

[Telephone operators have been instructed by the Post Office to say "Please" and generally display the utmost politeness to subscribers in future. The latter, we are sure, will not be outdone in courtesy.]

Operator (answering call that has been waiting five minutes). Hallo! Please pardon my saying "Hallo" in that familiar off-hand manner, but you have to open the conversation somehow. I hope I haven't kept you waiting very long.

Subscriber (suavely and politely). Oh, no! a mere nothing; not more than ten or fifteen minutes at the most. I hope I haven't disturbed you?

O. Not at all, please. Quite delighted to have the privilege of attending to your instrument. What number can I have the pleasure of obtaining for you?

S. Well, if it is not greatly inconveniencing you, you can hitch me on—ahem! you can connect me with 77902 on the London Wall Exchange.

O. Delighted, I am sure. Will you be so good, please, as to hold the line for the space of a minute or two

whilst I communicate your desires to the lady at the other Exchange? . . . Wretched weather, isn't it?

S. Oh, horrible; but still, you know, when one has a charming conversation such as I am having with a delightful personality, one forgets all about the weather.

O. It's really too nice of you to say so. . . . You're through to your number now.

* * * * *
 S. (a couple of minutes later). Excuse me, my dear young lady, but you've put me through to the wrong number.

O. No, really? How culpably negligent of me. It's enough to make you very angry indeed. I could easily forgive you if you were to say a strong word. But I'm sure you are incapable of it.

S. Well, well, try again. Better luck next time. It's double-seven-nine-o-two Wall I want.

O. Thank you. (A pause.) I regret exceedingly to have to inform you that that number is engaged, please.

S. Bless you. (Replaces receiver and says something else.)

TO A VIOLET.

[By a student of science who has been informed that "a perceived quality of an object—e.g. the scent of a flower—is a psychical state which exists only when it is experienced."]

Violet, does your odour rare
 Really scent the summer air?
 Or does it, as some suppose,
 Merely stimulate my nose?

Atoms light on airy wing
 From your fragrant bosom spring,
 Touch the nostril, stir the nerve,
 Reach my brain till I "observe."

Sweet "emotions" next arise,
 Tears of joy suffuse my eyes;
 Memory brings me back the past,
 Hinting where I smelt you last.

"Psychic dispositions" find
 Place in my "subconscious mind."
 At the last, a "sense of smell"
 Penetrates some brainy cell.

Little violet, prithee say,
 What you do when I'm away:
 What about your power of scent?
 Is your odour permanent?

Are the poets wrong who swear
 That your fragrance fills the air?
 Truly now! Does scent exist?
 Tell a puzzled scientist!

THE "USE AND NEED" OF RELATIONS.

"How do you write an anonymous letter?" I asked, as I chewed my pencil.

"Sir," said Miss MIDDLETON, "or Madam. Beware, before it is too late. What have you done with the canary's cage? I know all. And you sign it 'THREE-FINGERED DICK.'"

"I shall sign mine 'HAMSTRUNG HERBERT,' I think. Must I do it like that, though? It isn't a bit what I wanted to say."

"What did you want to say, and who's it to?"

"My relations," I sighed. "And it's about Christmas presents."

"Oh, what are you giving them? Do tell me. Guess what I'm giving ANNE. Oh no, you mustn't—I've just remembered what it is."

"You don't understand," I said, rather annoyed. "It isn't what I'm giving them, but what they ought to give me."

"Relations never give the right things, anyhow."

"Exactly. Hence the anonymous letter. 'Dear Madam,—A friend wishes to warn you that your favourite nephew wants a —,' And so on. That might fetch them."

"What does her favourite nephew want?"

"I want—oh, everything. But what I really want," I added with a rush, "is a set of waistcoat buttons, and a copper kettle, and a music-cabinet for keeping boots in."

"That seems reasonable enough," said Miss MIDDLETON, after a moment's reflection. "If I had been your aunt, that is just what I should have thought of. Probably."

"I don't really want the music-cabinet," I explained. "But everybody tells me I do; and I know that if I had it I should get into the way of keeping my boots there, and leaving the rolls on the top of the pianola as usual. So I mentioned it. What I really want in that line, of course, is a music-stool. You see, when I finish playing a piece, I want to twirl round and say, 'Isn't that jolly?' to the people who are listening. And they say, 'Awfully.' With a great high-backed chair you can't do that, and sometimes they forget to say anything."

"I always say, 'A charming note that last one, yes.'"

"And then I like them to see my back when I'm playing, because of the expression. I don't mean that I put the expression in with my back,

but that that is where it shows. . . . Well, then we come to the waistcoat buttons."

"What sort of buttons do you want?"

"I don't mind a bit," I said. "But here I am, getting most frightfully old, and nobody has ever given me a set of waistcoat buttons in my life. It's scandalous."

"You should buy a bone set, with a waistcoat stitched on."

"I have often. But that doesn't count. You must have them given to you. Who do you think ought to give them to me? I thought a cousin."

"It would come rather nicely from a cousin. Have you any?"

I took out my pocket-book.

"Six first, twelve second, and seventeen third cousins."

"That makes eighty-one altogether," said Miss MIDDLETON, after a short silence.

"I always make it come to thirty-five. Are you sure you're right?"

"Eighty-one. That would be thirteen and a half to a button. Why, they could do you a set of diamond ones easily."

"Some of them I have never seen," I said. "They might stand out for mother-of-pearl. But, as I say, I shouldn't mind that."

"Well, I think it's disgraceful of them. It isn't as though they could pretend that they didn't know your size."

"The truth is, I think, that they aren't quite in touch with each other. There is a feeling among them that something should be done, only they want somebody to give them a lead. . . . That's why I thought I would," I added.

"Well," said Miss MIDDLETON, "there still remains the copper kettle."

"The copper kettle. I want that for keeping my breakfast warm. At present the hot water always goes out—gets cold, I mean—before I'm up. If I had one of those kettles with dents all round it and a wick underneath it would be so much pleasanter. Who do you think ought to give me that?"

"That's really what you'd call a useful present, isn't it?"

"It can be made very pretty if they do the dents right. They call them Yuletide gifts in the shops."

"But I mean it would be good for your health to have one."

"Indirectly I suppose it would. Though I've never heard anything against cold tea."

"Because useful presents which

are good for the health are generally given by aunts."

"I have some aunts," I said.

"It would come best from a great-aunt," said Miss MIDDLETON doubtfully.

I referred to my pocket-book.

"I'm very sorry," I said, "but we are quite out of great-aunts. We have a very good line in sisters-in-law. They think a lot of your health."

"Haven't you an old nurse?"

"I haven't a nurse at all."

"Then it will have to be an ordinary aunt. The one you gave the nicest present to last year. How many have you?"

"Two. Exactly two."

"There you are, then; the other can give you the music-stool. Now then, what did you give them?"

I coughed uneasily.

"It's—it's a little difficult to tell you," I said. "It's—er—I could explain to a man easily enough. I mean—of course—well . . . Well, there's Aunt MAGGIE up in Aberdeen."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Well, I gave her one of those—you know, oblong things, with sparkling things on them."

"Sort of brilliants?"

"Sort of, yes. And there was some lettering on it. It was, 'Wishing you the old, old wish, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Something like a Christmas-card—only . . . well, yes.'"

"I see," said Miss MIDDLETON gravely. "And Aunt JANE?"

"Aunt JANE in Edinburgh. Well, hers was the same sort of thing, only it had on it, 'Wishing you the old, old wish, A Happy Christmas—a Happy Christmas—and a—and a Merry New Year.'"

"I see," said Miss MIDDLETON again.

Of course I quite see what she sees, but I think she's wrong. Who ever heard of a nephew giving his aunt a music-stool? She couldn't twirl round properly on it to begin with. All the same, I think I shall leave out the aunts when I send the anonymous letter round, and concentrate on the cousins. Eighty-one cousins—they want pulling together a bit, and HAMSTRUNG HERBERT is the man to do it. A. A. M.

Things they manage better in France.

"The door was opened by a footman struggling into his coat with a handful of faggots in his arms."—From Madame Waddington's *Reminiscences*.

CHARIVARIA.

THE young Crown Prince of SERBIA is still bellicose. "I will fight my father, if necessary," he is reported to have said. He is a dear boy. We look forward with pleasure to further news from the Pantomime of War.

Austria, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, is to give Serbia and Montenegro "a lesson in the Spring." What is taking place at present, we suppose, then, is the preliminary Crouch.

A general Arbitration Treaty between Brazil and Argentine has been signed and exchanged. Such a treaty, we understand, would have been entered into long ago had it not been that the Republics were under the impression that it might prevent their going to war with one another.

Referring to the treatment meted out to certain Suffragettes at the Albert Hall, one of their number states: "We will not suffer these things in silence." We have sometimes wondered whether the notoriously quiet methods of the Suffragettes are really advisable, and we are interested to hear that there is now to be a change of policy.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has never been found lacking in personal courage, and now he has delivered himself of the following message: "I am not an enthusiastic advocate of woman suffrage, because I do not regard it as a very important matter." Still, this is not so daring as it sounds, for TEDDY knows that he will soon be beyond the reach of Suffragettes, and safe among the wild beasts of Africa.

"However much they may be entitled to consultation and to give us such advice and assistance as they can," said Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, speaking at Millwall of the House of Lords, "they ought not to be allowed to stand for good in the way of Liberal measures." "Stand for good" was surely a slip.

While golfing on the Edgbaston Links last week, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE hit the ball hard with his niblick. The ball jumped into the air and dropped into his Lordship's right-hand pocket. Since this fact became known LORD ALVERSTONE, we are informed, has been inundated with proposals from Music-Halls offering fabulous sums if he will give



She. "MOST IMPROBABLE. THERE'S BEEN A LAPSE OF TWO YEARS SINCE THE PREVIOUS ACT-- AND THEY'VE GOT THE SAME SERVANT!"

a few turns of this sort. To his Lordship's credit, none of these offers has been accepted.

A staggering blow has been dealt at the popularity of football in the Midlands by a decision given at Glossop last week. It was then held that it was illegal to attack a referee, and a man was fined ten shillings for the offence.

During the past twelve months there have been only twenty-two cremations in Birmingham as compared with thirty-two in the previous year, and the work of the crematorium has been carried on at a loss. It is proposed that with a view to attracting customers the scale of fees should be revised, and reduced rates are to be offered to large parties.

"Lord Carrington," says *The Express*, "spent most of yesterday at

the Board of Agriculture, where he held a reception for farmers, at which all their grievances were discussed." Seeing that less than twenty-four hours were devoted to this entertainment, the word "all" is surely something of an exaggeration? The weather alone should have taken a week.

The POSTMASTER - GENERAL has ordered Telephone Girls to say "Please"—and they are doing it. Not even the Government's bitterest enemy will grudge them this small success.

"The intentions of Mr. Runciman, the Education Minister, were good—but we all know Dante's line about good intentions."

The Standard.

But how few know Dr. JOHNSON's famous inscription over BOSWELL's front door: "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

SERAPHIC "SOUL-BODIES."

THE new theory of Life after Death, recently expounded by Mr. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc., Secretary of the Dublin Society of Psychical Research, to an audience of Spiritualists in Suffolk Street, has naturally excited considerable interest in both worlds. Mr. D'ALBE, if correctly reported by the Press, maintains that disembodied souls, or "soul-bodies," inhabit a realm of the earth-atmosphere extending upwards for two-hundred miles, and, subsisting as they do entirely on sun-rays, require and possess no digestive organs, and have no need to compete for existence. Consequently he holds that they are all "engaged only in cultivating the higher virtues of Justice, Kindness, and Sympathy."

Mr. Punch, feeling that it would be rash to accept these views—even on such scientific authority as Mr. FOURNIER D'ALBE'S—without some confirmation, has instructed his own Psychic Medium to place himself under the control of any floating soul-bodies within the two-hundred-mile radius that might desire to express an opinion on the subject.

As will appear from the following notes, automatically taken by the Medium himself in the trance condition, the *séance* proved remarkably successful:

The First Soul-body would rather not give the name by which it was known in life, but furnished some clue to its identity by mentioning that the colour of its beard had been a good deal exaggerated. Knew about Mr. D'ALBE's lecture, but was not actually present. Had tried to get in, but only floating-room for about four million souls. Hoped he would choose the Albert Hall *next* time. Was in the dome there last Saturday week, and deeply interested—though it pained him to see so many charming ladies losing their heads. Yes, ever since he had first entered the earth-atmosphere had been ardent sympathiser with the Women's Cause. Would like to see some reform of the Marriage laws, which at present placed a wife too much at the mercy of her husband. Was decidedly of opinion that no doors should be closed to women. Disapproved of flats as domestic dwellings—not a decent-sized cupboard in any of them!

A Soul-body, describing itself as having formerly belonged to the late JUDGE JEFFREYS, said it had read an account of Mr. D'ALBE's address in the local films. Mr. D'ALBE was a most ingenious honest gentleman, and many of his statements were fairly correct.

Marvellous, indeed, that he should know so much as he did! He was somewhat out, however, in his estimate of the extent of the radius, which, precisely reckoned, was not above 173 miles 3 furlongs. But that was a small matter. As to himself, was desirous of seeing a more humane treatment of Criminals. Would have them reformed not by imprisonment, but kindness. Capital punishment ineffective and barbarous, and should be abolished forthwith. Still hung about the Assize Courts occasionally, but horrified at abuse of cross-examination by certain counsellors, and by severity of sentences from the Bench. Had more than once felt constrained to protest—but took nothing by his motion, except that Judge

complained of icy draught in court, and ordered all windows to be closed. Had no digestive organs—but heart larger than ever it had been.

The Soul-body of the MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS said it had been present at the Suffolk Street meeting. Thought M. D'ALBE extremely sympathetic, and had been moved to tears by some of his so eloquent periods. All that, for example, of the persecution endured by those poor ghosts who, from motives of purest benevolence, ventured to become visible to mortals. How touching, and how true! She who was speaking had, only the other evening, undergone an experience of the most disagreeable! She had conceived it her duty to appear to a certain of her descendants, now dwelling in the quarter of Soho, and warn him solemnly that the *pâté de Périgord* he was about to partake of had so deteriorated as to have become

positively unwholesome. "Ptomaines?" She knew not that word; but it was always possible. Well, she appeared, then. Figure that her ungrateful kinsman, so far from appreciating the attention, had permitted himself to fling a small jar of French mustard through her head! But if she no longer possessed organs of digestion she could still feel for those who did. Was it not desolating to reflect that it was becoming almost impossible for poor human beings to procure food or drink which had not been adulterated? Believe her, so long as such unprincipled practices went unpunished except by fines, Society would suffer! On being questioned as to whether she agreed or not with Mr. D'ALBE that the Soul-body might become visible in ultra-violet light, would only say that she trusted he was mistaken, as it could not but be unbecoming to the complexion of any person of quality.

Control was next assumed by a Soul-body who



Kindly, but short-sighted, old gentleman, dropping coin in apple-woman's cup of tea. "THERE, THERE. BLESS MY SOUL! GET YOURSELF A CUP OF COFFEE."



Herbert (who has had a threepenny-bit given him by his mother for the collection). "ALL RIGHT, DAD, I'LL PAY."

announced himself as GUY FAWKES. Admitted that he had not followed the proceedings of Parliament very closely of late, so could not say when it was likely to be dissolved. Was much more interested in the preservation of ancient monuments. Thought it a grievous scandal that so many of our historic buildings should be permitted to vanish with scarce a trace left to show where they had once stood! Had endeavoured to save the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, and sundry stately palaces on a spot called Shepherd's Bush; but his efforts had failed. All his efforts *did*, somehow. Had been shamefully entreated not a great while since by a pestilent manufacturer in the Midlands. The vile dog was bent on overthrowing a colossal chimney of brick that had been a noted landmark for nigh upon a century; actually undermining it at the base! He himself had been at great pains to prevent so foul a deed—but all his hauntings and rappings and groanings had been to no purpose, for the fellow had got him exorcised! An unconscionable freedom to take with any gentleman's soul! But what, to him, was most intolerable, it had been performed by a minister of some Nonconformist sect!

In token of his concern for the safety of the public, he earnestly desired that letters be dispatched to the authorities in every city warning them to keep good watch. For it was within his knowledge that sundry mean traders had—and that no longer ago than the

beginning of last month!—collected vast store of combustibles and explosives—ay, and masks withal! With what fell purpose he, being wholly ignorant of their secret bloody designs, would not take upon him so much as to conjecture; but this he might say: on his conscience he believed that *some* ill plot was toward!

It is hardly necessary to point out how entirely these communications support Mr. FOURNIER D'ALBE's theories. Still less to assure him that the Medium in question is a gentleman who is absolutely incapable of such a liberty as pulling anybody's leg. At all events, *Mr. Punch* hopes so. F. A.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

His compliments to his friends, and Mr. *Punch* does not mind saying again, for it is quite true, that he is going to hold an Exhibition of himself. He has now decided to be in the movement and call it a Pageant. It will be distinguished from ordinary pageants both in other respects and by the fact that it is to keep still. Nevertheless, in point of sentiment, it will be the most moving of spectacles. It opens on Saturday, January 2nd, 1909, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and proposes to stay there all the month. Mr. *Punch* takes this opportunity of expressing his sincere thanks to many kind people for the loan of original drawings, manuscripts, letters and other precious relics associated with his career.



THOSE MECHANICAL TOYS.

Fond Mamma. "WHAT! BROKEN ALREADY? IF I'D GIVEN IT TO YOUR FATHER INSTEAD, IT WOULD HAVE KEPT HIM QUIET FOR HOURS!"

CHRISTMAS COOKERY. SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

I.—CARDS.

THESE form a welcome and dainty addition to the Christmas morning breakfast. To prepare, take two plump robins (boned, so as to stand in impossible attitudes), a church-tower with bells, and holly to taste. Season the whole with a couple of cheap rhymes, and sprinkle thickly with frost. Serve in half-sheet of notepaper, "With best wishes from all at Homeleigh," enclose in envelope, and garnish with pink stamp.

A more economical version of the above omits the Best Wishes, and garnishes with green stamp.

II.—WAITS.

Fill four throaty baritones and a bass with either beer or whisky, as preferred. Add a conductor, two choir-boys, and a hazy recollection of *Good King Wenceslas*. Mix well, and set aside to simmer. As soon as slight fizzling noise makes itself audible, cold water should be freely poured over the whole till this ceases.

III.—ANNUALS.

These, though conventionally asso-

ciated with Christmas, most frequently make their actual appearance at table towards the beginning of autumn. The chief ingredients are advertisements *ad lib.*, which may be rendered fairly palatable by a judicious admixture of pretty well any old stuff you have left over. Add a seasoning of turkeys and hunt-balls, and colour as attractively as possible. Served with special Presentation Plates, this economical trifle will be readily swallowed.

IV.—HUMORISTS.

These are certain to be in great demand by hostesses who require some inexpensive little extra to set before their guests at the Christmas dinner. As a relish to plum-pudding and mince-pies nothing is so popular as a nicely turned-out humorist. The most usual kind, more than sufficient for a party of twenty persons, is generally stuffed with chestnuts, and moistened with sweet champagne or a little fruity port. Great care should be exercised in serving, as some humorists are apt to fall flat when brought to table, in which case the entire effect is ruined.

V.—THEATRICALS.

The Maugham shape, very popular just now, is usually made with a flavour of diluted Hawtrey. For smaller parties the Hubert-Henry is recommended. The author's fee is either added at the last moment or left out altogether.

From a College of Preceptors' Junior Examination Paper:—

"Describe in ten or twelve lines of French . . . the examining superintendent."

Here goes:—

"Il a le nez rouge. Ses pieds sont trop grandes. Ces sont aussi grandes que M. le Smith Major's. Cela dit quelque chose. Pourquoi a-t-il le tête balde? Je ne sais pas. Je ne l'aime pas. Maintenant je stopperai."

The League-long Roller.

From an advertisement of Blackpool:—

"THE FINEST SEA IN EUROPE. Flowing against the Promenade daily; three miles in extent."

This is a modest understatement. Readers will be glad to know that these three miles of boundless European ocean perform *twice* daily.

"He had been striking matches, and as there were valuable horses in the stable Bailie Smail said there might have been a fire."

The Border Standard.

These fiery steeds are very inflammable.



BOILING OVER WITH APATHY.

PRIME MINISTER. "INSULT ME SIX TIMES MORE, AND I WON'T BE ANSWERABLE FOR MYSELF. AND HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I APPEALED TO MY FRIEND HERE, WHO ALREADY HAS GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CONTROLLING HIS INDIGNATION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 7.—No one looking round House whilst Questions were going forward would imagine we are in throes of Ministerial crisis, that presently the PREMIER will make a statement affecting existence of one of principal measures of the Session, possibly involving fate of the Government. Benches only half filled. Gaps on those whereon across the Table Ministers and ex-Ministers bend upon each other affectionate regard. Amongst absentees at the moment were the PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR. By time Questions were over and Orders of Day reached, the Benches filled up, and a sprinkling of Peers was seen in gallery over the clock. Still there was room for all comers.

When at length Education Bill was called on and House resolved itself into Committee, there was a hush of expectancy; but nothing approaching that intense, almost breathless attitude of waiting and listening familiar in ordinary crises. The method studiously adopted of finally disposing of the Bill contributed to absence of excitement. Last Friday PREMIER gave notice that he would to-day move that the order for Committee



"If I were to attend the right hon. gentleman's public dinners, and he were to attend mine, these entertainments would become even more popular than they are." (Loud laughter.)
Mr. Balfour, Dec. 9.

stage should be read and discharged. This a procedure into which it would be possible to import some passion evoking demonstrations and counter-demonstrations. On reflection, PREMIER perceived a better way, more consonant with his desire to avoid anything like a scene. When the cheers that greeted his appearance at the Table subsided, he, addressing the CHAIRMAN, remarked in quiet tones, "I rise, Sir, for the purpose of moving that you do now leave the Chair."

One of the most commonplace procedures of a day's sitting. It means that the business immediately in hand shall be postponed for a day or a week, according to the most convenient arrangement of business.

The PREMIER having made an end of speaking, PRINCE ARTHUR following in brief speech set in minor key skilfully struck, Mr. EMMOTT left the Chair. The SPEAKER came in and the next business on the Orders was called on.

Though no formal declaration was made, everyone knew that with the emptying of the Chair at the Table the life went out of the Education Bill—

A Bill which there were none to praise
And very few to love.

The Licensing Bill, done to death in the House of Lords, had, as FITZMAURICE remarked, a fine funeral. The Education Bill died by automatic pro-

cess. It was not permitted even to give an audible last gasp. Nor did friendly hand close its eyes. It simply disappeared from the scene as part of the working of an ordinary business procedure. The PREMIER's formal motion "that the CHAIRMAN do now leave the Chair" was agreed to without debate or division, and since Mr. EMMOTT will never come back to preside over Committee on the Education Bill the measure is dead.

No flowers, by request.

Business done.—Education Bill smothered in its cradle.

Tuesday.—LOULU, who has given us a new dining-room, has added a phrase to the Parliamentary vocabulary. Heckled this afternoon by Brother BOB, who wanted to know why a room should be allotted to the private use of the Chairman of Welsh Liberal Members whilst Scotland had none, the First Commissioner cautiously replied that he did not know on what, "if any," principle his predecessors acted when they made the allotment. Here BOWLES JUNIOR nipped in with enquiry on what principle the allotment was continued?

"On the general principle of continuity of policy," LOULU answered, with a glance at the FOREIGN MINISTER who chanced to be in his place.

Brother BOB lengthening the catechism by two other questions, LOULU, regarding him with fraternal



"A FINE FUNERAL" FOR THE LICENSING BILL.
(Lord F-tzm-r-ce.)

smile, remarked, "Perhaps I had better have family notice of any further enquiry."

"Family notice" is good, implying among other conveniences a saving of public time. True, opportunity for use of expedient is not so wide in present House as it was in its predecessor. The electoral earthquake of 1906 shattered many family connections. Still there are cases where brothers, or father and son, have been returned, and the practice of giving notice across the family breakfast-table of intention to put a question would in several cases—the brothers WASON for example—be a convenience.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—When in the Chair Mr. LOWTHER never for a moment loses his head. Ready for any sudden emergency, for all unexpected turns of debate. This makes more striking a trifling lapse that befell to-day, notable in itself as illustrating the effect of habit even upon the best trained minds.

ASHLEY turned up as usual with his volume of Mangnall's Questions. They numbered seven, printed consecutively on the paper, and were addressed to NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. Actually, by most liberal computation, there were only three subjects dealt with. But ASHLEY, though comparatively young in years, was not born yesterday. If he followed the ordinary practice of arranging his interrogations on a particular point in form of a single question his opportunities of putting supplementary ones would be limited. Accordingly he cuts them up, making every section serve as a separate enquiry; when the Minister replies, ASHLEY, almost before he has finished, is on his legs with a supplementary question.

This is how, as formerly explained, he easily keeps ahead of Captain CRAIG in the honourable competition for the distinction of putting in a single week the largest number of futile questions.

To-day, his seven questions on the paper having by the process indicated run up to fifteen, he resumed his seat. The next on the paper stood in the name of HICKS-BEACH. But the SPEAKER, having called upon ASHLEY seven successive times, mechanically repeated his name.

ASHLEY up like a shot. Here was a slice of good luck. Having exhausted his own opportunities, he was voluntarily supplied by the SPEAKER with a sixteenth! Hadn't anything ready, but long practice assured him that if he only opened his mouth a question would emerge.

SPEAKER's lapse temporary. Quickly perceiving his error, he called, "Order! Order! Mr. HICKS-BEACH." And the Questions took their proper course.

Business done.—Report stage of Miners' Eight Hours Bill.

Friday.—A declaration made by Mr. LUPTON in debate on Prevention

TON's address has been looked up and he may expect any night to have opportunity of putting his amiable principle into practice.

The MEMBER FOR SARK notes in the incident a departure from earlier habit. Formerly, when Mr. LUPTON's premises were invaded with felonious intent, he was accustomed to seize the burglar by the wrist and re-vaccinate him. This proved immediately effective and did something to shake the Hon. Member's well-known rooted antipathy to vaccination. He admits that he knows no single instance where a burglar so treated was seen again on the premises. At the same time he denies that lymph, whether drawn directly from the calf or otherwise, did, or could, serve any useful purpose.

To avert inconvenient controversy he has, SARK says, for some years given up his midnight practice. Now, as he announces, if the burglar will only go quietly away, he may take with him what he wants.

Business done.—Miners' Eight Hours Bill passed Report stage.

"Any purchaser who signs the coupon is entitled to £2,000 at any age over fourteen, if he is fatally killed by himself in his own motor-car."—*The Publisher's Circular.*

People who are fatally killed by themselves at the age of thirteen should therefore wait for a year before claiming the money.

A French contemporary describes the recent violent scenes at the Albert Hall and how the organ played

"O dear! what can the matter be, Johnny's not home from the fair":—

"L'orgue essaie de noyer le bruit du combat dans ses flots d'harmonie. Il joue la chanson populaire, reprise en chœur par les 10,000 personnes présentes:

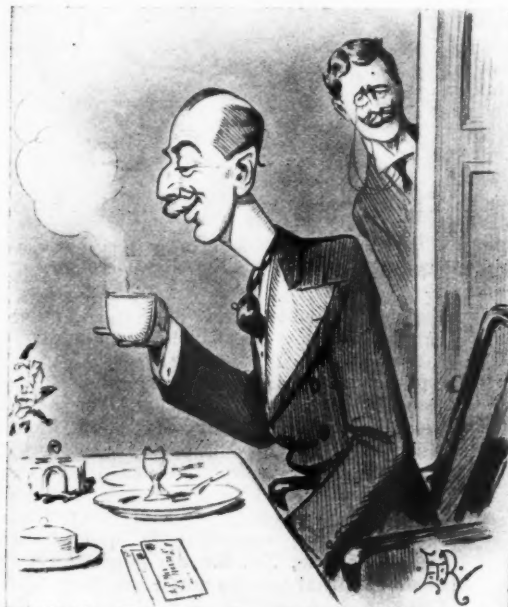
"Qu'y a-t-il, ma chère, et que croire? Ce Jeanjean s'arrête à la foire."

La musique n'adoucit pas les mœurs."—*Echo de Paris.*

To which we can only say, "Oh, dear!" or, as the French apparently have it, "Ma chère."

Extract from an Agricultural Return made by a very nice-minded woman:—

"Wheat . . . 7 acres
Kohl Rabi . . . No rabbits
Sheep . . . 1 father sheep 6 ewes."



"FAMILY NOTICE OF ANY FURTHER ENQUIRY."

The Right Hon. Loulu. "All right, my dear Bob, that's agreed, then. Mind you give me time for my repartees; and, remember, an air of spontaneity is most important. Ta, ta!"

(The Brothers H-re-rt.)

of Crime Bill has created keen interest in certain hives of industry known to the police. Discussing the measure of punishment allotted to burglars, and the probability of its severity leading the midnight visitor to resort to violence in order to escape, Mr. LUPTON remarked that he looked upon the matter from the point of view of "the tax-payer who did not want to be damaged by rough men." For himself he was willing that his goods should be taken away so long as the burglar went off quietly.

That's the sort of man the burglar likes to find on his beat; has every desire to meet the gentleman half-way, even three-quarters. Mr. LUP-



First Trooper (who has been supplied with a sandwich in preparation for field-day). "BLOOMIN' LOT O' GRUB TO LAST TILL SUPPER-TIME, EH?"
Second ditto. "YUSS, THAT'S WHAT COMES OF ACTIN' AS A SKELETON FORCE."

SCIENCE NOTES.

ARE OUR HEADS GROWING BIGGER?

(By our Hydrocephalous Expert.)

THE remarkable letter contributed by Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER to a recent number of *The Westminster Gazette* on the growth of the brain and concomitantly of the skull has caused great excitement in influential circles.

Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER, who claims the support of two Fellows of the Royal Society, maintains that the skull increases with the growth of the brain, and that the brain continues to grow so long as it is actively exercised. In this tremendous belief he is fortified by the well-authenticated cases of Mr. GLADSTONE and an August Personage. To these cases may be added others which have come within our personal observation.

(1) An illustrious and world-renowned novelist, whose resemblance to a famous Elizabethan dramatist has long been notorious, when he first came to London used to wear a 6½-inch hat. Now no stock size will fit him, and he has to have a con-

stant succession of new and ever-larger hats made for him by the firm of MAGNIFICO POMPOSO in Rome, who build for the POPE and most of the Curia.

But the novelist's expansion has not been confined to his cranium. His finely developed nether man has assumed so much more opulent dimensions of late that he is admittedly too big for his boots of yesteryear.

(2) The peculiar headgear, suggestive of a retired bath-chair proprietor, affected by the youngest member of the Cabinet has caused no little surprise amongst his old brother-officers. But the square-crowned bowler in question is rendered necessary by the extraordinary supra-temporal development of the statesman's head, which presents a most extraordinary resemblance to that of PERICLES (compared by classical writers to a sea-squill), and, growing as it does in direct ratio with his unbridled mental activity, is already beginning to cause lively concern to his devoted and affectionate colleagues. Indeed, we have good reason to believe that Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER has of his

own initiative volunteered to remove this gigantic cranial dome and supply its place with a low-crowned roof of aluminium, jewelled in six holes. The only other alternative, that the owner of this wonderful osseous envelope should cease entirely from mental activity, is one which his colleagues are quite unable to contemplate without transports of melancholia.

"A woman who can act and think for herself is a treasure indeed."—*Madame.*

That so few of our women can act and can think

Is a truth which we would not endeavour to blink;

But we hold that a far more regrettable fact

Is the number of women who think they can act.

FROM a Vicar's postbag:—

"Dear Sir—I am applying for an old-age pension. I have a dim recollection of being born at Mapledurham in 1829 or 1830. I shall feel duly grateful if you can trace it for me."

We do not approve of the use of clergymen as mediums.

A "RESTING" PART.

[Addressed to the youthful pig that has been selected from 600 candidates to perform in the Pantomime at Drury Lane.]

Nor to expose your adolescent tushes,
Set in a storm-proof smile,
They brought you to a stage where
beauty gushes

And fairy scenes beguile;
Not to enthral the house with
breathless stupor

At gags and garments of an olden
time,
But merely as an ordinary super,
O pig, you play the mime.

Do you lament, perchance, the fame
that bruited

Your budding charms abroad?
Sigh for the simple trough where once
you rooted

With no one to applaud?
Lived the bucolic life as yet un-
puzzled

By purple limelight and the mazy
reel?

Rolled on the straw of indolence, and
guzzled

The pared potato-peel?

Or have you felt ambition? found
awaken

Beneath those tender ribs
A hope (beyond the lot of common
bacon)

Of far superior cribs?
Have you been told, perhaps, of
snouty cousins

Who all their prowess to the Muses
bring,

And rightly pick the same sweet
names from dozens

Of letters in a ring?

I rather think it: you've a sort of
glitter

About your beady eye
That seems to say, "Good Heavens,
what a litter!"

Why don't they let me try?"

The chorus sings its songs, the jesters
tumble,

The stars come out in robes of
shining silk;—

"Not one of these," I think I hear
you grumble,

"Is worth his buttermilk."

Well, never mind, my porklet!
there's a beauty

Of nature as of art,
And some day you shall do your
Christmas duty

And play the hero's part.

Thrice-fatted you shall come from
fields of clover

To triumph in a tragic rôle sublime,
And wear upon your breast, the last
act over,

The epithet of "Prime."

ON THE SAME THEME.

DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether
the poor little pig in the Pantomime
has got even a squeaking part or not.
I have, however, taken the liberty of
writing a little song for him (or is it
"her"?) and am sending it you in
the hope that you will be able to
place it in the proper quarter.

There are only six verses. Shall I
begin?

I.

Oh, hear me for a moment, please,
'tis little "Curly" speaks
(Surely you've heard of little
"Curly"?)

They say I am the very finest pig
that squeaks,

And I've taken to the stage so
early.

(Chorus: "Curly!" "Curly!")
How young to be in such a hurly-
burly!

You may well ask, "Why, oh,
why

Did I leave my little sty
Up in Hali-halifax so early?"

II.

Whatever made them choose me out
of all the rest?

Why did they hit on little
"Curly"?

Was it because they thought my
temper was the best?

I'm really feeling rather surly.
(Chorus: "Curly!" "Curly!")

Red Riding Hood's a jolly little
girlie,

But I do so wish that I
Hadn't left my little sty

Up in Hali-halifax so early!

I won't bother you with the other
four verses at present, but the encore
verse I am sure you will like. It
took me much longer than the others,
and the idea struck me as particu-
larly happy. Here it is:—

(Encore Verse.)

Now I am—

[One minute, please. Just see if
you get any applause before you go
on any further. (Perfect silence.)
Thank you, that will do.—Ep.]

"The total number of Irish persons of over
seventy is placed by statisticians at 184,000.
Of these 32,000 are in receipt of poor relief and
are therefore disqualified, so that there should
remain 125,000 of the age. The actual number
of claimants for pensions is, however, 193,000.
Clearly there must be a mistake somewhere.
But the means of detecting the error is not
obvious."—Daily Mail.

With great skill we have detected
another error. 125 + 32 is not equal
to 184. On receipt of a stamped ad-
dressed envelope we will explain why.

LEGWEAR DE LUXE.

FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER'S PRICELESS
COLLECTION.

MARVELLOUS as is the Bookman's
Paradise of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN,
recently described by the American
correspondent of *The Times*, it is
but a jejune and pinchbeck exhibi-
tion compared with the Sar-
danapalian splendour of the great
Sartorial Pleasure Dome of Mr.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. Hitherto only a
few of Mr. ALEXANDER's friends have
been admitted to inspect the ineffable
glories which lie enshrined within the
famous chryselephantine gates, and
this is positively the first account
that has ever appeared in print of
what is undoubtedly the finest collec-
tion of legwear in this or any other
world. Indeed it has been wittily
described as the "Nethermost
Heaven of Sartorialculture."

Entering the great gates already
alluded to, probably the finest extant
specimen of the work of PHEIDIAS, one
is struck by a magnificent porphyry
cabinet containing a priceless collec-
tion of frock-coats dating back to the
Noachian epoch. In the centre of
the hall, which is hung with green
Flemish tapestry, is a superb life-size
model of BEAU BRUMMEL. A chalce-
dony rack in an alcove on the right
contains one hundred and twelve
clouded canes, while a superb cabinet
with crystal doors is all ablaze with
scarves of every conceivable hue and
pattern.

But the outer hall gives only a
faint idea of the indescribable glories
of the inner treasure-house, which is
exclusively devoted to the choicest
specimens of nether integuments.
Passing through a lapis-lazuli door
one is confronted by a colossal statue
of ALEXANDER THE GREAT arrayed in
faultless vicuna trousers. A huge
wardrobe of ebony and gold illus-
trates the evolution of this indis-
pensable garment from the primitive
braccae of the Roman provincial down
to the latest creation of Bond Street,
arranged in thirty asbestos shelves.

Even more wonderful is the fabulous
collection of trouser-stretchers, rang-
ing from the rude stone slabs used
by neolithic man to the Gutenberg
Trouser Press, the Wynken de
Worde Trouser Press, the famous
Caxton Trouser Press, and culmin-
ating in the marvellous hydraulic
press invented by Lord ALTHORP, and
capable of reducing the most amor-
phous leg-wear to absolute symmetry
in ten seconds.

Opening out of the main Trouser-
Hall is the inmost Sartorial sanctum,

a bomb-proof chamber panelled in platinum and containing the choicest treasures of Mr. ALEXANDER'S soul-shaking collection. These are nothing less than a number of historic nether garments worn by famous, notable or notorious personages. To give a complete list would tax our space too severely; but it must be a source of national satisfaction to know that while so many other inestimable relics have crossed the Atlantic it has been the privilege of Mr. ALEXANDER to keep in this country—

1. The favourite pantaloons of "Old Q."

2. A pair of kerseymere knee-breeches worn by WILBERFORCE.

3. A pair of trousers in MARTIN TUPPER'S earliest manner.

4. Pair of ditto, worn by the Poet Laureate at the opening of the Crystal Palace.

5. Pair of knickerbockers worn by Mr. HALL CAINE on the occasion of his first speech in the House of Keys.

6. Pair of nainsook pyjamas worn by PORFIRIO DIAZ, the President of Mexico.

7. Pair of check trousers, peg-top pattern, formerly the property of the late Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.

8. Pair of running shorts worn by DORANDO PIETRI in the Marathon Race.

9. Pair of accordion-pleated bloomers from the wardrobe of the late Dowager-Empress of CHINA.

10. Pair of trews in which ROBERT BURNS composed *Scots wha hae*.

11. Pair of Scotch plaid trousers in which CARLYLE wrote the greater part of *Sartor Resartus*.

12. Pair of Carthaginian trouser-lookers in which HANNIBAL is believed to have crossed the Alps.

And 13 is a special moth-proof boudoir, which is in reality a steel safe, with three hundred and thirty pairs of trousers worn by Mr. ALEXANDER himself as *Aubrey Tanqueray* during the run of Mr. PINERO'S famous play.

We have said enough to show that to be permitted the privilege of *entrée* to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S collection is a liberal education. Mr. ALEXANDER, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. KINO, who acts as his chief valet and is Keeper of the Pressed Trousers, has, however, for some time been busily engaged on a *Catalogue raisonné* of his possessions, most sumptuously embellished with facsimile buttons, a few copies of which will be on sale for the general public.



TACTLESS GALLANTRY.

Lady of uncertain age (to old admirer). "WELL, ADMIRAL, HOW DO YOU THINK I'M LOOKING?"

Admiral (who last remembers her with grey hair). "MY DEAR LADY, AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER!"

THE LOAFER.

HE is rather small for his age, slim, and with an appearance that one would call "nervy." He does very little for me, but I keep him partly because I have a genuine affection for him, partly because most men in the Temple enjoy the services (such as they are) of one of his class, but mostly because he possesses in a marked degree those two characteristics which go to make the ideal servant—ubiquity and unobtrusiveness. He is always there in case he is wanted, but never in

the way. He is perhaps too modest; but it must also be said that he leads the idlest of lives. His handwriting is so abominable that I cannot entrust my correspondence to him, and if I ask him to do any odd jobs they are usually badly done.

He has the annoying habit of drumming his fingers on tables and desks, a sure sign of the idler. However, although he could hardly be called my right hand in business, I should be genuinely sorry to lose him.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned at the outset that I am referring to my left hand.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A DISMAL home; a situation that one would like to call impossible; a woman with the long-suffering strength only weak women possess; a man she has wronged and been wronged by; and her son. These make up the drama of ANNE SEDGWICK's new novel *Amabel Channice* (ARNOLD). The author of *Valerie Upton* has not lost her cunning. Her characters, few but convincing, are alive; though unpleasant, they are real. Yet one may perhaps doubt whether the husband, a man of thirty-two, would have gone about his courting in so paternal a fashion; and the son would be better if he were less of a prig. A young man who analyses the feelings of love by introspection and backs his sentiments with quotations from HEGEL may be as clever as he will, but he is already far on the road to become a bore of the very first water. Miss SEDGWICK ends by leaving him to devote his time to his mother. Probably no other woman whom he came across would think it worth while to disturb the idyll.

As Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON points out, *Once Aboard the Lugger*, taken from that dashing sentiment "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine," might be considered a generic title for all novels. Certainly there is no specific mention of any lugger in his book (ALSTON RIVERS), excepting in the "Author's Advertisement." But there is specific mention of other things equally good. There is Mr. Marrapit, who, according to the eye which beheld him, was like "one of the minor prophets—shaved," and had every inch of his garden searched because a threepenny-piece had been dropped. There is Mrs. Major, his companion, that masterly woman. There are George and his Mary, the people of the story, and very nice people, too—particularly Mary. And many more, from Mr. David Brunger, detective, to *The Rose of Sharon*, cat. They are all cleverly drawn, and for the most part sufficiently true to life to compel belief in them, however preposterous the circumstances in which the author's very pleasant humour lands them.

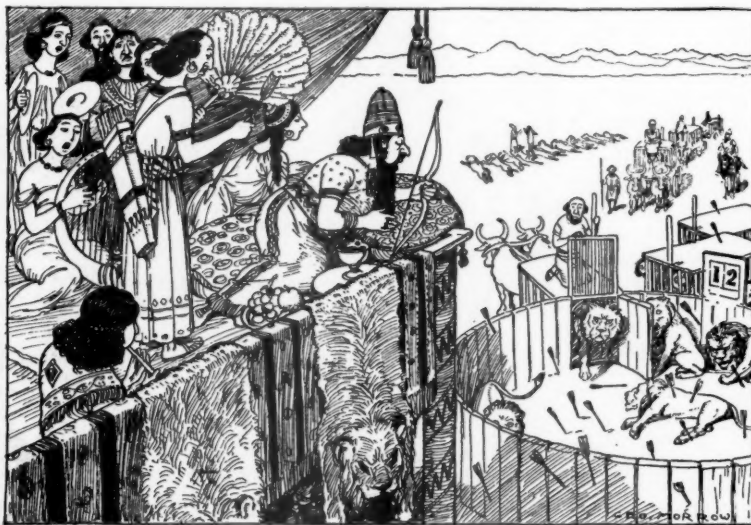
The Story of the Man in the Iron Mask holds its own among the world's mysteries. Since VOLTAIRE's time, it has been discussed by a shifting company of writers who have devoted an appreciable portion of their

lives to hunting up trails. The latest and by no means the least weighty contribution to the solution of the problem is from the pen of Monseigneur BARNES. The title of the book, *The Man of the Mask* (SMITH, ELDER), is significant. Amongst other discoveries, Monseigneur has come upon the fact that the mask was not of iron, but of velvet. The wearing of it was not an addition to punishment, but merely a means of preventing recognition. Various persons have been named by earlier explorers as being the masked prisoner. That he was a twin-brother of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH was a dramatic fancy that long moved the world. A better reasoned though less picturesque explanation pointed to MATTHIOLI, agent of the Duke of MANTUA, who got the better of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH in a secret treaty for the purchase of the fortress of Casale. Monseigneur BARNES has a novel theory to advance. Behind the velvet mask he sees the face of a son of

CHARLES THE SECOND, the issue of a liaison with a Jersey lady of good family. The theory is supported by the marshalling of much evidence and the exercise of considerable dialectical ingenuity.

To the thousands whose thoughts at this season are busy with children no better service can be done than to commend to them *The Modern Child* (FOULIS), compiled by HERVEY ELWES. It is an anthology of verse and prose about children, but it is some-

thing more, too, than a mere anthology. It is informed with a definite purpose to present the innumerable, wayward, graceful, joyous, sorrowful, and even the mischievously playful aspects of a child's nature. Thought and understanding, and, what is even more important, a serious and delightful tenderness, have gone to the making of this pleasant half-crown's worth. Many writers have been laid under contribution, and all of them, I may say, are benefited by their inclusion in Mr. ELWES's list. Every extract has its place in the general scheme as containing some thought that throws light upon its subject. Mrs. ALLEN HARKER's "Foreword" strikes exactly the right note—though by a venial lapse she robs the late Mr. WAUGH of his true name BENJAMIN, and presents him as the Reverend ARTHUR WAUGH. I am sure the real Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH cannot feel aggrieved at this added imputation of excellence. At any rate Mrs. HARKER makes no mistake in her pretty reference to Mr. Punch. Mr. Punch loves children, and on his behalf I make bold to urge all other lovers of children and students of their ways to become possessors of *The Modern Child*.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—IV.

NIMROD.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have good news of PRESIDENT CASTRO. It was noticed that, when receiving the representative of a Continental paper, the Dictator wore carpet slippers. This is taken to mean Peace.

The *Neptune* is to be twenty feet longer and four feet wider than the *Dreadnought*. If the war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany go on increasing in size at this rate it is obvious that there will not be room enough for them to fight in comfort in the North Sea, and arrangements will have to be made for the use of the Atlantic.

A man has been arrested for firing shots in Miss MARIE CORELLI's garden. From a statement he made he is apparently a reader of Miss CORELLI's books. The state of his mind is to be enquired into.

In attempting to swallow a cigar and a clay pipe for a wager last week a collier became unconscious through the bowl of the pipe sticking in his throat. A doctor who was summoned extracted the bowl, and the collier's condition is improving, but it is thought that in future he will only swallow cigars.

A young correspondent points out that an undoubted drawback to a certain shiny species of sweet is that, when one has sucked it for a short time, and just as one is getting really fond of it, the thing is apt to slip down one's gullet beyond recall. To prevent this he proposes that a hole should be bored through the centre of each sweet and a piece of string passed through it. One end of the string could then be held in the hand, thus enabling one to retain effective control over the sweet.

Referring to the recent damage done in Cambridge before the young

gentlemen went down, we believe that the end of the term at many Schools for Little Boys is celebrated by a "Breaking-up" entertainment.

The Editor of *The Review of Reviews* has been asking a number of celebrities and notorieties how much sleep they require. A certain popular author replies: "If I sleep well for four or five hours my powers

the engine." How typical of Scotch frugality that only a small bottle should have been used on this occasion.

The decision that in certain circumstances a railway carriage becomes a dwelling-house subject to the provisions of the Public Health Act, has, we hear, created a considerable flutter among the directors of a certain railway company whose carriages scarcely move.

"No child should open a book until he is seven years of age," says Dr. ALBERT WILSON. It would be humane, we think, in the case of some modern novels, to raise the age-limit to 100.

It is amusing to see how some youngsters give themselves airs. The Russian Duma has sent an encouraging message to the Turkish Parliament.

"The Newest Dresses, Gauds, and Gems," is the title of an article in *The Daily Mail*. But surely there is a certain redundancy here? So many ladies make gauds of their dresses.

"Mr. C—'s one recreation is hunting, and he knows of no sport or pastime more health-giving or exhilarating than pursuing pug in real earnest in the regular hunting season along the Midland pastures with the music of the Quorn Pack at his heels."—*The British and Colonial Druggist*.

If the etiquette of pug-hunting is at all like that of fox-hunting we should greatly like to hear what the M.P.H. has to say to Mr. C.'s habit of riding in front of hounds.

Extracted from a Singapore "Price List of Newspapers":

Name of Journal.	Classification.
Alliance News.	Comic.
An'ocar.	Scottish Humour.
Ac. demy.	Temperance.
Church Times.	Nonconformist.
Clarion.	High Church.



"JAMES, AS I PASSED THE SERVANTS' HALL TO-DAY I SAW YOU KISS ONE OF THE MAIDS."

"YES, MY LADY—WHEN WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN, MY LADY?"

"ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK."

"OH, YES, MY LADY—THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN JANE, MY LADY."

are at their best. But I do this about one night in ten." We should never have guessed it happened so often as that. And another literary man makes the modest confession that he sends himself to sleep by telling stories to himself. This will no doubt cause a rush on the part of the public for his invaluable soporific.

"As the train bearing Mrs. CARRIE NATION entered the station at Glasgow," we are told, "a practical joker smashed a small bottle of whiskey on

THE COMING ARMAGEDDON.

[THE PRIME MINISTER, having sounded from the National Liberal Club his "trumpet-call" for the campaign against the Lords (date of commencement of hostilities not yet fixed), has declared his intention of taking no cognisance of the Report of the Select Committee on the Reform of the Upper House.]

Go home and pause a little while, O Peers;
Not to indulge in festal mirth that cheers
The innocent heart and eye;
But to review your vicious past, and heave,
Like sinful soldiers on the battle's eve,
A penitential sigh.

Penance you've done already of a sort:
Worn sackcloth (*vide* ROSEBERY'S Report)
O'er vests of silken stuff;
Poured on your polls a thimbleful of ash,
And flicked your shoulders with a velvet lash
(Not on the actual buff);

But naught avails a purge so mild and bland,
Or that you volunteered to go and stand
In corners, face to wall,
Saying, "Though we have acted far from ill,
Yet at a pinch we might do better still;"
This is no use at all.

For there is one whose higher wisdom means
To smash you into little smithereens
When it shall please his whim;
Meanwhile, whatever private pains you take
To mend your naughty habits, it will make
No difference to him.

You may reform or not, let loose or curb
Your Titan passions—you will not disturb
His poised Olympian breast;
But in his own good time he'll fix your fate,
Choosing, without consulting you, the date
That suits his book the best.

Forth from The Club his bugle-call has gone;
The charge itself will follow later on—
How soon, you mustn't know;
So to your prayers against that awful day
Whose whenabouts he can't himself foresay,
Not to a year or so. O. S.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is often a difficult matter to know what to give one's friends in the way of presents at this season. It occurred to us that it might help our readers to solve the annual problem if we invited a number of well-known people to say what *they* personally would like to have. Here are some of the replies which have not yet come to hand:—

MR. ASQUITH.—"I should like above all things a really good model of the House of Lords with all the Unionist Peers in their places. With this and a coal-hammer I think I could spend a very happy time."

LORD LANSDOWNE.—"Christmas Bills are the best presents of all. I simply love pulling them to bits."

MR. BIRRELL [*telegram*].—"May I join ASQUITH? Will bring my own coal-hammer." (Reply paid.)

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.—"It's your money I want!"

What Society is Doing Abroad.

"Three kangaroos and two emus travelling from Australia to Athens, where they will take up their residence, stopped recently at Port Said and Alexandria for a day or two."—*The Egyptian Gazette*.

DISCURSIONS.

CASUAL CRANKS.

"It's a rum thing," said the pale young stockjobber, "what funny chaps you come across now and then in a train. And, what's more, you never see 'em again—just get one talk with 'em and then they vanish away as if they'd never been there, and leave you wondering what's become of 'em. Some of 'em may be escaped loonies, and I daresay the keepers catch 'em after a bit, but I don't know. They look all right and they talk all right most of the time, but then something starts 'em off, and you get left."

"Now last week there was a respectable old fellow sitting where you're sitting. He'd got on a frock-coat which had seen some service—shiny, you know, in the cuffs and elbows—but his hat wasn't so bad, and there was a pearl pin in his black tie, and he'd got grey whiskers and a pair of spectacles—quite a benevolent-looking old buffer. He had a whole lot of newspapers with him, and he was reading them all through in double quick time, galloping over the pages like a two-year-old. He was finished with six of 'em before I'd been through half a page of my halfpenny rag. I guessed he must be a literary gent or some genius of that sort by the way he went on. They all dash at it like that. I've seen 'em."

"Well, the train hadn't been going more than five minutes or so before he'd done with his newspapers and crumpled 'em up and chucked 'em out of the window. Then he sat up very straight and beat his arms across his chest like a cabman five or six times, and at last he took his topper off his head, looked at it in a sorrowful kind of way, and before you could say 'Knife' he'd put his old fist through the crown with a bang like a pistol. I never got such a start in my life."

"I suppose he saw I was a bit alarmed, for he smiled at me and said in a very solemn way, 'I apologise, Sir; I ought to have warned you. But you will admit that a man in my position must do something to show his quality.' I said I supposed he must, and it didn't matter so long as it was his hat and not mine. 'Ha, ha,' he laughed, 'very good, very good. Of course you know that in our line of life we do that kind of thing. The GERMAN EMPEROR, for instance: he always polishes off four hats a day, winter and summer, and the KING OF SPAIN sometimes gets as high as six. Personally I never do more than three. It's my Tartar ancestry, I fancy.'"

"I didn't quite know what to say, but I thought it best to keep joking him, so I asked him if three hats a day wasn't a shade expensive even for a man who'd got a Tartar ancestry. 'Sir,' he said, 'you are pleased to be facetious; but a Tsar can afford to be generous.' 'A Tsar?' I said. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am the TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS; but I tell you this only on condition that you keep it a secret. If my poor wife heard of it she'd never forgive me. She can't bear Russians, so you'll easily understand why I don't want her to know. I shall have to break it to her, I suppose, when we go back to the Winter Palace, but till then, mind, it's a dead secret.' Just then the train pulled up at Ealing and he got out. A queer old scarecrow he looked in his crumpled hat, but he gave up his ticket just like anyone else."



THE ADOPTED FATHER.

ABDUL HAMID, "WELL, IF ANYONE HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO THAT I SHOULD COME TO THIS!"

[The new Turkish Parliament assembled on December 17.]



Visitor. "SEVENTY-EIGHT, ARE YOU? WELL, KEEP ALIVE TILL THE NEW YEAR, AND YOU'LL GET YOUR PENSION."

Mrs. O'Flanagan. "PENSION, IS IT, ME LADY? AND HWIN WILL I BE GETTING THE EIGHT YEARS BACK-MONEY THE ENGLISH ARE OWIN' ME, THAT'S HWAT I WANT TO KNOW!"

"I should have thought this was about enough, but I got another startler on Saturday, when I was going down to stay with WELSFORD for the week-end. At one of the stations a chap came rushing up the platform and tumbled himself into my carriage. He wore a brown soft hat and a brown velveteen knickerbocker suit with yellow gaiters. In fact he looked as if he'd got gaiters all over him—you know the sort. There was a wild look in his eye, and as soon as he'd got his breath he started talking about fifty to the dozen. I never heard such rot in my life—all about the rights of humanity and men being more valuable than pheasants, and what were we all going to do when the poor realised their power and tried to get back a bit of their own, and wouldn't it be a funny sight for us aristocrats to see our heads tumbling into the guillotine-basket, and so on. I never heard a chap in gaiters talk like that before, but he didn't seem to want me to answer him, which was lucky. He did his own answering, and took jolly good care to make himself come out all right, you bet.

"At last he seemed to run dry, and after he'd stopped a bit he looked at me and said, 'Do you know whom you've been talking to?' I hadn't got a word in, you know, but I didn't worry about that. I said No, I didn't know who he was. 'Ah,' he said, 'you don't know, don't you? Well, I'm not sure if I ought to tell you. Better perhaps to leave you in ignorance. You'll simply hate me if I tell you who I am.' I said

I'd risk it; but he wouldn't speak again for a long time, and you'd hardly believe it, he'd got tears trickling down his cheeks. 'It's dreadful,' he said, 'to be hated as I am, but I can't help it. I'm QUIRK, BASIL QUIRK.'

"I give you my sacred word of honour I'd never heard of him before, hadn't the remotest notion who he was or what he did. Have you? Oh, a well-known M.P. and author, is he? Anyhow, I told him I really didn't mind a bit. He looked disappointed, but he pulled himself together and said I was the first person he'd ever met in whom he hadn't inspired horror and he'd never forget it. It would make his path in life much easier, he said. When I got out at Brinkley he shook hands with me and asked me to keep a kind thought for BASIL QUIRK.

Extract from a friendly letter in a paper with the nice quiet name of *Cage Birds*:—

"Such people in our estimation are un-educated, fanatical, spluttering rodents, gnawing at any and everything that is good and useful, and when they discover there is nothing to satisfy their avariciousness they, like hideous gorillas, laugh to think they have been able to do some fellow fancier an injury. We think that it behoves such people to gaze into the mirror of reflection and see what miserable, hideous, mean, contemptible lumps of humanity they consist of."

This just shows you how cage birds in their little nests agree.

THE FIR-TREE; REVISED VERSION.

(Too Long After Hans Andersen.)

ONCE upon a time there grew a fir-tree in a great Newfoundland forest.

It had a delightful life; the rain fell on it and nourished its roots; the sun shone on it and warmed its heart; now and then came a great jolly wind to wrestle with it and try its strength. The peasant children would sit at its foot and play their games and sing their little songs, and the birds roosted or sheltered in its branches. Now and then the squirrels frolicked there.

But the tree, although everything was so happy in its surroundings, was not satisfied. It longed to be something else. It longed to be, as it said, important in the world.

"Well," said the next tree to it, "you will be important; we all shall. Nothing is so important as the mast of a ship."

But the tree would not have it. "The mast of a ship!" he said. "Pooh! I hope to be something better than that."

Every year the surveyors came and marked a number of the taller trees, and then wood-cutters came and cut them down and lopped off their branches and dragged them away to the shipbuilders. The tree watched them go with disdain.

And then one day the surveyor came and made a mark on our tree. "Ha! ha!" said a neighbour, "now you're done for."

But the tree laughed slyly. "I know a better trick than that," he said, and he induced a squirrel to rub off the mark with his tail, so that when the wood-cutters came he was not felled after all.

"Oh," said the swallows when they came back next year, "you here still?"

"Surely," said the tree, conceitedly. "They tried to get me, but I was too clever for them."

"But don't you want to be a mast," they said, "and hold up the sails of a beautiful ship, and swim grandly all about the seas of the world, and lie in strange harbours, and hear strange voices?"

"No," said the tree, "I don't. I dislike the sea. It is monotonous. I want to assist in influencing the world. I want to be important."

"Don't be so silly," said the swallows.

And then the tree had his wish, for one day some more wood-cutters

came; but, instead of picking out the tall trees, as they had been used to, they cut down hundreds just as they came to them.

"Look out," said the swallows. "You'll be cut down now whether you want it or not."

"I want it," said the tree. "I want to begin to influence the world."

"Very well," said a wood-cutter, "you shall," and he gave the trunk a great blow with his axe, and then another and another, until down it fell.

"You won't be a mast," he added, "never fear. Nothing so useful! You're going to make paper, my friend."

"What is paper?" asked the tree of the swallows as they darted to and fro over its branches.

"We don't know," they said, "but we'll ask the sparrows."

The sparrows, who knew, came and told the tree. "Paper," they said, "is the white stuff that men read from. It used to be made from rags; but it's made from trees now because it's cheaper."

"Then will people read me?" asked the tree.

"Yes," said the sparrows.

The tree nearly fainted with rapture.

"But only for a few minutes," added the sparrows. "You're going to be newspaper paper, not book paper."

"All the same," said the tree, "I might have something worth reading on me, mightn't I? Something beautiful or grand."

"You might," said the sparrows, "but it isn't very likely."

Then the men came to haul the tree away. Poor tree, what a time it had! It was sawed into logs, and pushed, with thousands of others, into a pulping machine, and the sap oozed out of it, and it screamed with agony; and then by a dozen different processes, all extremely painful, it was made into paper.

Oh, how it wished it was still growing on the hillside with the sun and the rain, and the children at its foot, and the birds and squirrels in its branches. "I never thought the world would be like this," it said. And the other trees in the paper all around it agreed that the world was an over-rated place.

And the tree went to sleep and dreamed it was a mast, and woke up crying.

Then it was rolled into a long roll five miles long and put down into the hold of a ship, and there it lay all

forlorn and sea-sick for a week. A dreadful storm raged overhead—the same wind that had once tried its strength on the hillside—and as they heard it all the trees in the paper groaned as they thought of the life of the forest and the brave days that were gone.

The worst of it was the roll in which our tree lay was close by the foot of the mast, which came through the hold just here, and he found that they were old friends. The mast said he could think of no life so pleasant as that of a mast. "One has the sun all day," he said, "and the stars all night; one carries men and merchandise about the world; one lies in strange harbours and sees strange and entertaining sights. One is influencing the world all the time."

At these words the tree wept again. But he made an effort to be comforted. "You wouldn't suggest," he inquired timidly, "that a mast was as important, say, as a newspaper?"

The mast laughed till he shook. "Well, I like that," he said. "Why, a newspaper—a newspaper only lasts a day, and everything in it has to be corrected on the day after! A mast goes on for years. And another thing," he added, "which I forgot: sometimes the captain leans against it. The captain! Think of that."

But the tree was too miserable.

In the harbour it was taken out of the ship and flung on the wharf, and then it was carried to the warehouse below a newspaper office in London. What a difference from Newfoundland, where there was air and light. Here it was dark and stuffy, and the rolls talked to each other with tears in their voices.

And then one night the roll in which our poor tree found himself was carried to the printing-rooms and fixed in the press, and down came the heavy, messy type on it, all black and suffocating, and when the tree came to itself in the light again it was covered with words.

But, alas! the sparrows were right, for they were not beautiful words or grand words, but such words as, "Society Divorce Case," and "Double Suicide at Margate," and "Will it be fine at Christmas?" and "Bankruptcy of Peer's Cousin," and "Burglary at Potter's Bar," and "Indian Sedition."

"Oh, dear," sighed the tree as it realised what it was bearing on its surface, "how I wish I had gone to sea as I was meant to do! And he vowed that if ever he got out of this

dreadful life he would never be headstrong again. But alas!—

Then, cut and folded, it was, with others like it, carried away in the cold, grey morning to a railway-station, and put in the train and rattled off to a bookstall in the West, and a man bought it for a halfpenny and read it all through, and said there was nothing in it, and threw it under the seat, and later another man found it and read it, and blew choking tobacco over it, and then wrapped up some fish in it, and took it home to his family. All that night it lay scrunched up on the floor of a squalid house, feeling very faint from the smell of fish, and longing for Newfoundland and the sun and the rain, and the children and the birds.

And the next morning an untidy woman lit the fire with it. It was an unimportant fire, and went out directly.

"CONFESSION."

[Composed for the young lady of Munich, who recently fell down in the street, "crushed" by the weight of her hat.]

THERE'S something on my head,
Father,
There's something on my head;
It bows me down with woe, Father,
It feels like tons of lead.

It's not a motor-car's spare tyre,
Though stretching quite as wide,
It's not a blooming floral wreath
To deck Gargantua's bride;

It's not the latest chimney-pot
With smoke-consuming cowl;
Nor yet Minerva's brazen casque
Surmounted by her owl;

It's not a Dutch stork's nest,
Father,
With the parent birds on top;
Nor the latest horticultural "light"
With its French intensive crop.

It's not a straw-thatched roof,
Father,
It's heavier far than that—
It's the newest importation,
It's the fashionable hat!

"Lieutenant A. Trolle, of the Danish National Polar Expedition, was last night presented with the silver medal of the Royal Scottish National Anti-Suffrage League."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

This is all very well as a beginning, but the League must really think of something more startling for its next step, if it wishes to counteract successfully the influence of the Suffragettes.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEBODY ELSE.

Confiding Youth (to the well-known novelist "Vera Vavasour," after studying the card on which is inscribed her private name, Mrs. Pulkington Smith). "DO YOU KNOW, I'M QUITE RELIEVED TO FIND YOU'RE NOT MISS VERA VAVASOUR. I HEARD SHE WAS TO BE HERE, AND I WAS SO AFRAID I MIGHT SIT NEXT TO HER AND SHE'D WANT TO TALK ABOUT HER ROTTEN NOVELS, AND I HAVEN'T READ A WORD OF 'EM."

Commercial Candour.

"DOCTOR'S FRIEND,
4 CYLINDER HUMBER CAR."
The Shields Observer.

"John Corkoran stated that he had seen a large number of skulls thrown up during an interment. He did not think that that was a proper thing. He would cry his eyes out if he saw it done to his own."—*Irish Times*.

There are reasons, which we need not go into here, why it is unlikely that Mr. CORKORAN will ever be placed in such a trying position as this.

"An excellent Piano; only wants to be seen."—*Advt. in Western Mail.*

This sounds suspicious. Why doesn't it want to be heard too?

The latest from our elementary schools:—

"A cyclone is the meaning of a poker or any straight thing when the weight is on one end, pressure on the other, and fulcrum in the middle. An isobar is an anti-cyclone which means double cyclone, a double cyclone is a pair of tongs, and there are many more."

UNGRATEFUL GUESTS.

PERSONALLY, I am all for keeping up old customs, and, ever since our marriage some eight years ago, AGATHA and I have made an annual practice of inviting our nearest relations, a few old friends, and others who might or might not come under that category, to assemble round the board of our modest flat in Fulham, and partake of our cheer on Christmas Day.

I will not pretend that these gatherings were ever pervaded by the spirit of rollicking mirth that is traditionally associated with the Festive Season. But that was no fault of *ours*. We invariably found that the sort of people we should have liked to get—brilliant conversationalists who could be relied upon to keep the table in a continuous ripple, if not an absolute roar, of laughter—were prevented from coming to us by some previous engagement.

Consequently we had to fall back upon those who were unlikely to be in any social demand. And I give you my word entertaining *them* was collar-work, and no mistake, from start to finish! Nothing but a strong sense of what was expected of us would have enabled me to go on with it, year after year, as I did—and really, after what occurred on the last occasion it is hardly surprising that I have decided to abandon all such hospitality for the future! Here is the list of the guests AGGIE and I received on that memorable evening: My Uncle POLKINGHORN, who in the endeavour to reconcile dyspeptic tendencies with the pleasures of the table has embittered a temper which—so at least I have been credibly informed—was originally genial, if not sunny; AGGIE's great-aunt GRIZEL, who, as she will tell you herself, has outlived all her happiness and whose thoughts dwell chiefly on the dead past; a second cousin of mine, BEASLEY SOWERBUTTS, about as unsociable and cantankerous a beggar as you'd come across in a day's march; Miss AUSTERBURY, who was once AGGIE's governess, and still preserves traces of the terror she must have been in her prime; old Mr. ADDLESHAW, whom I can just remember as a chirpy and well-preserved bachelor with a never-failing flow of jest and repartee—though I can never get AGATHA to believe it; MARIANA MOTE, who is generally understood to be still brooding over a disappointment sustained in early youth; and an old school-fellow of mine, SHRIVENHAM PAPP, who has been heavily handicapped by his increasing liability to nervous breakdown.

The above, together with the wife and self, little FREDa and FRANKIE (our two twinnies), and MAMSELL SCHLUMFFF, a young lady from Zurich who is instructing them on the mutual system in colloquial French, made up our circle of twelve at dinner last Christmas Day.

And, now I have introduced them, I should like to ask just one question: Do they strike you as the kind of party whose conversational resources you could trust to show no signs of exhaustion throughout a somewhat lengthy repast? If they do, all I can say is that my own previous experience of them had led me to a very different conclusion. I knew that the removal of the turkey was only too apt to plunge them into a general torpor which the pudding would rather deepen than dispel. So perhaps you may understand now how eagerly I should welcome any expedient that might serve to introduce a note of gaiety into the proceedings at this critical stage.

It seemed to me one evening in the first week of December that I had come across just the very thing for the purpose. I had left the office earlier than usual,

as AGATHA had reminded me that morning to be sure to be home in time to stir our Christmas pudding, for luck. As I passed a fancy stationer's window on my way I caught sight of a card, to which was attached a variety of small silver articles, half-a-dozen in all. There were a miniature merrythought (an emblem of "good fortune"), a reduced facsimile of a threepenny-bit (signifying "riches"), a fascinating little bell (a symbol for something I have forgotten), a tiny ring, which indicated marriage within the next twelvemonth, and a Lilliputian thimble and button, implying spinster- or bachelorhood for a corresponding period.

These I found were intended for insertion in the Christmas pudding, and would obviously, when disinterred, furnish ample occasion for innocent amusement and *badinage*. They were quite a novelty, and I was told there had been an enormous sale for them. Being greatly taken with the idea, I purchased a card which, the complete set being only one-and-ninepence, I did not regard as an unjustifiable extravagance under the circumstances, though as I neared home it occurred to me that AGGIE might very possibly do so. However, as only Cook was present when I went into the kitchen to perform my part in the ceremony, I was able to stir the little symbols well into the rich mass of pudding without interference. Cook is a sensible, elderly woman of few words, and quite understood that there was no occasion to mention the matter, as I intended it to be a surprise on Christmas Day. And of course I knew that AGGIE would be the first to approve if it turned out the success I anticipated.

Well, when Christmas Day came round and we sat down to dinner I congratulated myself more than ever on my foresight, for our guests seemed in even lower spirits than on previous occasions. Most of them preferred lithia or barley-water to the champagne I had provided, and I have noticed that tongues do not become so readily loosened on non-alcoholic beverages. But I am bound to say that when Aunt GRIZEL *did* become more animated, she kept the ball rolling at my own end of the table by giving us a long description of the disgraceful manner in which some local undertaker had mismanaged her second husband's interment.

So, as she is given to resent being interrupted, it happened that the pudding had not only been brought in, but cut up and handed round before I got a chance of securing the ear of the table. And even then they appeared to think I was joking when I inquired which of them had found the merrythought—for there was no response except from little FRANKIE, who informed me that only chickens had merrythoughts, not puddings. "This pudding has, though, my boy!" I said. "Ask Uncle if he's found it yet"—(for Uncle POLKINGHORN was consuming pudding with the same sombre indifference to consequences as the others). "I hope he has, I'm sure, for it will bring him luck through the whole year!" I understood my Uncle to reply from the other end that if he had discovered any such fragment in his portion of pudding he would have taken care to mention it at once.

At this of course I explained, describing each symbol and its significance, so that they could be instantly recognised, and I saw that my words had produced an effect which surprised even myself. Those guests who had not already consumed their slices began at once to search for symbols among the fragments, and seemed really disappointed at their want of success. Uncle POLKINGHORN was keener than anybody, for he actually insisted that the remainder of the pudding should be distributed and

DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.
THE ETIQUETTE OF AFTERNOON CALLS.



IF YOU ARE FEELING CHEERFUL AND TALKATIVE, **DON'T** BE AFRAID OF MONOPOLISING THE CONVERSATION. RETICENCE IS NOT NECESSARILY A SIGN OF GOOD BREEDING, AND A LADY SHOULD BE AT HER EASE IN ANY SOCIETY.



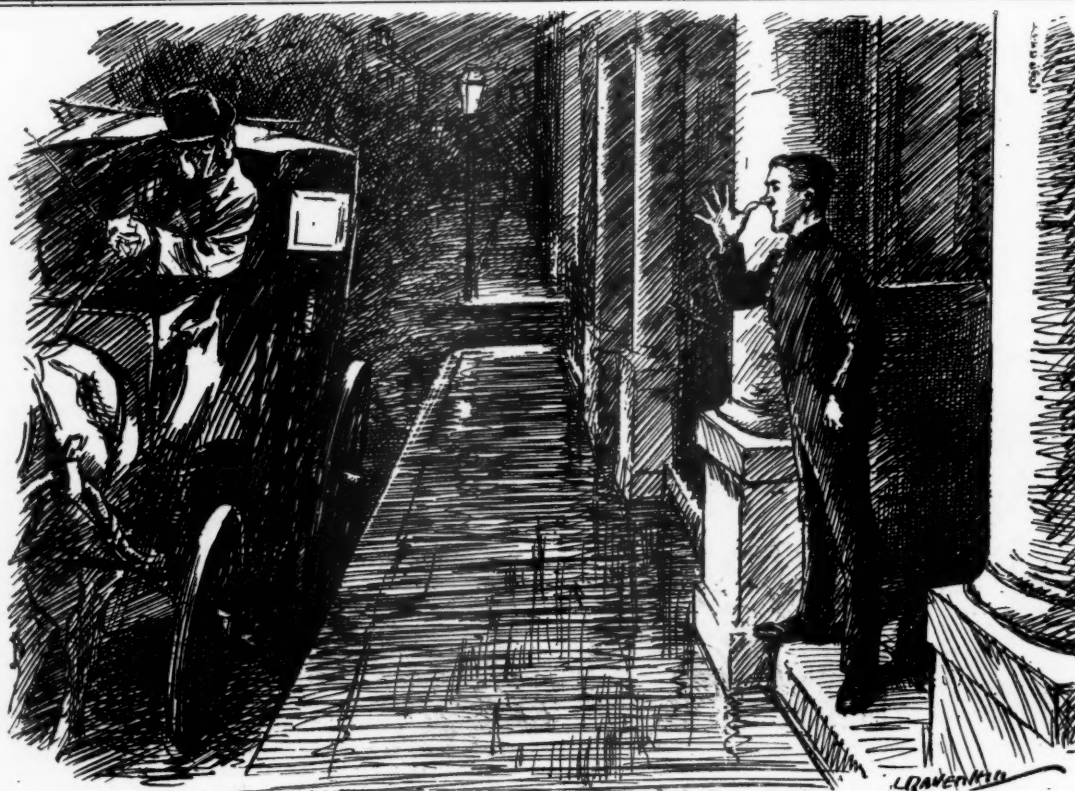
ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU ARE DISINCLINED FOR CONVERSATION, AND FIND NO ONE IN BUT A HOSTESS WHO BORES YOU, **DON'T** WASTE THE PRECIOUS HOURS OF YOUTH IN POLITE INANITIES—IMPROVE YOUR MIND.



SHOULD YOU MAKE A CALL AFTER A STRENUOUS AFTERNOON'S SHOPPING, AND ARRIVE HUNGRY, **DON'T** BE ASHAMED OF YOUR APPETITE—TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND HAVE A GOOD SIT-DOWN TEA. BE NATURAL.



AND WHEN YOU HAVE EATEN ENOUGH **DON'T** JOIN IN A LOT OF MEANINGLESS GOSSIP WITH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE YOU DON'T CARE TWO STRAWS ABOUT; BUT IF AMONG THE CALLERS YOU FIND A REAL FRIEND HAVE A COMFORTABLE CONVERSATION WITH HIM.



Page. "ERE, WHAT'S THE GOOD O' YOU TURNING UP? I WHISTLED ONCE"

Page. "ONCE IS FOR A TAXI, AIN'T IT?"

Page. "AN' TWICE IS FOR A 'ANSOM?"

Page. "WELL, WHEN WE WANTS YOU, WE'LL SEND YER A POST-CARD—SEE!"

Cabby. "WELL, I THOUGHT AS——"

Cabby. "Yus."

Cabby. "Yus."

subjected to a careful analysis, which was done accordingly. The whole party raked their second helpings with breathless suspense, I encouraging them to persevere by assurances that the tokens were bound to turn up, as I had stirred them well into the pudding with my own hand. However, not a single one of them did turn up, and I was just about to remark how odd it was, when the solution of the mystery flashed suddenly upon me. All these little silver souvenirs must have been embedded in the first helpings, in which case—well, it was only one more illustration of the disadvantages of bolting one's food! Owing to their lack of ordinary self-restraint they had missed all the opportunities for harmless fun which I had so carefully provided. The trouble and expense I had gone to were simply thrown away! Annoyed as I was, I was just debating with myself whether it would not perhaps be in better taste to say nothing more about it, when I became painfully aware that Uncle POLKINGHORN, at all events, had realised the situation. . . .

F. A.

(To be concluded.)

"A re-shuffling of the cards appears to be necessary, but it is unthinkable that the many questions now in the melting-pot will be left to the fortuitous arbitrament of the sword."

The South African Mining Journal.

Meanwhile we can only wait to see which way the cat jumps.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

As he has taken occasion already to observe, it is no ordinary pageant at which *Mr. Punch's* friends will have the opportunity of assisting on the opening day, Saturday, January 2nd, 1909, and throughout the month, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Those who have not read his previous announcements on the subject will perhaps kindly read this one. *Mr. Punch* would like to add that he is just as grateful as he was last week to the many kind people who have lent him original drawings, manuscripts, letters and other precious relics of his past.

In its legal answers to correspondents *The Yorkshire Post* solves the great question as to what happens "when a man dies intestate, his widow having predeceased him." The answer is actually addressed to "Harrogate," but in case there are others interested in this obscure problem we recommend them to the columns of our contemporary.

"Buxton.—Hydro. 'Xmas Holidays. Send for prog.—Mrs. HALL," *Daily Dispatch.*

Hungry guests will be glad of Mrs. HALL's friendly warning.



KEEPING CHRISTMAS—OUT.

BUTLER OF MODERN ENGLISH HOME. "NOT AT 'OME. HER LADYSHIP IS AT MONTY CARLO; THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE IN THE HALPS; AND SIR JOHN HAS TAKEN THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY TO THE RESTORONG."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

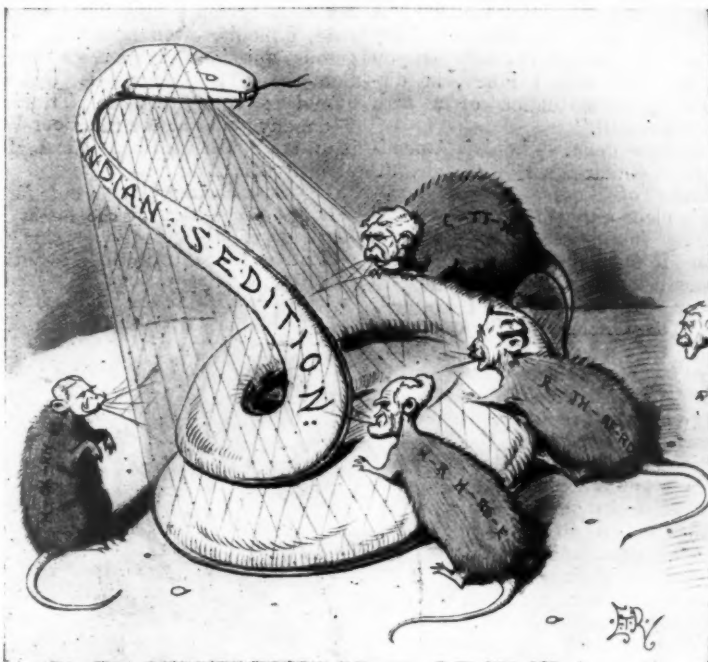
House of Lords, Monday, December 14.—If you want to make your flesh creep, YOUNG WEMYSS is the Boy for your money. Session only a few days more to run. Christmas at hand. Noble Lords anxious to wind up business, get home to their ancestral halls, burn the Yule log on immemorial grates, fill up the cup represented by the wassail bowl, and quaff it to health of the PREMIER. And here comes along YOUNG WEMYSS with a terrifying story calculated to keep the most fearless awake in their beds.

Introduced in course of speech wherein Britannia was vividly represented as "naked and unarmed." That pretty well; nothing compared with the story about the General of the so-called British Army attending foreign manoeuvres. Addressing himself to distinguished officer told off as chaperon, the British General, *à propos de bottes*, asked, "Have you any plan for the invasion of England?"

Foreign officer looked him up and down with twinkle in his eye.

"Twenty," he replied.

"And which," continued the British officer, pursuing enquiry in tone and manner suggestive of being



IN THE SACRED CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND SELF-GOVERNMENT!

Dedicated to those dear philanthropic rodents whose hearts are wrung by every effort to put restraint upon this interesting reptile, and who nibble away daily at the meshes of the net. Thanks to Lord Morley and others they nibble in vain.

in a hosier's shop searching for a suitable necktie, "do you think is the best?"

The foreign officer (at the other side of the counter, so to speak, turning over the box of ties and holding one up), replied, "I think the best plan would be to send 300,000 men—100,000 in each army—and go for three different parts of the country, with the certainty that one of the armies would land."

"Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the British General; adding, *sotto voce*, "I must tell YOUNG WEMYSS this as soon as I get back."

After this House gratefully sailed into Port of London and took up Bill sent on from Commons.

Business done.—Port of London Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—After incessant toil culminating in week of feverish anxiety, RUNCIMAN enjoying himself. Education Bill off his hands, finds himself endowed with long unaccustomed leisure. Really doesn't know what to do with his time and himself. Makes holiday after fashion of the waiter who, having a night off, went out to help a friend serve a dinner. Sits on Treasury Bench watching HERBERT GLADSTONE struggling with Eight

Hours Bill, or the Infant SAMUEL skilfully piloting Children's Bill to haven of Statute Book.

Has at least the satisfaction of knowing that, though defeated, he is not discredited. On contrary found, and made most of, opportunity of developing qualities that place him, though young in years, in first rank of Ministers.

"Thank you, TOBY, dear boy," he said, when I made remark to that effect. "You are very good. I did my best and am grateful to both sides for their friendliness. Am all right now I can sleep o' nights. Couldn't manage it at first. Solomon Grundy too much for me."

"Solomon Grundy?"

"Yes. Did you never hear the story of his life? In brevity and successive stages it's curiously akin to birth, career and death of my Education Bill.

Solomon Grundy	Worse on Friday,
Born on Monday,	Died on Saturday,
Christened on Tuesday,	Buried on Sunday.
Married on Wednesday,	That was the end of
Taken ill on Thursday,	Solomon Grundy.

You know the days when the various stages of the Bill passed, and will recognise how closely they resemble the week's history of the lamented S. G. Anyhow the jingle



FOR A NICHE IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

A worthy successor to Clive, Canning, Lawrence, Outram, Havelock, and the rest.
(Viscount Morley of Blackburn.)

got into my head and I could not sleep for repeating it. Got over it now. Off for a Christmas holiday and a New Year which, between you and me, will not, I fancy, be disturbed by introduction of a fifth Education Bill."

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Children's Bill considered.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—"This place reminds me of the sea," said the Member for SARK, looking down from gallery on waste of leather benches.

Only sign of energy is displayed on Woolsack, where LORD CHANCELLOR sits wrestling with his wig as if it were a recalcitrant majority. Leader of House and Leader of Opposition face each other. Difficult to say which is the more perfect model of icy, polished equanimity. Pretty to see simultaneous expression on their countenances when, upon occasion, ROSEBERY bangs the Table.

"Why should a man smite an un-argumentative piece of furniture?" they ask each other by a turn of lifted eyebrow.

It would seem that nothing could discompose either. If once more a fire were to break forth, crumbling up the Houses of Parliament as it did seventy-four years ago, CREWE would rise, leisurely collect his papers, and walk forth with unhastening steps, LANS-DOWNE with equal frigidity of manner keeping pace.

"Yes, like the sea," SARK repeated. "Only the other day it stormily wrecked the Licensing Bill, running risk of precipitating inevitable conflict with the Commons. To-day it is calm as a millpond; looks as if it wouldn't wreck a cockle-shell, rigged with fairy masts and spars. Certainly no one regarding it this evening would think it was doomed to early destruction, sentence of death having been passed upon it so recently as Friday."

Business done.—Second reading of Eight Hours Bill passed by 121 votes to 44.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Man and boy, have been familiar with House of Commons for thirty-eight years. Never known it free from presence of little clique of that peculiar kind of Briton who is

predisposed to think evil things of his countrymen engaged upon delicate, difficult, often personally dangerous missions in foreign parts. Sometimes the scene is laid in Jamaica; sometimes in Trinidad. For many years before the Boer War it was South Africa. Most frequently it is India.

DINIZULU being played out for a time, the attention of the latest inheritors of this peculiar kind of patriotism concentrate their attention

RUTHERFORD, our KEIR HARDIE and our one and only SWIFT MACNEILL. In far-off India, amid millions of natives whose sole source of information is a Press bent upon mischief, the case is different. To them these Solons are M.P.'s, as are Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BALFOUR; they are the champions of a down-trodden race, unafraid in a hostile Assembly to lift up their voices in vindication of the oppressed.

It is consciousness of this fact that makes the House display flashes of angered impatience when these really amiable, well-intentioned, singularly mild-mannered gentlemen tumble over each other in their hurry to question the UNDER SECRETARY, while SWIFT MACNEILL bounds on the bench like a parched pea on a hot hob, and DON'T KEIR HARDIE hints at possession of intimate knowledge of Indian affairs which, gained in a few weeks' visit, exceeds that of the VICEROY and his Council.

Business done.—Viscount MORLEY describes in Lords proposed scheme of reform of Indian Government.

Monday, December 21.—Prorogation.

Great Expectations.

MR. ARTHUR RICHARDSON, M.P., has been advising young lads not to smoke till they are twenty-five years of age. He remarked that he had a son to whom he had given this advice. "When you reach that age," he told his son, "you can bring in your pipe and sit down at the fireside and have a smoke with your mother and me." But what about the wife of Mr. RICHARDSON, jun.?

A contemporary has offered a purse of £2,500 for a match between HACKENSCHMIDT and GOTCH. The latter is allowed to choose whether it shall be split up into

"(1) £1,000 to each, and £500 to the winner; or (2) 60 per cent. to the winner, and 40 per cent. to the loser."

If we may be allowed to make the suggestion we should say that "three-fifths for the winner and two-fifths for the loser" would be a much more equitable arrangement.



A SYMPATHETIC SUGGESTION TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Anyone who has watched the heartrending and incessant struggles of Lord Loreburn to arrive at anything like comfort inside the official wig will realise what a boon it would be to the noble sufferer if the wretched thing could be suspended from the roof instead of worn. The difference in effect from the spectator's point of view would be almost negligible.

upon India. To-day, as yesterday, the UNDER SECRETARY undergoes fusillade of questions designed to show that, lo! the poor Indian is being trampled on by Agents of the Government; that elementary forms of justice are outraged; that innocent natives are seized in their houses or offices and haled to prison at the bidding of unscrupulous magistrates fortified by Coercion Acts passed at the instance of a tyrannical Secretary of State.

These things don't matter in the House of Commons. We know our COTTON, our MACKARNES, our



THE TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. 1.

Thomas (sol.). "MASTER SAYS TO ME, 'SEE YOU TAKE CARE OF MISS MAUD ON THAT NEW PONY, THOMAS;' BUT WOT I WANT TO KNOW IS, 'OO'S TO LOOK AFTER THOMAS ON THE OLD BROUGHAM 'OSS?'"

SERIALS FOR ALL.

FICTION becoming so rapidly the only form of literary nourishment that many persons sit up to take, the editors of London have realised that they must either have feuilletons or be lost. Arrangements have therefore been made by a number of what might be called unlikely papers to provide suitable novels for their readers. A few specimen chapters and synopses from these have been sent to *Mr. Punch* by way of advertisement (although he carefully omits, in the new manner, any reference to that circumstance), and he has pleasure in beginning with an extract from the serial to be expected in *The Spectator*:—

THE DOOM OF THE STOMACH-TAXERS,

A FREE FOOD ROMANCE

BY

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON AND HAROLD COX.

Principal Characters:

Sir HUGO DUMPER, M.P. Free Trade Unionist and owner of a private

menagerie of highly-cultured animals.

VILLIERS COBDEN DUMPER, his son.

BASTIA DUMPER, his daughter.

BEETHOVEN, a Persian Cat.

LORD HENRY CHAPPERLIN, third son of the Duke of DOLES, and President of the Tariff Reform League.

LEONE MAXIXE, a Polish desperado and President of the Confederates.

JOHN FLAMES, M.P., an anti-Socialist Radical.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Sir HUGO DUMPER, a high-minded and prosperous Free Trade Unionist and lover of animals, has recently succeeded to a magnificent estate in the neighbourhood of Slagville, the borough for which Lord HENRY CHAPPERLIN is the Tariff Reform candidate. Lord HENRY is in love with BASTIA DUMPER, who, however, declines to encourage his addresses unless and until (1) he abandons the heresy of Protection; (2) admits the identity of Preference and Socialism; (3) joins a rifle club; (4) declares

against woman suffrage; (5) promises to communicate to *The Spectator* all instances of the sagacity of her favourite Persian cat, Beethoven (so called from his indulgence in moonlight sonatas).

At this juncture Sir HUGH DUMPER gives a great garden-party to all the Free Fooders in the country, and at the height of the festivity BASTIA discovers the presence of a number of the Confederates, a dangerous Secret Society organised for the assassination of the members of the Cobden Club.

CHAPTER V.

Scarcely had BASTIA recovered from the shock of this appalling discovery when Lord HENRY, emerging from the laurel bush with his accustomed grace, exclaimed, "My dear Miss BASTIA, this is indeed a fair cop."

A happy thought occurred to the dauntless girl. "Wouldn't you like to see father's trained zebras?" she asked with a winning smile.

"Delighted, I am sure," replied the susceptible nobleman who suf-

ferred himself to be led to the paddock in which the zebras were incarcerated.

Entertaining him with witty anecdotes of the extraordinary sagacity of these intelligent quadrupeds—one of which had learned to go down on its knees at the mention of the name of BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH—BASTIA engaged her formidable antagonist, while her brother, single-handed, set to work to unmask the Confederates who, disguised as Free Trade tin-plate manufacturers, were already marking down their prey. Foremost in this nefarious task was LEONE MAXIXE, notorious even at the London School of Economics for his sinister appearance and atrocious opinions. With blazing eyes, a raven moustache and a stentorian baritone voice, LEONE had long been the *bête noire* of the DUMPER household, and the knowledge that he had penetrated into the midst of their happy home filled BASTIA with ineffable dread. But the stars in their courses as well as the stripes of the zebras were fighting on her side. Scarcely had they entered the paddock when the most dangerous of these animals, over-hearing Lord HENRY inadvertently refer to Mr. BONAR LAW, broke loose from its tether and, charging down on the infatuated aristocrat, hurled him senseless against the Gothic iron railings which had been imported from Belgium at great expense. BASTIA was torn in two between the generous instincts of humanity and devotion to the great cause. But in this supreme moment her noble nature triumphed, and, beating off the infuriated zebra with a costly dog-whip made in Bavaria, she hastened to render first-aid to the prostrate nobleman.

(To be continued.)

The *Western Mail*, in eulogising the furs at a certain Cardiff emporium, says: "A really interesting study in natural history is afforded by the tigers, leopards, zebra, and monkeys, not to mention the smaller animals, such as the *minx*." We put these words into italics because they prove that there is something, after all, in the well-known advertisement of the fur trade: "Ladies' own skins made up."

Commercial Candour.

Advertisement of a cider merchant, under the heading

"TRIBUTES TO THE CIDER CURE."

"A customer from Bucks writes:—'Since I have been taking your Cider I have never been so free from rheumatism.'"

FOOTBALL, LIMITED.

THE recent decree of the Football Association forbidding the London Caledonians F.C. any longer to share a ground with that outcast club, The Casuals, has again roused interest in the autocratic body which from its palace at High Holborn plays so important a part in European affairs. Mr. Punch has lately managed to penetrate the royal residence and obtain an interview with Marquis WALL, the Foreign Secretary; and he has much pleasure in giving to



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

the public some details of the palatial building and the great personages who rule there.

The chief power appears to rest in the hands of four persons. Emperor CLEGG is at the head of affairs, with Marquis WALL as his right-hand man. In addition to them, Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY and Archbishop PICKFORD are always resident in the palace, and no important step is taken without their advice and approbation. The genial Marquis was good enough to give us some notes upon the personalities of his colleagues; and we have taken the liberty of supplementing them with a word of appreciation of the Marquis himself, specially written for us by the Archbishop.

CLEGG, EMPEROR: In his day one

of the best inside-rights in the country. Though he has lost much of his pace, is even now a deadly shot and a consummate tactician. He remains as modest as ever, in spite of the exalted position to which he has attained, and the members of his Ministry are still allowed to refer to him as Comrade CLEGG. The royal prerogative of pardon rests in him, and on more than one occasion he has exercised his clemency. Details of his famous plan for defeating the Russians by suspending KUROPATKIN can be found in the archives of the royal palace at Tokio.

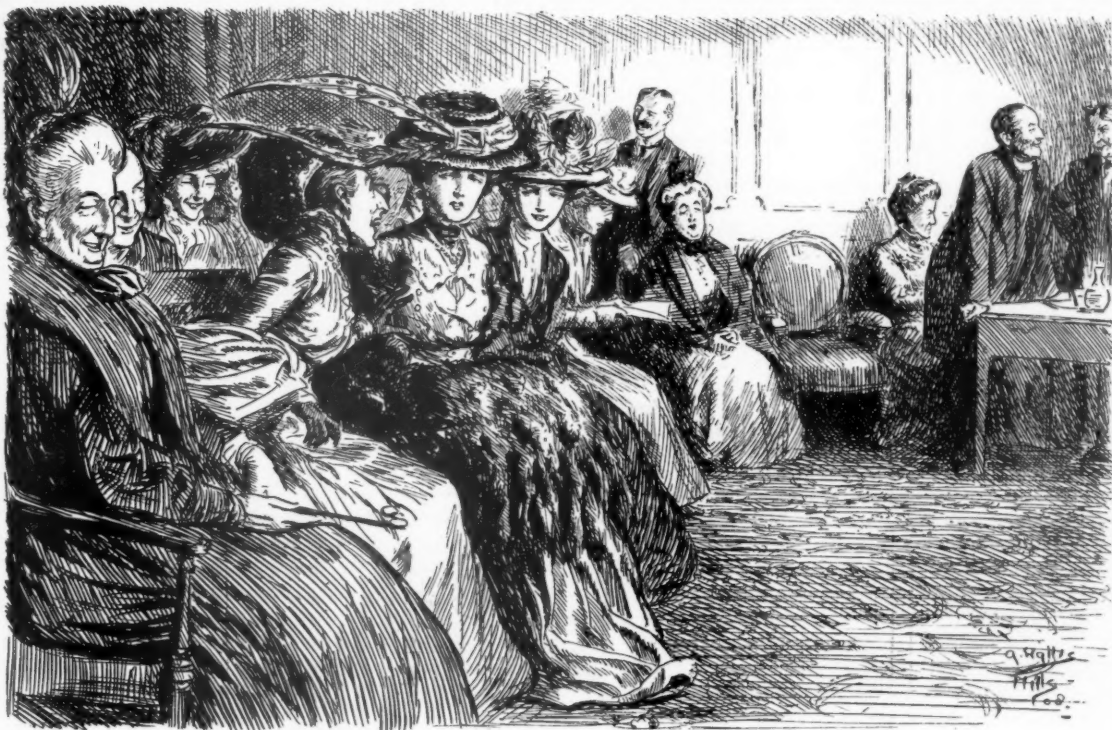
PICKFORD, ARCHBISHOP: Is considered by some to be even now the best goal-keeper in the United Kingdom. Affiliated clubs which want to tour on the Continent, play a match for a local charity, or present their secretary with a cigarette-case have to get a special licence from his Grace. Erring members who had rashly joined the A.F.A. are welcomed by the Archbishop on their return to the fold, and spend ten minutes alone with him in the Palace Library.

BENTLEY, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Probably the finest centre-half who has ever played for England. Being now Lord Chief Justice, it is he who grants to clubs the necessary affiliation orders. Some of his lordship's decisions are historic—notably that in which he decreed that a member of the Football Association might turn the ends of his trousers up without permission, but must not share a flat with a member of the Amateur Football Association.

WALL, Marquis, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: The best all-round player the world has ever seen. Equally good in any position. Has been a great success as Foreign Secretary. Individual members of the F.A. who wish to spend the summer in Switzerland can always obtain a passport from his lordship.

So much for the men themselves. Now a word as to the building from which so many royal decrees and proclamations have been issued.

104, High Holborn, regarded from outside, seems an unpretentious structure—the last place in the world one would have imagined as a royal residence. But, once inside, all one's doubts vanish, as the famous marble hall and picture gallery are spread before one's gaze. This least known yet most precious of art collections has never been thrown open to the public, and I need make no apology, therefore, for noting a few of the principal treasures. Directly



Great Lady. "SO SORRY! I'M AFRAID MY FEATHERS WERE TICKLING YOU DURING THE LECTURE."
Very much lesser Lady. "OH! DEAR LADY HIGHBRIDGE-KNOWSLEY, WHO WOULD MIND BEING TICKLED BY YOU?"

opposite us, as we come in, is Robin's masterpiece — a life-size statue of the Emperor in his youthful and International days—*Comrade Clegg appealing for a foul*. It is flanked on either side by two superb paintings; the one by SIGISMUND GOETZE, representing the historic meeting between Marquis WALL and Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY; the other a portrait by SARGENT, entitled *Archbishop Pickford with his Favourite Shin-guard*. Turning round as we enter the building we see over the door itself an immense and realistic picture, whose existence (so little suspected by the public) has for some time past been no secret to every connoisseur and art dealer in Europe. This is *The Pursuit*; and the running figure in the foreground, with starting eyeballs and dripping brow, is Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY, who has just given a penalty against the home team. . . .

It is time, however, that we recorded what was, after all, the chief object of our visit, our interview with Marquis WALL. We found the Foreign Secretary in his private suite on the first floor, and to our extreme gratification the Emperor

also was pleased to be present. After a few words of greeting, his Majesty graciously begged us to be seated and commanded Marquis WALL to give us such information as we desired.

"I have come, your lordship," began Mr. Punch, "to hear from your lips the latest details of the Balkan Crisis."

"Well," said the Foreign Secretary, "the situation is at present an extremely delicate one. Austria, Turkey, Serbia and Bulgaria became affiliated to us some years ago, of course; and though we had to suspend Austria once for six months still none of these countries has ever questioned our authority, and they have always unhesitatingly taken their orders from headquarters. About two years back Bosnia expressed a wish to be affiliated, and this was carried out by the Lord Chief Justice. Six months ago we discovered that Bosnia was actually sharing a boundary line with Herzegovina, whom we had had to suspend indefinitely in 1905. I at once wrote to point this out to them, and—well, that is how matters stand at present."

"We must have implicit obedience," added the Emperor in a cold voice.

"Quite so, your Honour—I mean your Majesty," said Mr. Punch nervously.

"If Bosnia persists in its defiant attitude, the consequences will be very serious."

"W-what would your Cleggship—that is to say, your Grace—I mean, quite so, Emperor, your Majesty, er—how did you find out so soon that they shared a boundary line?"

"It was due to Archbishop Pickford's genius," said the Marquis. "As the result of tireless enquiries, lasting over two years, the discovery was made."

"You will kindly make public to the nation the present state of affairs," commanded the Emperor. And then abruptly he added, "The audience is closed."

We immediately bowed and withdrew backwards, and were then conducted down again to the hall. Inadvertently raising our hat to the wonderful Robin statue, we left the Palace, and found ourselves once more among the common people.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAD I been *Shuri*, the gipsy heroine of *Episodes in the Lives of a Shropshire Lass and Lad* (SMITH, ELDER) I think I should scarcely have taken it so to heart when the hero jilted me for town-bred *Jocosa*, because I should have felt perfectly confident that so kindly and sympathetic a writer as Lady CATHERINE MILNES-GASKELL would manage to bring everything out all right in the end. As it happens, however, I should have been wrong, for though there are wedding-bells on the last page they are not those which the susceptible reader has been led to expect. This small matter apart, however, I have nothing but gratitude for a book of singular charm, and in any case it is a romance in which the actual tale is of less importance than the setting. It is not the first time that the author has turned her knowledge and love of bygone Shropshire to delightful account, but she has done nothing better than this. It is instinct with the atmosphere of old-time country life; full of that quality of fat and comfortable beauty peculiar to rural England for which the Scotch STEVENSON has coined the word "skeltery." There is plenty of skeltery in Lady CATHERINE'S landscape—bosky glades, lush meadows, and sparkling brooks; merry-makings, too, with nut-brown ale, and fiddling on the green of summer evenings. Her word-pictures have the colouring of a Morland. For my own part, indeed, the lure

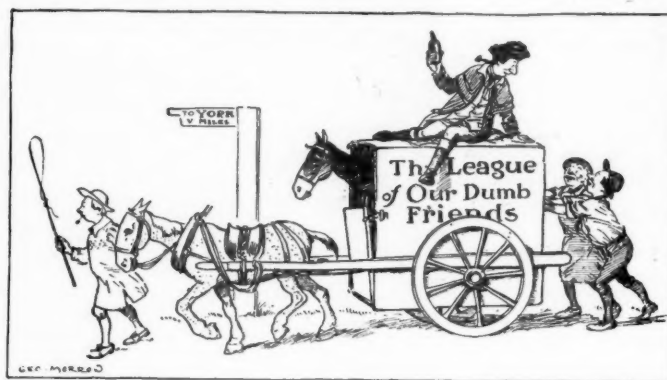
of them was such that I turned straight from *Lass and Lad* to *Bradshaw*, and there, on page 98, I have found a train from which, one day next Spring, I shall alight to explore for myself all the delectable places that are here described. Much Wenlock, Longville, Rushbury—what a walk that should be! And if it rains, as it probably will, some modern representative of *Mistress Trevor* shall stay me against chills with a draught of "peppermint and rosemary," which, whatever Lady CATHERINE may say, is, I am sure, as delicious as its name.

The *Life of Colonel Fred Burnaby* (EVERETT) is a compilation made with painstaking industry. It is not wholly Mr. WRIGHT'S fault if it fails to realise the personality with which it deals. FRED BURNABY, with the courage of a lion and the gentle manner of a woman, was rather the theme of a poet than of a prose writer, more especially one whose style is exceedingly prosaic. A man of action, seeking adventure wherever, and in whatever form, it presented itself, he does not seem to have left behind him material for a biography. Certainly Mr. WRIGHT has not discovered it. Superb in battle, dauntless in travel by untrodden ways, BURNABY was at his worst when he meddled in politics, of which he knew nothing. To the episode

of his attack on the then Radical stronghold of Birmingham Mr. WRIGHT devotes exceptional space, reproducing a number of banal illustrations from a local newspaper. BURNABY was his own biographer, telling in familiar books the principal story of his life. The two best chapters in the volume are, oddly enough, contributed by outsiders. One by Sir FRANK BURNAND vividly pictures BURNABY in his social aspect, at a dinner given by him at the Junior Carlton Club. The other is a simply-told, thrilling account of his death at Abou Klea, written by Lord BINNING, who fought by his side.

"My name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886." That is how Mr. HARRIS begins his vivid story *The Bomb* (LONG); and when I had finished it I turned back to the first page in order to make sure that the beginning was not "My name is FRANK HARRIS. I threw," etc. Anyhow it might well be that the "honest reporter and eye-witness" of the closing scenes, quoted on page 299, was the present author. Mr. HARRIS is a great advocate. He carries

you away in a rush of words; and, assisted by the fact that the scene is America, convinces you (for a time at any rate) that Anarchy is right and the Law wrong. In dedicating the book to a Serenity the author calls it a novel of revolt and passion. It is really a novel of revolt with the passion dragged in; but it is a fine and a moving story, which (I keep telling myself) is none the worse for its dedication, and the persistent advertisement of



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—V.

DICK TURPIN.

it in the body of Mr. HARRIS'S own paper.

We have no chance of being bored by *The House of Arden* (FISHER UNWIN), for its author, Mrs. NESBIT, whisks us down the ages with the rapidity of a cinematograph. She is assisted in her flight by magic, a witch and *The Mouldiwarp*; and I heartily recommend the book to young children and old children, including all grown-ups who remember what childhood was like, or having forgotten want to be reminded. Attractive as the heroine and hero are, *The Mouldiwarp* is the character for me, and I prophesy a very long life for this delightful creature. Even when called "Mouldie" by the hero, *The Mouldiwarp* retained its dignity. If I have a complaint to make it is that the chapters are rather too long, for I cannot imagine the child who, having begun one of them, will not want to finish it; and, after all, there is such a thing as bedtime. And when the chapter is finished there are Mr. MILLAR'S illustrations to be looked at "just for a minute." I cannot pay a higher tribute to the combined skill of author and illustrator than by saying that parents who do not wish their children to read in bed had better sleep with *The House of Arden* under their own pillows.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of the features of the recent exhibition held at Entebbe, British East Africa, was, we are told, a Marathon race for natives. The winner was Kapere, of the Kingdom of Uganda. Very few persons over here, we believe, had spotted him as a likely man.

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST has been summing up the characters of the Cabinet Ministers, and describes Mr. HALDANE as the "most flippant" of them. Now that one comes to think of it, the War Minister's figure does rather suggest *Ariel*.

Sir JOHN HARE, *The Daily Chronicle* tells us, makes a point of reading every manuscript that is submitted to him. This confirms the rumour that Sir JOHN is thinking of retiring.

An ingenious doctor has discovered a use for the appendix, and those persons who have carelessly disposed of theirs are feeling rather sad.

A medical gentleman, writing in *Comædia*, explains that the physical massiveness of the majority of famous singers comes mainly from abnormal development of the lungs. We must confess that we had been under the impression that it was due to a laudable effort to make Grand Opera amusing.

A capital use has been devised for the tiny toy dogs which are now so much the vogue. Ladies are wearing them inside their muffs, and when a footpad tries to extract a purse from

the muff which has been laid aside for a moment, he gets a hearty bite.

A certain firm of estate agents announces that it is going to be more particular in its descriptions of the properties offered to the public. For instance, the phrase AND ALL THAT

laugh heartily. It is rumoured that a famous Scotch artiste will make his *début* in the pulpit under the sobriquet of "Harry Laudamus."

The Tobacco Weekly Journal informs us that, owing to the fact that the available supply of cedar wood is

becoming scarce, all cigar boxes, except those used for the most expensive brands, will be made of paper before long. The contents, in some cases, will be of the same material.

Overheard at a Picture Show:—
He: "That's a pretty little Pastoral?"
She: "Oh, is that a Pastoral? Do you know, I thought it was an oil-painting!"

"CONTRACTORS, Ltd.," a company formed to send an expedition to salve the sunken treasure in Lake Guatavita, near Bogota, Colombia, S. America, has, according to *The Financial Times*, received the following report from Mr. COOPER, the manager of the expedition:—

"You will be pleased to hear that neither week of the past fortnight has been blank, although the value itself is small. We have eight small pieces of gold and one gold bead, an earthenware olla (perfect) and a bird (earthenware) minus only the tail."

This must be highly satisfactory to the shareholders, and it seems quite possible, with a continuance of good luck, that the next letter may report that the tail also has been found.

"On this new ground it is proposed to lay down turf tennis courts, which are expected to be tar, macadam or asphalt."—*Montrose Standard*.
What fun if they should turn out to be grass after all!



MALADIE DE SAISON.

"HOUSEMAID'S KNEE," "TENNIS-ELBOW," "WRITER'S CRAMP," &C., ARE COMMON COMPLAINTS. "MISLETOE-MOUTH" IS THE LATEST.

MESSAGE will have its last four letters cut off.

Arrangements have been made by the Rev. A. C. DIXON, the Pastor of the late Mr. Moody's Church, Chicago, for the appearance there every Sunday of *raconteurs*, who will tell funny stories, Mr. DIXON holding the view that all spiritual persons

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

[On view January 2nd, 1909, and till the end of the month, at The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.]

GENTLES that come from far and near

To peep at Mr. Punch's Show,

And trace the route of his career

From long and very long ago;

Warm-hearted under wintry skies,

He welcomes you on one condition—

That you regard with friendly eyes

His frank, but modest, Exhibition.

From many a storehouse, see, he lays

His treasures out, the new and old;

Of types and modes, each passing phase;

Here you shall have the tale retold;

View his "Mahogany-Tree" (of deal),

His "Table Round" (the thing's elliptic),

And notice, hacked with homely steel,

His Knights' initials, plain or cryptic.

Yet you will kindly not deduce,

From hallowed relics here displayed,

The impious doubt that age and use

Can dim his eye or dull his blade:

While Folly masks and Fashion veers

He means to do his best endeavour

To make you own the mellowing years

Have left him just as young as ever. O. S.

HEADLINES AND HISTORY.

THE following monograph has been sent in by JONES Minor of the Lower Remove, in answer to a question asked in his General Paper: "What do you know of the Hastings Marathon?"

(JONES is a good boy, an ardent lover of Greek and English history, and a constant reader of *The Daily Mail*.)

"The Hastings Marathon (which must be distinguished from the Marathon Hastings) happened when WILLIAM THE PERSIAN CONQUEROR wished to invade England and claim the throne for himself. The King of England at the time was HAROLD. He was a very brave man. His other name was LONGBOAT. When HAROLD heard that the Great Armada was coming he was not afraid. He was playing bowls with MILTIADES, the Earl of Northumbria, and he said, "Shall we finish the rubber?" And MILTIADES, who was called the Last of the Barons, said, "Certainly." After that they hung a white shield on the walls of London, and called out the hoplites and crossbowmen, and all ran as fast as they could in full armour to the sea. And they arrived in this order—

1. PHEIDIPPIDES.

2. DORANDO.

3. HEReward THE WAKE.

But when HEReward saw that he was beaten he stood up and cried aloud, "I have only done my duty, as England expects every man to do," and then plunged headlong in the tide, and was washed up drowned at the feet of Hero. But DORANDO protested that PHEIDIPPIDES had been helped in the last lap by the god Pan, who gave him a bowl of Samian wine. So DORANDO got the prize, which may be seen at Battle Abbey to this day. Then WILLIAM THE PERSIAN tried to sail round into the Thames and take London by surprise. But when he heard that *The Daily Mail* had sent men to interview him he preferred to lose his ship in the Wash. So HAROLD won and England was saved."

UNGRATEFUL GUESTS.

II.

"Do you see what you have done by this idiotic tomfoolery, Sir?" said Uncle POLKINGHORN, addressing me with a quite uncalled-for asperity. "There can no longer be a doubt that several sitting round this table have been tricked into swallowing one, if not more, of these infernal tin trinkets of yours!"

I was deeply hurt by this, for, as I assured him, every article was not only solid silver, but actually hall-marked! But this did not mollify him in the least. He proceeded to enlarge on the consequences of a symbol's finding its way into anyone's appendix with an unreserve which I consider out of place at a dinner-table, while it was evidently making most of his hearers extremely uncomfortable. I tried to divert the conversation to some happier channel, but he would not accept my lead. He declared that he could feel the dashed merrythought sticking in the back of his throat at that very moment, and more than suspected that the threepenny-piece had already reached an even less accessible part of his interior. Others might please themselves, but he'd be hanged if he, for one, was going to sit there enduring tortures both of body and mind any longer! And, rising from the table, he announced his intention of driving at once to the nearest hospital, and having whatever metal objects he had within him located by the X-rays.

Following him out into the hall, I endeavoured to persuade him to wait at least till the end of the evening rather than cast a gloom over the whole party by so abrupt a departure. He might be mistaken about his symptoms, I urged, and at the worst I had every hope that if he would only permit SOWERBUTTS and myself to hold him upside down for a minute or so we should succeed in shaking the merrythought, and probably the threepenny-bit, out of him. I mentioned instances within my personal knowledge of even half-pennies having been recovered by this simple process.

But at this his fury became so ungovernable that he bounced into the lift without noticing my proffered hand, so I returned to the dining-room, fully expecting that our other guests would have sufficient good breeding to ignore what had passed. I was disappointed to find them apparently indisposed for conversation on general topics. Most of them, from their expressions, seemed too absorbed in silent speculations as to which of the company was now the unconscious receptacle of the ring or the thimble, and what not, to be amused by the antics of our little FRED and FRANKIE, who, being both convinced that they had borne off the bell, were jumping delightedly about, declaring, with a child's vivid powers of imagination, that they could hear it tinkling inside them. Only old ADDLESHAW (whose deafness had prevented any clear comprehension of what he had been looking for in his pudding), and Mamsell SCHLUMPF (who, in her unfamiliarity with our language and customs, was under an impression that Uncle POLKINGHORN had gone out to dress up as Santa Claus) remained unperturbed.

I could see from AGGIE's face that, for once, even her social tact was unequal to the occasion, and that the party could only be saved from utter failure by my own *savoir faire*. I did all I could. I said we must not allow trifles of this sort to interfere with our enjoyment; Christmas, after all, only came once a year, so why not be as jolly as we could? And I invited Aunt GRIZEL to pull the first cracker with me. To my amaze-



CUTTING BOTH WAYS.

THE OLD YEAR. "PARDON ME, BUT DO YOU REFER TO MR. WILBUR WRIGHT OR TO THE LIBERAL PARTY?"

ment she burst into tears; and AGGIE, unable any longer to repress her anxiety about the twinnies, hurried them off to the nursery howling dismally, poor little chicks, at the prospect of concluding their merry Christmas with a dose of mustard and warm water!

I would rather not dwell on the scene that followed. Aunt GRIZEL said that, though she had long been prepared to obey the summons when it came, the *last* thing she had expected was that it would be served in the pudding at her great-niece's husband's table! SHRIVENHAM PAPP bitterly regretted that, solely to avoid disappointing me, he had put off going in for his rest cure till Boxing Day, and asked what sort of rest I supposed he would enjoy *now*, with a confounded silver button pervading his system? Miss MOTE said that she would have been grateful to me for relieving her of the burden of living, if only I had selected some less invidious means than a thimble of ending her existence. She *did* think that a little hard! Miss AUSTERBURY reminded me that she was there that evening in a semi-professional capacity, my wife having asked her to come early in order to give her opinion of the children's French accent, and she warned me that, should she experience any ill-effects from the ring, which she now distinctly remembered noticing when too late, she should certainly take advantage of the Workmen's Compensation Act. She advised Mamsell, who had by this time gathered that the pudding had been somehow rendered unfit for human food, to follow her example.

I told them they were jumping too hastily at conclusions. It was not possible that they could *each* have swallowed a souvenir, because there were not nearly enough to go round. For all *they* knew and all *I* knew I might contain the entire collection myself. On which that brute BEASLEY SOWERBUTTS remarked that that was highly improbable, especially as he had observed I had been careful to eat as little of the pudding as possible. Which was unworthy even of *him*, for I had scarcely had a chance of getting a mouthful! However, on this they all pitched into me together. Did I imagine they came to me year after year for any pleasure it gave *them*? They had come out of sheer kindness, to avoid hurting our feelings by a refusal, and *this* was how they were repaid for their self-sacrifice! After dealing them what I must have known would be so many death-warrants, I had tried to turn it off with callous flippancy! And more to the same effect.

Well, I was so disgusted by their ingratitude that it was as much as I could do to remember that I was their host, and even as it was I told them a few home-truths. I might have said more, only, perhaps fortunately, I was interrupted by the entrance of our parlour-maid LOUISA, who brought in all the six symbols, carefully cleaned and neatly set out on a silver salver, with a message from Cook to the effect that her conscience had compelled her to remove them before boiling the pudding. I learnt afterwards that, on the evening I had stirred it, she had sat up till quite late extracting them one by one with a pair of pincers. But just then I was in no humour to resent what I still consider a piece of officious interference on her part.

"Now," I said with dignified forbearance to my guests, who were looking uncommonly foolish, "*now* perhaps you will see how unnecessarily you have all been alarming yourselves!" And, as AGGIE joined us just then with the kiddies, who were rejoicing at having been let off their mustard and water after all, I really thought we should settle down and enjoy ourselves at last. But however it was—whether remarks had

been exchanged which could not be forgotten in a moment, or whether they suspected me of having played an elaborate practical joke upon them—the fact remains that there was a sort of constraint. I tried to get up a game of forfeits in the drawing-room, but it fell through somehow. The party broke up at a comparatively early hour, and AGGIE and I both felt it had gone off with considerably less than the usual *éclat*.

Whether Uncle POLKINGHORN spent a pleasanter Christmas evening under the X-rays I don't know. I sent him the complete set of symbols next day, with explanations and our love, but he never returned the slightest acknowledgment. And, as I began by intimating, we are sending out *no* invitations this year. We shall follow a practice now, I understand, prevalent in smart Society, and dine quietly *en famille* at the nearest Italian restaurant. F. A.

THE OLD GREY MARE.

THERE 's a line of rails on an upland green

With a good take-off and a landing sound,
Six fences grim as were ever seen,

And it 's there I would be with fox and hound.
Oh, that was a country free and fair
For the raking stride of my old grey mare!

With her raking stride, and her head borne high,
And her ears a-prick, and her heart a-flame,
And the steady look of her deep blue eye,

I warrant the grey mare knew the game:
It was "Up to it, lass," and before I knew
We were up and over, and on we flew.

The rooks from the grass got up, and so,

With a caw and flap, away they went;
When the grey mare made up her mind to go

At the tail of the hounds on a breast-high scent,
The best of the startled rooks might fail
To match her flight over post and rail.

While some of the thrusters grew unnerved,

And looked and longed for an open gate,
And one crashed down and another swerved,

She went for it always true and straight:
She pounded the lot, for she made it good
With never a touch of splintered wood.

Full many a year has come and gone

Since last she gathered her spring for me,
And lifted me up, and so flew on

Unchecked in a country fair and free.

I've ridden a score since then, but ne'er

Crossed one that could live with the old grey mare.

HOME HINTS.

By "ERMYNTRUDE."

To bleach linen thoroughly (in reply to "Housewife"), take half a pint of strong sulphuric acid (H_2SO_4), add a bucketful of cold water and boil gently for fifteen minutes over a slow fire—about four miles an hour will do—stirring in six ounces of pure lampblack till no lumps are visible. Soak the linen in this as desired. Any material bleached by this process can be regarded as of good quality. Do not let the hands remain in the solution too long or a slight discoloration of the finger-nails may result; also, in dealing with sulphuric acid remember the rhyme of our schooldays:—

"Little Johnnie's dead and gone,
We'll never see him more,
For what he took for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 ."



THE TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. 2.

Thomas (with difficulty getting within hailing distance). "MISS MAUD! MISS MAUD! WE MUST BE GOIN' 'OME NOW, IT'S TWO O'CLOCK, AND MISTRESS SAID YOU WASN'T TO 'AVE A LONG DAY."

Miss Maud. "YOU CAN GO HOME. I MEAN TO SEE THE END OF THE HUNT—IT'LL BE WORTH THE BIGGEST ROWING IN THE WORLD."

Don't eat a hearty meal when bathing; you cannot give undivided attention to it.

Don't eat soup with your knife. If you are in a hurry it is much quicker to drink it from the edge of the plate.

In answer to "Gussie," who queries the correctness of the statement she read yesterday, "Jam will not burn if the bottom of the pan is smeared with a little olive oil," we must confess that even without this precaution we have not found it a great success as an illuminant.

To preserve plums whole, "Angus," kill as many as you require—the most merciful way is to stand them on their heads until they get congestion—then bake each plum separately for thirty minutes. When done they turn bright pink with green spots. Bottle, cork, and eat. The syrup may be strained into a pan and placed on the fire; this is much the best way of putting it out.

"Jack" and "Jill" write to know if ERMYNTRUDE can recommend a good lively parlour game for the Christmas holidays. She can, dear J. and J. Ask the company if they have ever heard of the amusement called the Laundry Game; it will probably be new to them. Blindfold all, except yourself; seat them round the fire; enjoin silence; then take a big jug of water and walk rapidly round, pouring a pint or so down everybody's neck. On no account must the bandages be removed from the eyes of those participating. I hope you will find this quite a success.

ERMYNTRUDE.

COMPETITIVE COUGHING.

At home an influenza cold is reigning;

With chorused coughs our fireside is accurst;
But my last wheeze I'll squander in maintaining
That mine's the worst.

For HERBERT's, though ear-splitting and deep-chested,

The sort that makes the soundest lungs feel queer,
Between ourselves, is easily arrested
When no one's near.

And MABEL's, though continually hacking—

A cracked discordance on a broken string—
Is merely throaty, and completely lacking
The proper ring.

While mine, to their perceptible disgust, is

A hollow bark that tears me with a clank,
And, though I say it, should in common justice
Take highest rank.

But no, they seem to find my efforts wearing;

A sort of bluff to show what I can do;
But never mind: I'm rapidly preparing
A final coup.

And, when they follow me in sad procession,

While into self-reproachful tears they burst,
My obsequies shall win me this confession—
Mine was the worst.

SERIALS FOR ALL.

II.

THE second specimen is from the reserve stores of copy at *The Nation* office.

A PEERLESS PARADISE;

OR,

THE END OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS,

By J. A. HOBSON.

Principal Characters:

IBRAHIM SLIVINSKI, an Egyptian Nationalist.

LORD BOODLE, a dissipated nobleman.

LADY YORICK, a Socialistic Peeress.

PIKRIK ASSID, an Armenian Anarchist.

PORTIA HAMPDEN

JOAN IRONSIDE

SEMIAMIS SANGUINETTI

JOHN WORMWOODSWORTH, a realistic novelist.

HERBERT BASHINGHAM, a humanitarian publicist.

NEVER NEVERSON, explorer and philosopher.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

IBRAHIM SLIVINSKI, the son of a Polish Jew and a Turkish mother, has been deputed by the Egyptian Nationalists to study the Woman Suffrage question in England, and on his arrival in that country takes a prominent part in the campaign against the House of Lords, and becomes engaged to PORTIA HAMPDEN, the leader of the militant Suffragists. While on his way to a great meeting at the Caxton Hall, he is assaulted by Lord BOODLE, a profligate nobleman, and challenges the aggressor to a duel in Finsbury Park. Just as the combatants are about to engage, PORTIA rushes on to the scene and shoots Lord BOODLE dead with a dynamite pistol. PORTIA is arrested, and while she is awaiting her trial in Holloway the prison is "rushed" by ten thousand members of the Humanitarian Legion, mounted on cream-coloured thoroughbreds. After rescuing PORTIA, they proceed to Westminster to exterminate the Peers.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady YORICK, closely followed by SLIVINSKI and ASSID, was the first to burst into the Gilded Chamber. The LORD CHANCELLOR was on his feet, and the intrepid Countess was in the act of hurling a bomb at him, when BASHINGHAM, in anguished accents, screamed out, "Spare him. It's LOREBURN, not HALSBURY."

The Ministerialists, warned of their danger, fled to the lobbies, and then the grim work of slaughter began in earnest. SLIVINSKI, armed with an Abyssinian scimitar, decapitated

three viscounts with one blow. The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND was transfixed by a poisoned boomerang, hurled with unerring aim by BORIS POLDOWSKI, the patriotic Member for Houndsditch.

Round the Woolsack belted earls fell in heaps before the onset of JOAN IRONSIDE and her Amazons.

It was, indeed, a luscious spectacle, and yet JOHN WORMWOODSWORTH, the tender-hearted pessimist, could not restrain his tears as he witnessed the extirpation of the feudal magnates who had so often served to decorate his sombre chronicles of the countryside.

At last he could restrain himself no longer. "Stop," he cried in a voice of well-modulated but poignant anguish. "They are oppressors and reactionaries. But they are picturesque and well-groomed types." At that moment a blow from an eel-skin stuffed with sand, wielded by an infuriated Humanitarian, caught him across his well-chiselled features, and, with faultless deportment, he sank heavily to the floor.

III.

Even *The Bazaar*, better known as *The Exchange and Mart*, is catching the infection, as the following extract shows:—

THE LUCKY BARGAIN.

Principal Characters:

Lady MAUD CHAFFERS, a penniless beauty.

MORDAUNT VALDEMAR, a good man.

Baron POCHE, an impecunious adventurer.

WIGGY BOAKES, a dog thief.

MARY MEE, a wealthy spinster.

SYNOPSIS.

Lady MAUD CHAFFERS, a beautiful girl of noble lineage, whose father, the Marquis of BOOLE, lost everything in the great fire of 1903, determines bravely to turn to account her knowledge of dogs as a means of livelihood. She therefore establishes a kennel in the back-garden of her house at Notting Hill and breeds toy poms. These she advertises in *The Exchange and Mart*. It happens that MORDAUNT VALDEMAR, wishing to give a toy pom to MARY MEE, the daughter of a rural dean, to whom as a youth he became engaged and who will not release him, answers one of Lady MAUD's advertisements, and correspondence follows, leading to a visit to Notting Hill to choose a pup. MORDAUNT at once falls in love with Lady MAUD—real love—and Lady MAUD with him. He does not, however, say so, merely contenting himself with a few burn-

ing glances and paying more than was asked for the pom. In parting with it Lady MAUD sheds such tears that he resolves to give it back to her by hook or by crook. She is, however, bound to sell it as the brokers are in at Boole Hall, and the Marquis threatens suicide unless he can raise £12, the price of the pom.

MORDAUNT, whose sense of honour compels him to give the pom to MARY MEE, since he had promised it to her, arranges with WIGGY BOAKES, a son of one of his old butlers, to get it back again, and this Wigg has just done.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARY MEE woke up with a start. Something was wrong, she felt sure, but what was it? She listened. There was no sound! Ah, that was it. No sound. For no sound meant that Darlikins, the toy pom which MORDAUNT VALDEMAR had given her, either was not there or was—dead! His breathing was naturally so loud—almost a snore, in fact. To hear nothing was terrible.

MARY MEE's heart stood still. Then she leapt from the bed and rushed into the next room, where Darlikins' little wicker kennel, made in the shape of St. Paul's Cathedral, stood. It was empty! With a shriek of dismay MARY MEE swooned.

A man passing by heard the shriek and stopped. What was it? The man was Baron POCHE, a tall, handsome, military type whose baroness any woman might be proud to be.

He was on his way home after a late night at his club. He had lost all—as usual. He was always losing all. What should he do? Should he break into the house whence the scream proceeded. It would be an adventure, anyway.

As he pondered MARY MEE came to the window and screamed "Thieves!"

The Baron replied, "What have you lost?"

"A pom," she said. "I would give ten thousand pounds rather than lose it!"

Ah, thought the Baron, she is rich. Perhaps it is what I have been looking for?

"Madam," he said, "for a tenth of that sum I will find it!"

"A bargain!" cried MARY MEE.

(To be continued.)

A Note on Eggs.

"Then Spain threw off the yolk of the Moors, and once again relapsed."—*Nuneaton Observer*. Spain should have pocketed the white instead.

DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.

II.—THE ETIQUETTE OF THE BALL-ROOM.



IF YOU HAPPEN TO ARRIVE EARLY AND FIND THE BALL-ROOM CHILLY, DON'T PULL A BIT OF FLIMSY CHIFFON OVER YOUR SHOULDERS—SEND FOR YOUR WRAPS AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.



WHEN A WALTZ STARTS, SHOULD YOU SEE YOUR PARTNER ENGAGED IN CONVERSE WITH A FRIEND, DON'T SIT MEEKLY WAITING TILL IT SUITS HIS CONVENIENCE TO COME FOR YOU—GO AND FETCH HIM.



IF THE BAND IS PLAYING TOO FAST OR TOO SLOW FOR YOUR FANCY, DON'T CHANGE THE TIME OF YOUR STEP—SPEAK TO THE BAND.



AND SHOULD YOU FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT A PARTNER FOR A DANCE, DON'T MOPE—YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING AMUSING TO DO IF YOU LOOK FOR IT. REMEMBER—YOU ARE OUT TO ENJOY YOURSELF.

PINKIE'S POST BAG.

To Miss Pinkie,
c/o H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.,
His Majesty's Theatre.

DEAREST PINKIE,—Have you read my book, *Peter Pan's Post Bag*? My friend, Miss PAULINE CHASE, wrote the preface all in italics, and Mr. HEINEMANN very kindly published it for me. I expect you will soon be having a Post Bag of your own, so I send you this letter to make a start with. I want to say that I think you are simply wonderful, and that if there was any chance of my ever growing up you would be the woman for me. But *Wendy* is looking over my shoulder as I write, so I dare not say this. I should also like to send you several "thimbles," but am prevented for the reason given above.

Your loving and devoted
PETER PAN.

DEAR MADAM,—I hear that *Peter* has been writing to you; so there is no need for me to add anything, except that I should be obliged if you would give my best love to *Tommy* and say that I think him most frightfully fascinating.

Yours faithfully,
WENDY DARLING.

DEAR MISS PINKIE,—Not bad. I see that the people who made your fairy-tale have picked up several notions from the Lane. But I still think we manage these things on more legitimate lines. You didn't hustle enough; and the scenery kept much too still. And then the idea of having an actual boy for the Principal Boy! Yours kindly,
ARTHUR COLLINS.

MY DEAR PINKIE,—Do you think you could get Mr. TREE to let me understudy his *Queen of the Fairies*? I know I have not got her self-assurance and air of experience, but I would do my best to acquire these qualities. Yours hopefully,

ADELINE GENÉE.

MY DARLING PINKIE,—I do wish I could find some real children like you and *Tommy* for my *Peter Pan* annual; because poor *Michael* feels a little lonely amongst all those grown-ups. Are you doing anything in 1914? Because if not I should like you to play *Wendy*. Of course you are just a

child of nature, so far; and you would have to be taught some sentiment about mothers (I notice that you haven't got a mother—a grave omission); but you would soon pick that up. Of course if Miss ELLEN TERRY goes on getting younger and younger and younger every year, I might want her for *Wendy*; and anyhow I shall try and get your *Queen of the Fairies* to do my pillow dance. I have a contract with my present

the usual pantomime; and here was a figure straight out of Drury Lane. Nearly all the rest was in such gentle undertones of humour. (I am talking as if you were grown-up, because you seem to understand things.)

I thought you were splendid, and the only thing about you I didn't like (and that wasn't your fault) was when you had to say all those clever things about the donkey's long ears just after you had got into the dark wood. You would really have been much too excited to say anything of the kind.

You were very fortunate in having such charming friends to play with—the elves especially; and your Aunts and Uncle were much more attractive than you supposed. How they managed not to see the fairies I can't make out. I saw them quite plainly, and I am much older than *Molly*.

I think your play was almost as delightful for what it left out as for what it had in. I am very glad, for instance, that *Cinderella's* Prince and *Molly's* young man didn't put in an appearance. I can just imagine how stuffy they'd have been. Anyhow, they couldn't possibly have been good enough for such very attractive ladies. I am not quite sure, by the way, that *Cinderella* and *The Sleeping Beauty* ought to have stepped into real life in the Third Act. People in Fairyland don't quite do that, do they? Still, it was good to see them again, and I wouldn't have missed a moment of *The Sleeping Beauty*, who was simply superb. And she could sing too; her song in the wood was the most yawny thing I have ever heard outside the Land of Nod.

Some people think that your play was rather thin and slow in parts. Well, I hope it won't get any quicker or thicker. As it was, there were far more good things in it than the audience could take in on the night I saw it. But then not everybody has a voice as clear as yours, my dear. And your theatre is so dreadfully big for small voices.

My compliments to everybody, not forgetting Mr. TREE. I hope the *Queen of the Fairies* will bring him on before the curtain every night.

Good-bye, and don't ever grow up. And please let me be, now and always,
Your adopted Uncle,
O. S.



MR. TREE PRESENTS THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

Starkey up till 1931; otherwise your gardener should have the part; and I am always Your best friend,
J. M. BARRIE.

MY DEAR MISS PINKIE,—This is what is called an open letter, meaning that you can show it to anybody you like, except the part where I say that I'm older than *Molly*. You may even show it to your old gardener, though I think his fun was a little out of the picture, as they say. You see, one of the most delightful things in your play was the quiet way in which it parodied

MUSICAL NOTES.

THOUGH no official announcement has been made as to RICHARD STRAUSS's new opera, some interesting details, communicated by the composer's friend, Professor WANAMAKER, to the *Journal of Neurology*, seem to make it clear that the subject is *Medea*, and that it will be handled with all the restraint, delicacy and geniality which have marked his earlier contributions to the lyric drama.

According to Professor WANAMAKER the libretto, for which STRAUSS himself is responsible, follows closely the lines of the story as narrated by the great LEMPIÈRE, and includes, as outstanding features of the drama, the murder by dilaniation of *Absyrtus*; the hypodermic injection of magical juices into the veins of *Aeson*; the boiling alive of *Pelias*; the destruction of *Glauce* and the massacre of *Glauce's* family; and the final slaughter of *Medea's* own children, after which *Medea* triumphantly escapes from the vengeance of her infuriated consort in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

During the greater part of the opera STRAUSS contents himself with a small orchestra of four hundred performers. But in certain scenes the executive personnel is largely augmented. Thus the orgies in the Temple of Hecate will be accompanied by a group of twelve soprano Schreckhorns, fourteen octoroons, and a Goliardophone, a gigantic quadruple bass tuba, which, fitted with a Parsons auxetophone, will emit stentorian snorts every ten seconds. A special feature in the third Act is the employment of a superb steam siren to simulate the hissing of the cauldron in which *Pelias* is boiled to death, the shrieks of the victim being represented by a group of twenty piccolos reinforced by ten peacocks and a live pig, who, according to Professor WANAMAKER, will be killed on the stage.

A charming effect occurs in the first Act, where *Medea* tears her brother *Absyrtus* limb from limb, the rending asunder of the unfortunate Colchian nobleman — realistically represented by a life-sized dummy stuffed with sausage-meat — synchronising with a terrific fanfare on forty-eight long Bach trumpets, while his death-rattle is gracefully suggested by a cadenza on the xylophone.



Plumber (who, having had to chastise his boy, has used a half-inch iron rod). "AND MARK 'EE, LADDER! IT'LL BE A THREE-QUARTER-INCH ROD NEXT TIME!"

Even more charming is the scene in which *Medea* slays her children in the presence of *Jason*. Here the psycho-pathological synthesis of the orchestra reaches an altogether unprecedented pitch. Each of the characters is typified by a different group of instruments—*Medea* by twelve flutes, twelve gongs and two tenor sitz-baths, *Jason* by ten bass clarinets, and the children by sixteen saxophones ingeniously muted in token of their death by suffocation.

The scene of the last Act is laid in the Elysian Fields, where, according to the traditions mentioned by SIMONIDES, *Medea* was married to *Achilles* and made him a model wife.

STRAUSS, however, with his usual refreshing originality, represents the illustrious pair as leading a life of inordinate and strepitant misery, culminating in a diabolical Apache dance in which each tears the other's head off and puts it on to the wrong body. This finale, according to Professor WANAMAKER, is not only the most sublime but the most soul-staggering achievement in the entire history of the solar or any other system.

Troubles of a Centipede.

"The fever left all sorts of ills behind it, among others the loss of the use of his legs. At twenty he fasted thirty days, and got rid of every one. *Experientia docet.*"—"Daily Express" Correspondent.



R.M.L.I.

Royal Marine (engaged in coaling ship). "When I joined the Corps the Sergeant 'e ses to me, 'it's 'arf soldierin' an' 'arf yachtin', 'e ses. I suppose this is the bloomin' yachtin'!"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME CHRISTMAS HAPPENINGS.

Broadlands.

• DEAREST DAPHNE,—We all vote Christmas a bore and a back-number, and yet we've given in to it once more, sending presents and cards *ad nauseam*, because none of us has the courage to stop the absurd habit. I do think that the person who could *at once and for ever* abolish Christmas cards and presents (I refer, of course, to those one has to *give*!) would deserve a front seat among the very greatest benefactors of our species; he'd be even greater than that extraordinary creature, HARVEY, who was the first person to have his blood circulate.

People are simply most immensely mean about Christmas cards. A year ago Aunt GOLDIE sent me the card I'd sent *her* the Christmas before. *C'est bien elle!* I sent it to

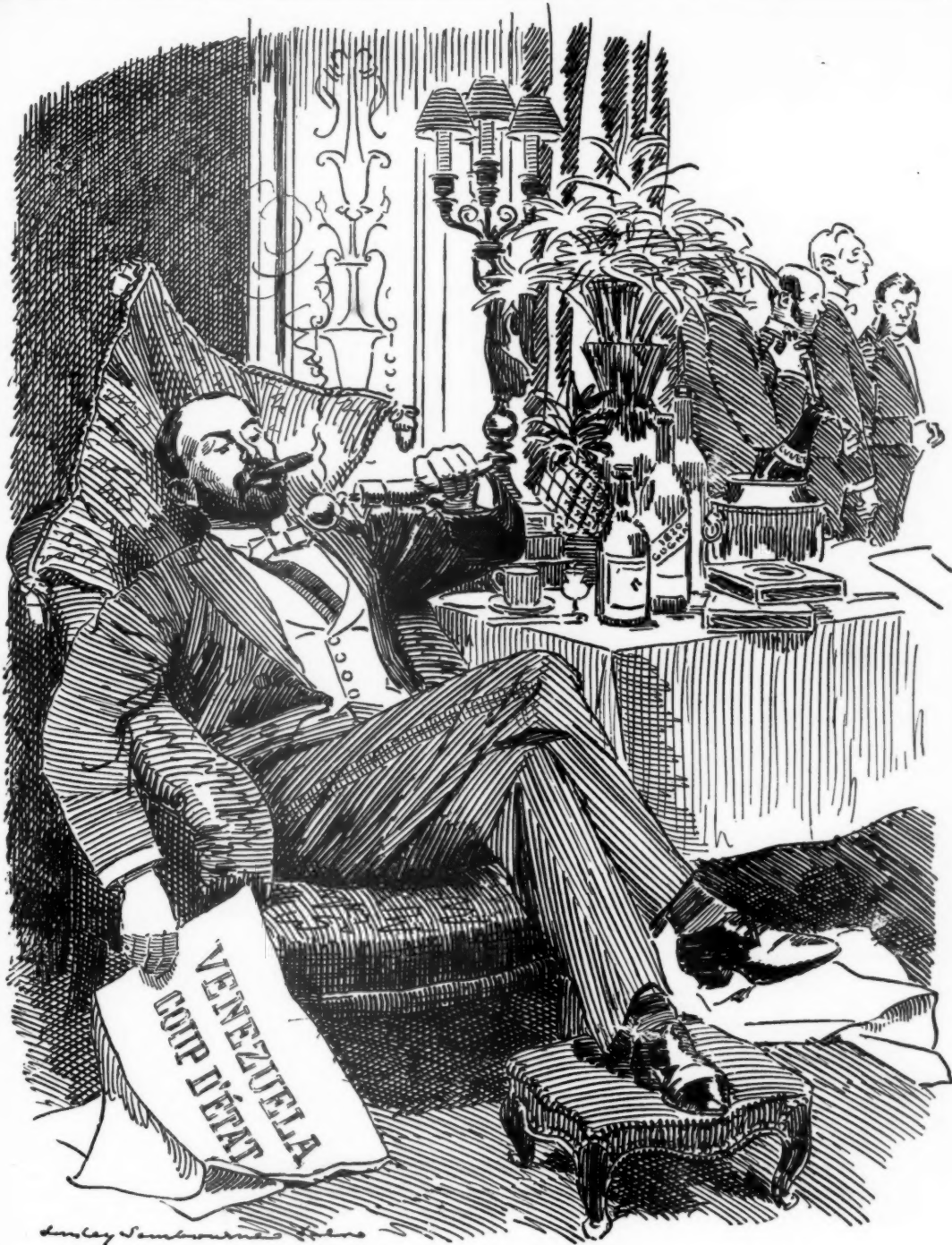
her again this Christmas. This sort of thing is imposs. if you get your Christmas cards specially printed for you; but I consider *that* to be *encouraging* Christmas, and so don't do it. BABS always does; and has a little verse of high-flown, home-made "poetry" printed on them. I never know what she means. This year's is:—

"Glow the glowing yule-log bright,
Flings its glowing yule-tide light
On Friends afar and Friends anear;
May its radiance shine on you,
May its radiance shine athrough
Th' abysmal depths o' th' yet untrod New
Year!"

Do you think it good? I don't. And RAY RIMINGTON says it won't scan, and that there's no such word as "athrough."

JOSIAH's given me a most *dilly* Christmas present. One of the new motor-houses! You've heard of them, of course? Houses, you know, with a *motor* foundation, so

that you can go where you like in them. Mine's one of the very first to be built, and is a little darling duck of a maisonette, furnished regardless. Fancy being able to go bye-bye at night among all your own pretty-pretties, and to wake up in the morning a couple of hundred miles off! (BABS and BERYL and WEE-WEE are devoured with envy. *Their* husbands couldn't spend £30,000 on Christmas presents for *them*, and wouldn't if they could.) JOSIAH certainly has his merits, and, as I'm very far from being a *conscienceless* woman, I consider that when your husband gives you such really nice presents you ought *occasionally* to do as he wishes. So I gave in to his plan for a regular stodgy Christmassy Christmas down here, though it goes without saying that I'd much rather have stayed in town with the Non-Christmassers, BOSH and WEE-WEE, NORTY, and a lot of others, who make a point of



EXILE DE LUXE.

EX-PRESIDENT CASTRO (in Berlin). "AH! HOW I AM TEMPTED TO RETURN AND FACE THE HARDSHIPS OF DUTY! BUT I MUST DENY MYSELF!"

[Mr. PUNCH hopes that the Ex-President may have a satisfactory cure and soon be in a condition (physically, if not financially) to resume the regal luxury which marked the first days of his visit to Berlin.]

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dining at a restaurant on Christmas Day, avoiding all Christmas dishes, and trying to forget they belong to families or have any blood relations. Altogether they had a much gaudier time *losing* Christmas than the stuffy people who were *keeping* it.

A little Christmas storiette about the OLDPARKS is going round. He was out in Texas, you know, as a younger son, ranching and cowboy-ing and all that sort of thing, and he married the daughter of his "boss." She was pretty and dollarous, knew all about "rounding up" cattle, and rode about wearing a lasso and a rifle and all the other little *et-ceteras* of a Texan toilette. Since he succeeded to the title and brought her home, however, she's completely put away Texan things, goes in furiously for pomp and circumstance, and, in the language of her former state, never comes off the roof. (It's said that she's been heard to speak of herself as "my ladyship" — isn't that lovely?) Well, and so the Texan countess meant to have a regular pompous, patriarchal Christmas at Oldpark. There was to be a kick-

up in the big hall for the small tenants and the servants, and they were to have old-fashioned cakes and ale, and do moss-grown old country dances and jigs, while the OLDPARKS (she insisted on this part of the programme) sat on a *daïs*, with their coronets on, presiding over the revels!!

Poor dear OLDPARK was telling BOSH about it despairingly at the DAWDLERS' a day or two before Christmas, and asked what he'd better do? BOSH advised him to get lost, and be missing till well into the

New Year. I don't know whether he followed the advice.

A number of us have been going to a set of lectures at the "Fitz" lately on *what d'you think, my dearest?—Love!* A certain little French-woman undertook to teach *nous autres Anglaises* how to love, by telling us the stories of famous French lovers. Her cheek, unlike her subject, is pretty cool, don't you think?

course of it I said the woman who loved in vain was *completely out*, and we'd no use for her to-day; and that, if I *could* come across a specimen of her, I'd give it a good shaking and say: "You donkey! What d'you mean by loving in vain? Don't you think the men are conceited enough without that?" And NORTY said, "Well, anyhow the woman who loved in vain was better than the

woman who couldn't love at all!" And I said, "Where was the woman who couldn't love at all?" And he said, "Oh, in lots of places." And I said I'd never met the woman who couldn't love—and just as the discussion was getting *enormously* amusing JOSIAH came in and began to look for something. He was so frightfully gruff and glum that I asked him if, by any chance, it was his *temper* he was looking for?

I hear that the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE woman had a big catch-'em-alive-oh on Christmas Eve, and there was a grown-up Christmas tree with absurdly expensive things on it. BABS invited the crowd for her, and they all went. Most of

them don't know the B.-B.'s at all—and haven't the *least* intention of knowing them! Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Not a pennyworth of jewellery had been recovered except one or two articles of little value."—*The Daily Mail*.

"I do not find any particular objection to the scheme, and I believe it is all according to football Crocker."—*Sussex Daily News*.
In this football connection "Crocker" is not at all a bad touch.



STANDING FOR HIS TRADE PHOTOGRAPH (CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR SEASON, 1908-9).
(Lord L-ned-wne.)

As if we wanted *teaching* about love! The idea! *Quand il s'agit des amourettes* the French are so conceited! They think they can give us a stone and a beating over any distance, from the T.Y.C. to the Gold Cup Course. Love has been quite the topic among us who've been to the lectures. Discussion has simply *raged*. BOSH and WEE-WEE gave a Love Dinner; and I had a big Love Tea. But a *tête-à-tête* love-argument is the best fun. NORTY and I had a furious one when he called in Park Lane the other day. In the

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM must really take care or he will out-William the greatest of all the Williams, with his versatile industry. Only the other day his plays were performing a *pas de quatre*, and now, while I forget how many of them are still on the track, comes *The Magician* (HEINEMANN), displaying Mr. MAUGHAM's talent in a novel and extremely lurid light. "None of your society rib-ticklers this time," says WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. "I want to make your flesh creep. I will a tale unfold whose lightest word will harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make each particular hair to stand erect like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Murder most foul, strange and unnatural." Or, in the language of the halfpenny news-vendor—"Shockin' revelations! An Old Etonian practises black magic. Creates homunculi with his wife's life - blood. Mysterious death of the Murderer!" That gives you the skeleton, so to speak, of Mr. MAUGHAM's story. There is a human interest in it as well—the grizzly fascination by which this monster - creating monster attracts the young girl, who, loathing him like a poisonous toad, body, soul, and spirit, yet becomes his wife. In its natural as well as supernatural features the story is gruesomely clever. But for my part I don't care to sup my fill with such horrors. They give me indigestion.

I do wish that authoresses would be more humane. In the *House of the Crickets* (SMITH, ELDER), KATHARINE TYNAN has completely wrecked a boat-train from Paris in order to destroy an unfortunate young man who had to be got out of the way, and incidentally, of course, has brought suffering and distress into the homes of hundreds of people who had nothing to do with the plot at all. There were reasons why the heroine considered it desirable that her first lover (whom she imagined to be the betrayer of her sister) should be got out of the way; still, I think that his elimination might have been effected with less of general discomfort. For the rest, the *House of the Crickets* (there were none on the hearth, I fancy) gives a well-drawn, pathetic picture of life on an extremely distressful Irish farm, and whereas I always believed before that the grig was a merry kind of beast I shall never do so again. There is one other point besides the railway smash that I feel obliged to cavil at. On page 292 KATHERINE TYNAN says of her heroine that "she had often thought how foolish were the misunderstandings of the novelists, devised just to keep the ball rolling." Of course, as a matter of fact (if she had only known it), *Hannah* was in a novel herself all the time.

In *A Happy Half Century* (GAY AND HANCOCK), which gives the title to a little volume of essays, Miss REPPLIER reviews the literary products of the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth. The period begins with Miss BURNEY and closes with Miss FERRIER and Miss JANE PORTER. Prominent among its stars are Mrs. BARBAULD, HANNAH MORE, Mrs. CHAPONE, Mrs. MONTAGUE, Mrs. OPIE, Mrs. HEMANS, and the authoress of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Miss REPPLIER's lament is that she and others among us were born a hundred years too late. What a splash we might have made with these amiable persons as competitors! In succeeding chapters the masterpieces of these and sister-writers are dealt with in detail, leaving on the mind of the reader a feeling of surprise that one who has read them all through is still alive, and, as the book testifies, in high spirits. When we come to think of it, it is amazing that such dull commonplace should for half a century have held the reading world in thrall. One who in a

morning newspaper is occasionally alluded to as "this present writer" heard Mr. GLADSTONE relate how he had once been in the sainted presence of HANNAH MORE, and how she gave him a book—probably one of her own. He spoke of the event as if it filled one of the proudest moments of a not uneventful life. Whilst Miss REPPLIER laments her own birth out of due season, she will recognise what splendid opportunity DICKENS and THACKERAY found



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—VI.

THE SIRENS.

in the field so carefully tilled for them.

A DIRECTOIRE FROCK.

Long languid lines unbroken by a frill,
Superfluous festoons reduced to nil,
A figure like a seal reared up on end
And poking forward with a studied bend;
A shortish neck imprisoned in a ruff,
Skin-fitting sleeves that show a stint of stuff,
A waist promoted halfway up the back,
And not a shred that's comfortably slack;
A multitude of buttons, row on row,
Not there for business—merely made for show,
A skirt whose meagre gores necessitate
The waddle of a Chinese lady's gait;
A "busby" toque extinguishing the hair
As if a giant hand had crushed it there—
Behold the latest mode! and write beneath,
"A winter blossom bursting from its 'sheath.'"

From *The Montreal Daily Star* of December 12th:—

"The Serbian papers announce a general boycott against Austria-Hungary. This probably is a bluff, but should it be true it will lead to immediate action on the part of Austria-Hungary dating from January 1 next."

There's an example for Mr. ASQUITH!



BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

.... As MR. PUNCH drew nearer he saw that a Christmas Dinner Party was in progress. It was the most extraordinary Christmas Party he had ever seen, for everybody seemed to be quarrelling with everybody else.

When they observed him, which they did quite suddenly, they stopped arguing with each other, and all shouted together:

"No room! No room!"

"There is always room for me," said Mr. PUNCH modestly; and he sat down in a vacant chair. On his left side was a large bird which he recognised at once as the famous Double Eagle, but the chair on his right seemed at first sight to be unoccupied.

The Double Eagle looked doubtfully at him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said at last. "Then consider yourself censored, boycotted and blackballed." Whereupon he resumed his occupation of pushing a small furry animal into his pocket—only pausing occasionally to scowl at his left-hand neighbour.

"Have some Turkey?" cried somebody to Mr. PUNCH.

The Sage looked round the table. "I don't see any," he said.

"There isn't any," laughed another of the company. "We've taken it all."

"No, they haven't," whispered a very small voice on Mr. PUNCH's right. "There's still a little of me left. But I'm not the bird I was. Not at all the bird I was," he repeated in a doleful voice.

MR. PUNCH turned round hastily, and found that there was indeed a small bird on the apparently unoccupied chair.

"Dear me," he said, "I never noticed you. Now perhaps you can tell me who all these people are?"

"With pleasure," said the Turkey. "Of course you recognise the person on your left—the Double Eagle?"

"Yes," said Mr. PUNCH; "but I don't quite understand what he's doing. Who is that little animal he is pushing into his pocket?"

"That," said his neighbour in a melancholy voice, "is the Bosnigove. It used to be mine really, but that Double Eagle took it away; and all I'm going to get instead is one of those little woolly things called Sandjaks. Well, then, further on you see the Serb. He's very angry with the Double Eagle about it all, being a great friend of the Bosnigove's, and . . . I don't know, but there *may* be a fight one day."

"I see," said Mr. PUNCH. "And who is the person beyond you with the paper cap on?"

"It isn't a cap, it's a crown—at least he thinks it is. That is the Bulgar Man. A *very* Bulgar Man," added the Turkey with a sigh.

At this moment the Double Eagle turned round suddenly and gazed at Mr. PUNCH.

"Are you fond of riddles?" he asked abruptly.

"Very," said the Sage genially. "I always think that no Christmas dinner is complete without a few riddles. And I may say that I am considered rather good at them."

"Then try this one. When is a Treaty not a Treaty?"

"When is a Treaty not a Treaty? I'm sure I shall guess that. When it's a ——— When it's a ———" he began to murmur to himself; but the Double Eagle had already turned away, and was now flapping his wings violently under the nose of the Serb. Mr. PUNCH was sure that there would really be a fight this time, and was about to jump up and intervene, when the Bulgar Man leant over towards him.

"Will you," he said, holding out a cracker, "pull this with me?"

"Certainly," said Mr. PUNCH. "Crackers—how delightful!"

"I do hope," said the Bulgar Man, "I do hope there's a real crown in this one. Would you," he went on anxiously, "would you call this one I've got on a cap or a crown? It's just like a crown, isn't it?"

"I should call it a crap—I mean a cown—that is to say, decidedly a——"

Bang!

"Bother!" said the Bulgar Man. "A tin trumpet! And I *did* want a real crown so! Here, you, catch," and he threw it at the Serb.

"I can tell you the answer to that riddle," said a mild voice at Mr. PUNCH's elbow. "It's 'When it's broken.'"

"Of course!" cried Mr. PUNCH. "So it is. It wouldn't be a Treaty any longer when it was broken, and so——Heavens, what's that?"

"It's only me," said the Serb, as he took the trumpet from his mouth. He had left his chair and was now standing just behind Mr. PUNCH. "I'm a very warlike person, I am," he went on. "Did you see what that Double Eagle did to me? He flapped his wings in my face. I shall resent it—I shall certainly resent it most strongly. And I shan't be afraid to tell him so. I'm a Serb."

"They also Serb who only stand and wait," murmured the Turkey.

"You don't think I'm afraid, do you?" cried the Serb, turning to him indignantly. "Why, I've a good mind, a very good mind, to blow this in his ear, just to show you."

"Look here," began the Double Eagle, turning round——

"Bang!" cried the Bulgar Man, as he pulled a cracker with himself. "This *is* a crown this time, I bet you anything."

"Peace, peace," said Mr. PUNCH, spreading out his hands.

They quieted down, and waited for him to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said cheerily, "this is the maddest dinner-party I have ever been at. (*Applause.*) Now one of you asked me a riddle just now, which I have succeeded in guessing vicariously. (*Ha! ha!*) In the ordinary way I should expect to receive a prize for this; but in these special circumstances I can see that it is all of you who will expect to receive a prize from me. (*Muffled 'Hear, hears' from the Bosnigove.*) I have, therefore, much pleasure in presenting you all with the first prize" (and here he placed a book upon the table), "in the hope that, whatever your differences may be, you will at least have this in common—an appreciation of my

One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Volume.





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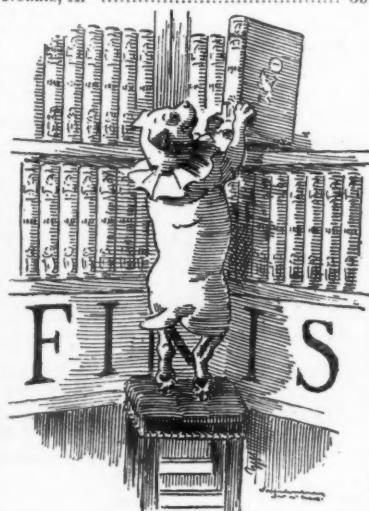
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				WOOD, STARR	466



PUNCH'S ALMANACK 1909

JANUARY

SUN	5	10	17	24	31
MON	4	11	18	25	
TUE	5	12	19	26	
WED	6	13	20	27	
THU	7	14	21	28	
FRI	1	8	15	22	29
SAT	2	9	16	23	30

FEBRUARY

SUN	7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22
TUE	2	9	16	23
WED	3	10	17	24
THU	4	11	18	25
FRI	5	12	19	26
SAT	6	13	20	27

MARCH

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MON	1	8	15	22	29
TUE	2	9	16	23	30
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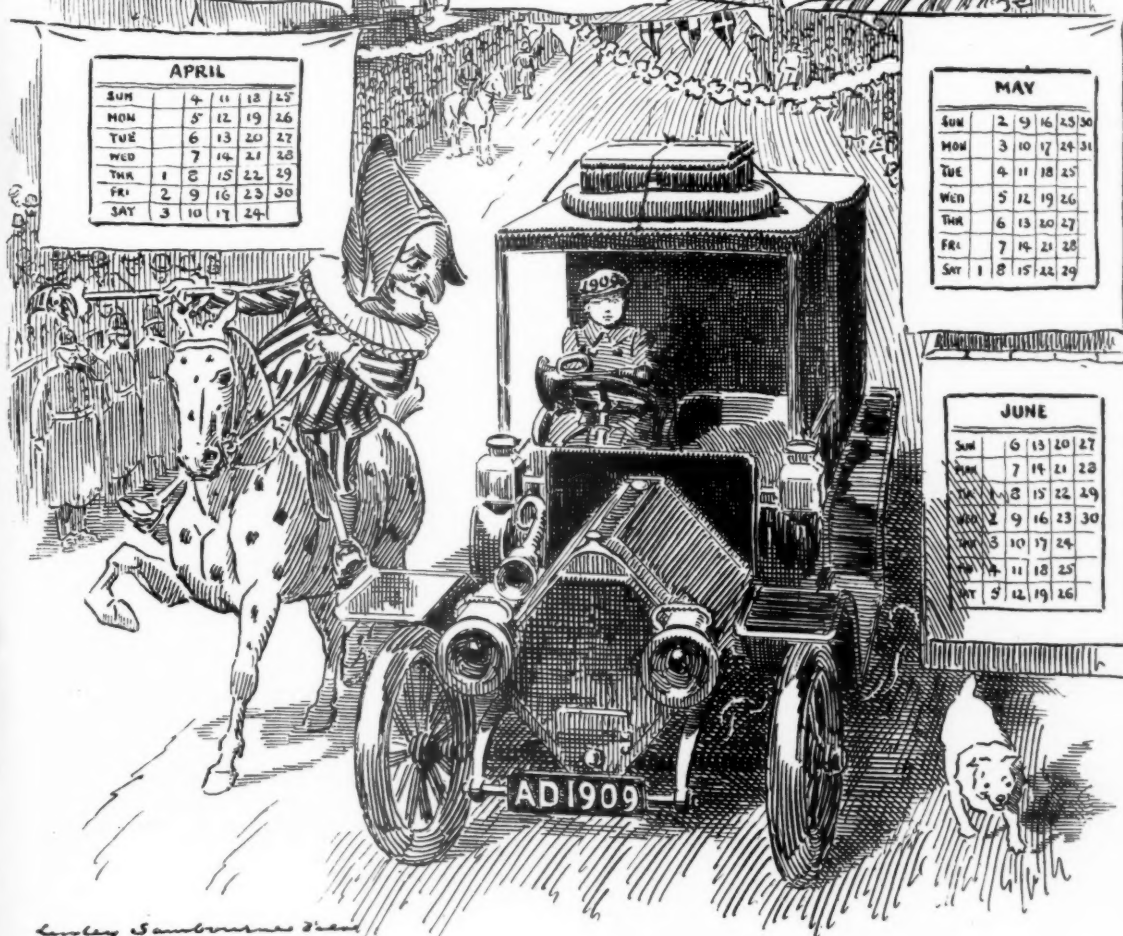
APRIL					
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MAY

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FRI	7	14	21	28	
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JUNE

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MON	7	14	21	28	
TUE	1	8	15	22	29
WED	2	9	16	23	30
THU	3	10	17	24	
FRI	4	11	18	25	
SAT	5	12	19	26	



THE COMING OF 1909.

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



Golfer (soliloquising). "WHAT A LOVELY VIEW!"

Caddie. "REG'LAR PANAMA, I CALLS IT!"



"I THINK IT VERY INCONSIDERATE OF YOU NOT TO HELP ME, GEORGE. YOU SUGGESTED THIS SHORT CUT!"



Instructor. "WHY DON'T YOU FIX BAYONETS ON THE WORD O' COMMAND?"
Recruit (vainly struggling to unsheath weapon). "PLEASE, SERGEANT, IT'S—ER—FIXED!"



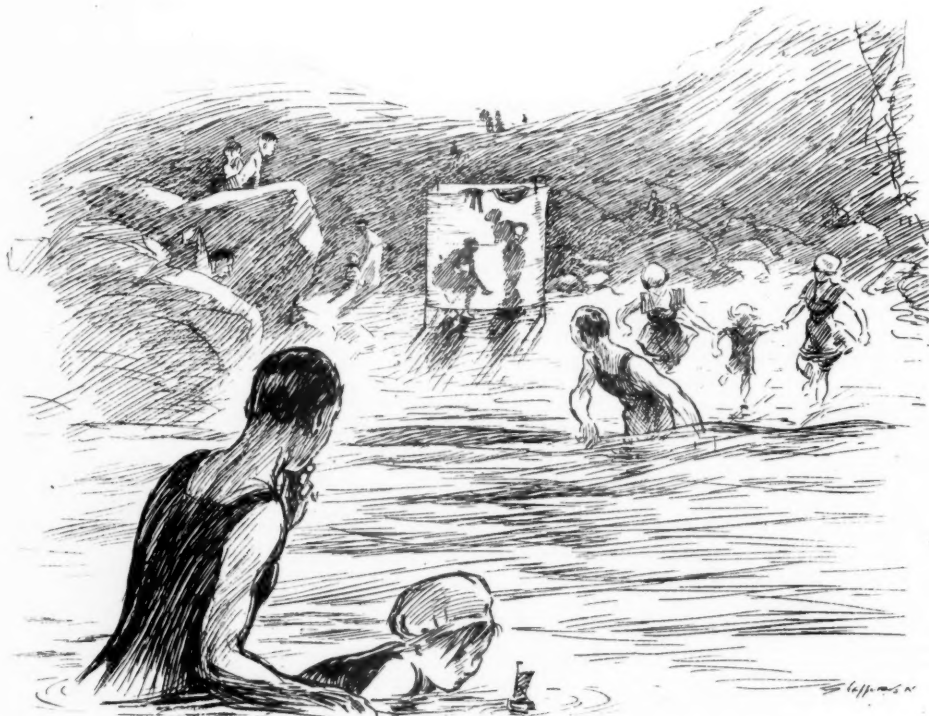
Sentry. "'ALT! 'OO GOES THERE?"

Private Jones. "FRIEN'—WITH BOTTLE"

Sentry. "PASS, FRIEND! 'ALT, BOTTLE!"



"How shocking! I am so glad to think, dear, that we shall have our tent when we bathe to-morrow."



TO-MORROW!

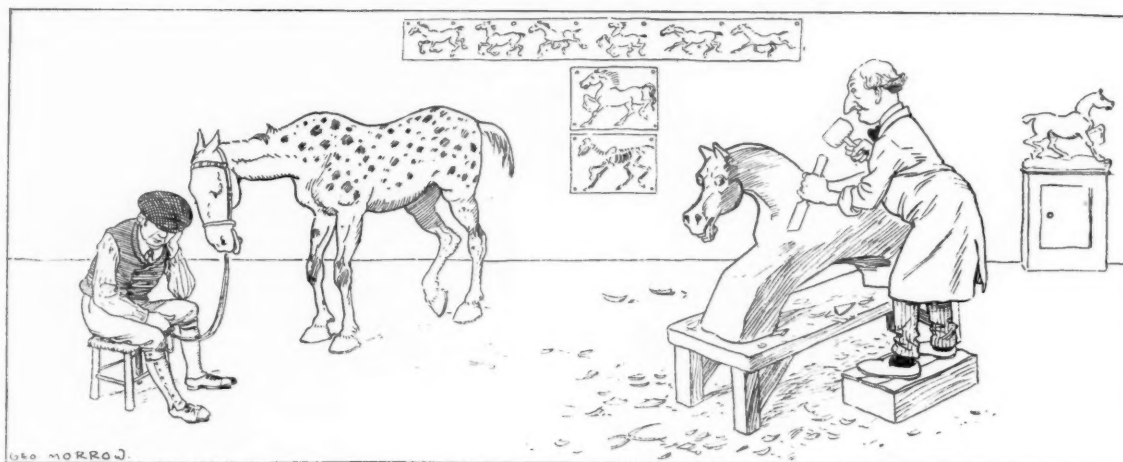


"YOUR POINT, I'M AFRAID. MY PARTNER TOUCHED THE NET!"

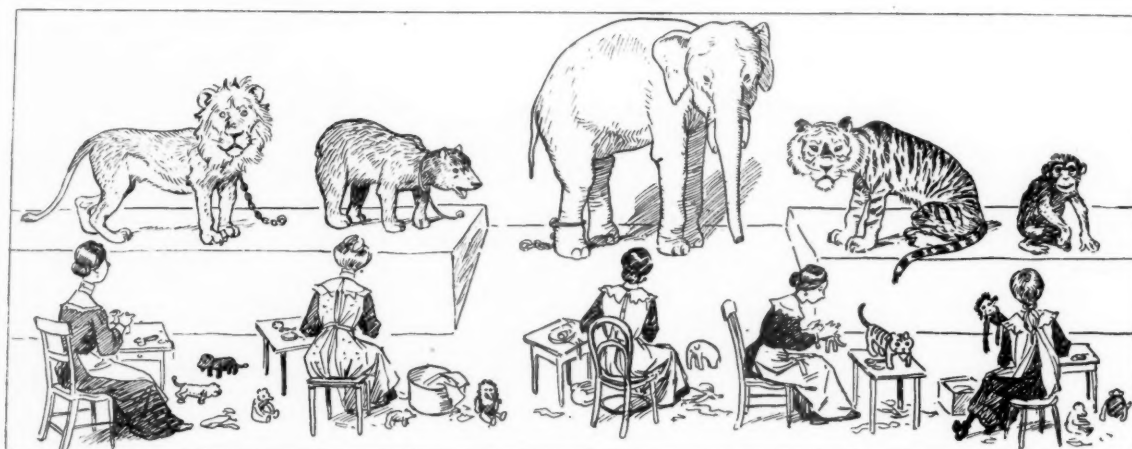


GLORIOUS NEWS IN THE HUNTING WORLD! NO MORE DULL DINNER-PARTIES!! ONCE AGAIN DOES A COCKNEY REFER TO THE HOUNDS AS "DOGS"!!!

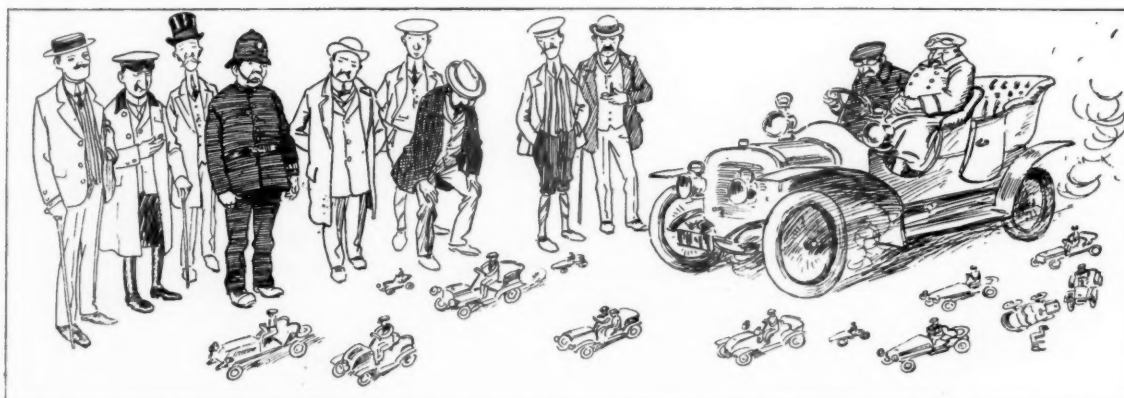
HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.



THE ROCKING-HORSE SCULPTOR.



THE TOY ANIMAL FACTORY.



SPEED TEST FOR TOY MOTORS.

HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.



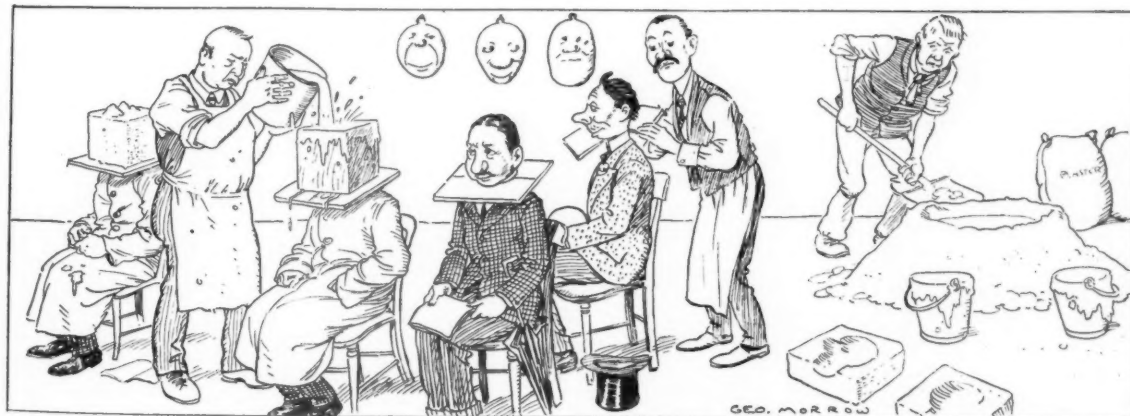
TESTING SMALL ARMS IN THE TOY ARMOURY.



THE LEAD SOLDIER FOUNDRY.



POET DICTATING VERSES FOR CRACKERS.

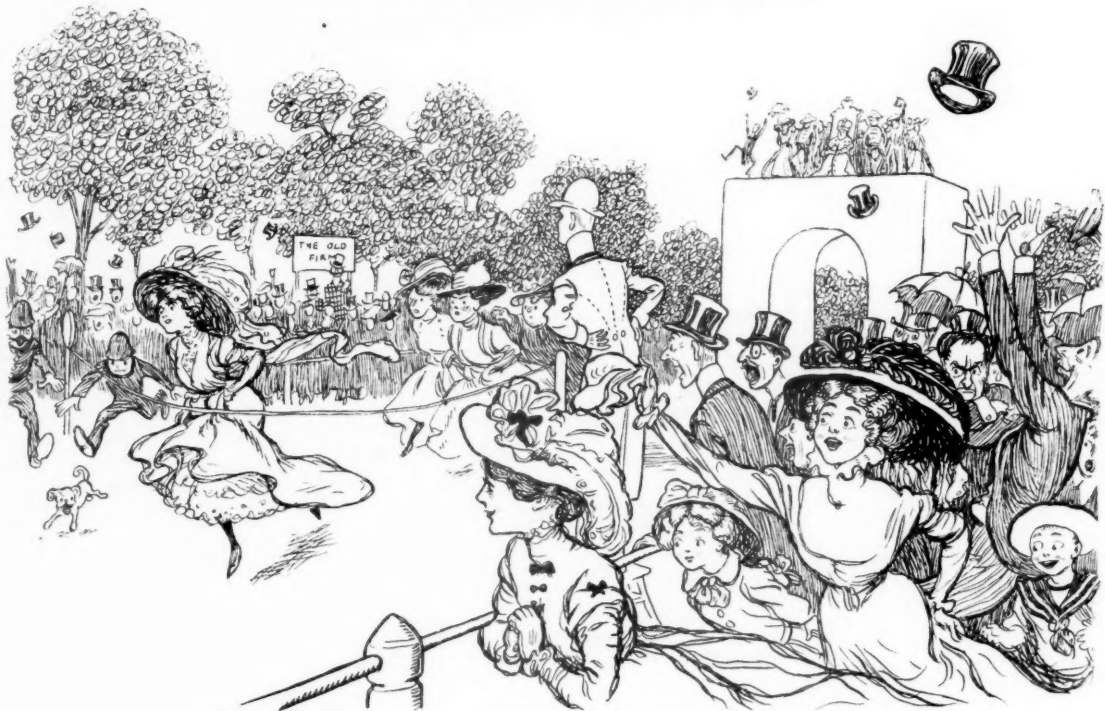


CASTING "FUNNY" MASKS FROM LIFE.

Punch's Almanack for 1909.

LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.

Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) out of her head.



"THE LADIES' MILE," HYDE PARK. THE WINNING POST.



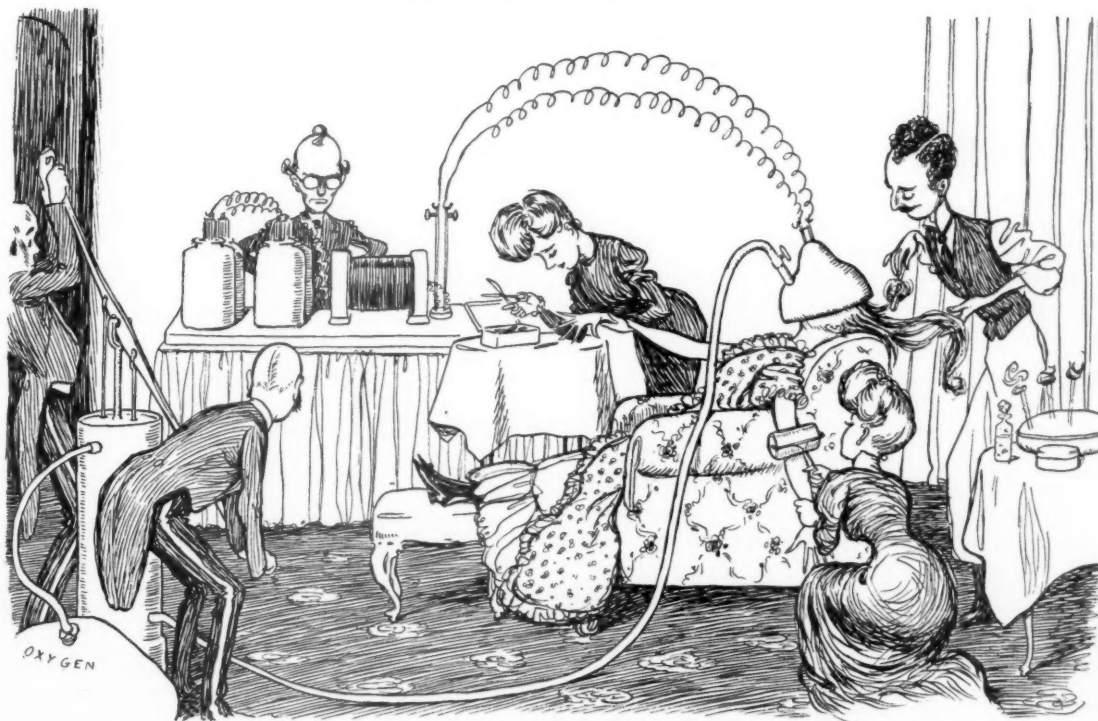
THE PALM ROOM AT THE CARLTON.

LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.

Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) out of her head.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BATH CLUB.



A LADY OF FASHION PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Boy (at sound of horn). "ERE BE THE 'UNTERS A-COOMIN'! 'ARK TO THE 'OOTER!"

A WEIGHT-FOR-YOUTH HANDICAP.

[Dedicated to a young lady with a sensitive nose who complains bitterly that the long-haired youth of to-day make the atmosphere of a ball-room intolerable with the reek of their cosmetics.]

I stood and watched her as she stepped
In at the dance-room door;
The gaze of all the well-groomed "bloods,"
Conscious of perfect ties and studs,
Followed her where she bravely swept
Over the shining floor.

From brows on which no sign of toil
Had come from thinking hard
Their locks were trained in lengthy streaks
(It must have taken weeks and weeks)
And plastered down with care and oil
And slabs of potted lard.

But when, as those who bring a gift
No woman yet refused,
They kindly offered her a dance
She gave their heads a searching glance,
Threw up her pretty nose and sniffed,
And begged to be excused.

They bore their underrated charms
Into the buffet-room,
While she, who showed such want of taste,
Allowed her admirable waist
To be disposed within the arms
Of men of riper bloom.

Greatly intrigued that Age should snatch
A boon to boys denied,
I asked her: "Can you tell me why
You cast a preferential eye
On older heads with thinner thatch?
Is it the brains inside?"

"I hardly care for brains a bit,
Not at a ball," said she;
"Give me a man with whom I seem
To float like seraphs in a dream,
And I'll not ask for pearls of wit
Or plums of repartee.

"These boys may have the brains of mice;
I look outside the head;
The thing that puts me off is just
Their greasy polls that catch the dust;
Besides, my nose is rather nice—"
("I see it is," I said).

* * * * *

There are who simply loathe to wear
A cranium smooth and blank;
But, as I joined the mazy whirl
With that extremely pleasant girl,
To Fate that pinched my wealth of hair
I heaved a pious thank.

O. S.



RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

Newly-arrived Private Chaplain of Scotch Nobleman (to keeper). "ARE THERE ANY EPISCOPALIANS ON THIS ESTATE?"
Keeper (whose mind is running on his pheasants). "THAE BLACK-NECKIT YENS, YE'LL MEAN? NO; WE SHOT THEM A' OOT THREE YEARS SYNE!"



A CHOICE OF ENDS.

Stranger (in response to general movement behind him). "HE DOESN'T KICK."
Stranger. "No."

Sportsman. "DOES HE BITE?"
Sportsman. "WELL, ANYHOW, WOULD YOU MIND JUST TURNING HIS OTHER END ROUND THIS WAY?"



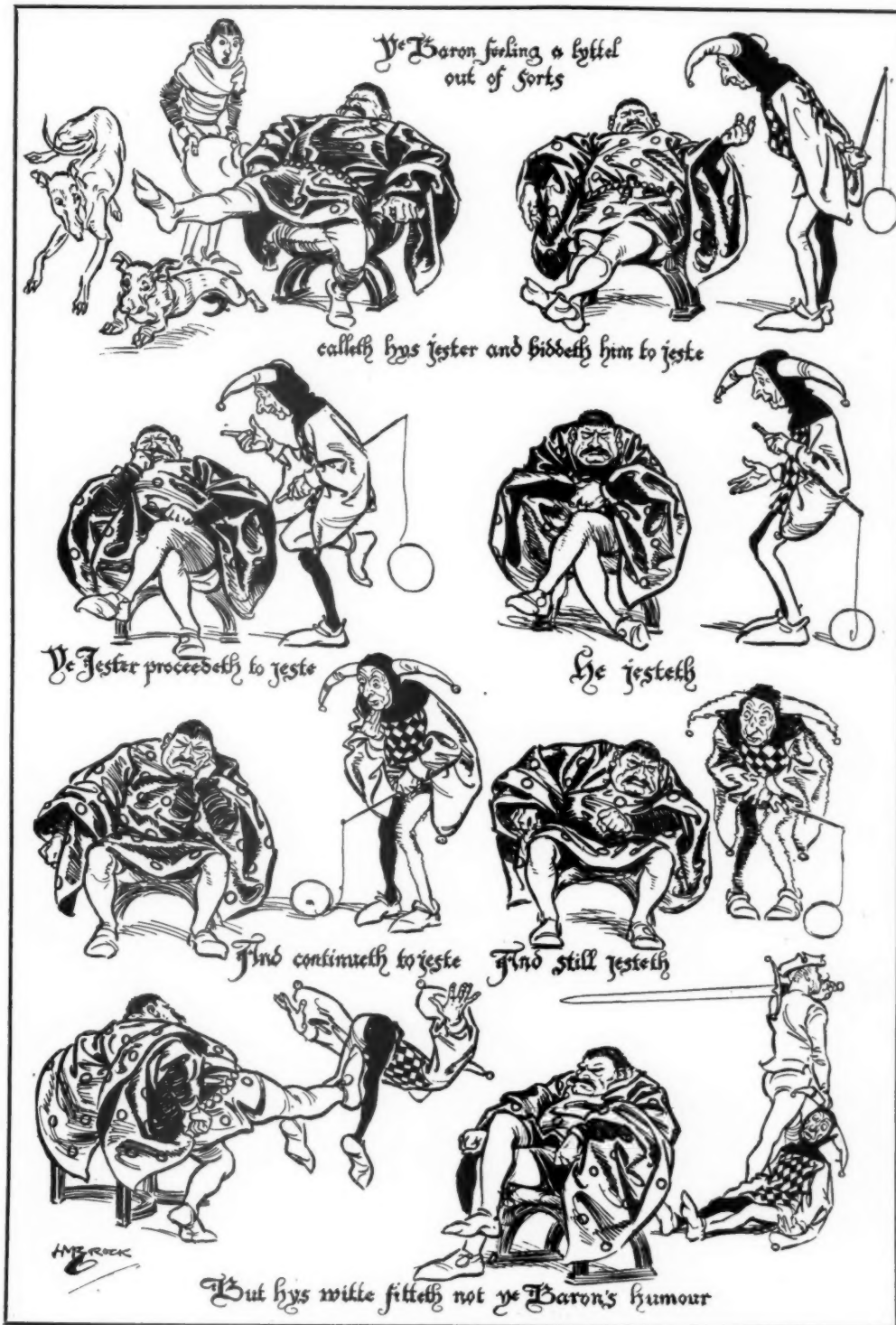
Parson. "YES, MRS. JOHNSON, IT'S ALL VERY NICE AND PRETTY; BUT HOW AM I TO GET UP THOSE STEPS INTO THE PULPIT?"

Mrs. Johnson. "WELL, REALLY, RECTOR, WE'D QUITE FORGOTTEN THAT! BUT IF YOU'LL MISS THE SECOND STEP, AND MIND THE 'RED HOT FOKER,' PUT YOUR FOOT TO THE LEFT OF MRS. JONES'S MARROW AND THE CABBAGE FROM THE HALL, YOU'LL ONLY HAVE THE ONIONS TO GET BY; BUT DON'T TREAD ON THEM, OR THERE'LL BE A TEAR-SHEDDING!"



Explorer (relating tiger story). "THERE WAS THE GREAT BEAST RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. I WAS UNARMED, AND IT WAS CLEARLY NECESSARY TO TERRIFY HIM INTO SUBMISSION. WHAT DID I DO? I——"

Excited listener (who has heard about the power of the human eye.) "I KNOW. YOU—YOU L-L-LOOKED AT HIM!"



MACBETH

"GREAT HARRY!"
"WORTHY LAUDER!"



THE MERRY WIDOW

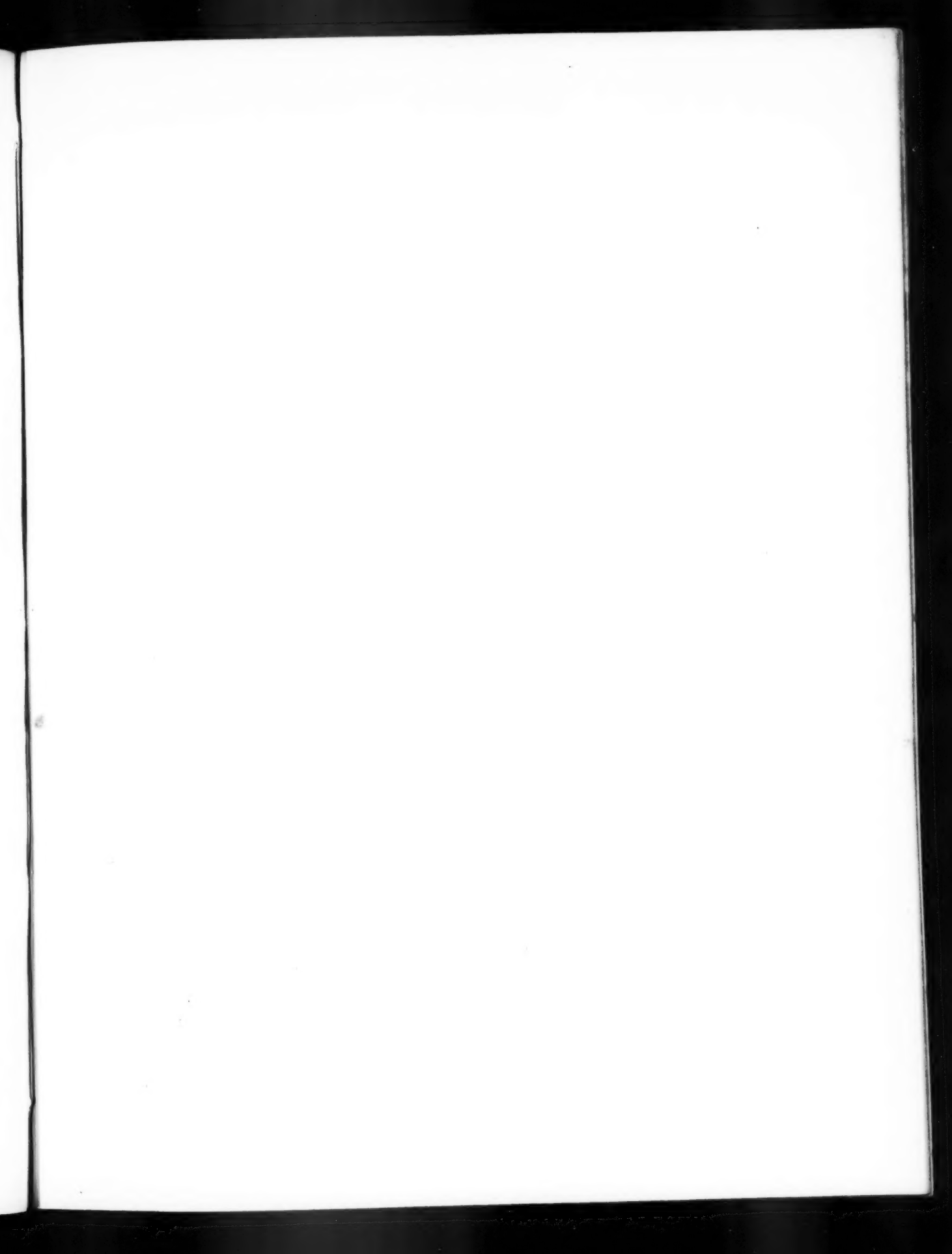


THE MERRY WIVES OF WESTMINSTER



PETE

"Can this che-ild
be mine?"



"Wonder if I can manage to squeeze a few more drops out of him!"

DOYLE'S IDEAL
"HOLMES" BEVERAGE

NAVY
CUT

ROSEBERY REFORM VACUUM
CLEANER

FOR
UPPER
CHAMBERS

BILL

HELP!

SUNNY
JIM

WHAT
EVERY
WOMAN
KNOWS

ASQUITH'S
ANTI-
SUFFRAGETTE
Bath Salts.

"TELL THE
LADIES I CAN'T
SEE THEM
JUST NOW."

HOL
IS SO

Eau de MA VIE!

SOURCE GREEDA

PURE
NATURAL
GAS

THE
TACSHUND

BUDGET

TAXU LLOYDS!

THE HICKS
MATRIMONIAL
AGENCY

NAVY
CUT



MARATHON
ICE-CREAMS

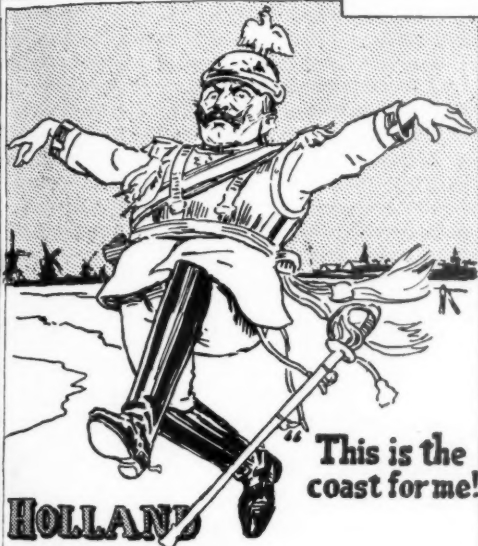


DORANDO
SAYS:

*"I always take one
just before a race."*

THS

AN'T
M
OW.



HOLLAND
IS SO BRACING!

This is the
coast for me!

TRY THE **ROSSLYN**
EASY 'PAYMENT
'SYSTEM'

IT'S SO
SIMPLE



THE NEW
'RAILWAY-
DIRECTOIRE'
COMBINATION
CORSET

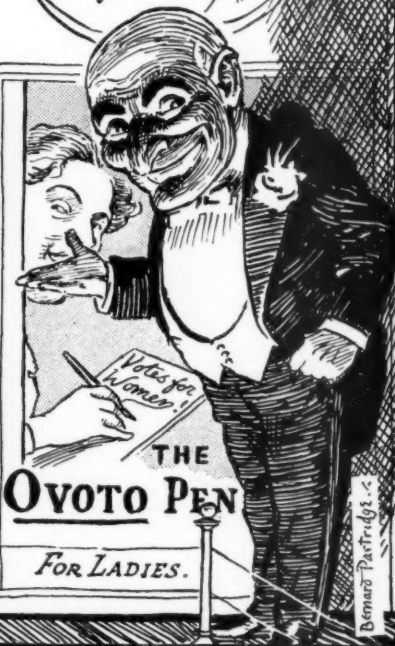
Reduces the
Waste
and improves the
Figure



PEACE

WHAT! NO REDUCTION
OF ARMAMENTS!

NAVAL
PROGRAMME



THE
OVOTO PEN

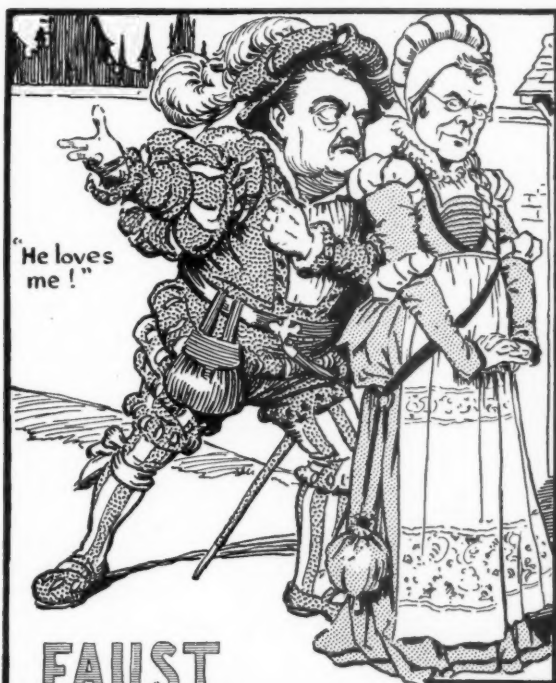
FOR LADIES.



He
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FAUST



Punch's Almanack for 1909.

MINCE-MEAT.

By Our Charivariety Artiste.

REALISING the fact that the cult of the Christmas Card is on the wane, an enterprising firm is advertising pianolas as an admirable substitute.

We wonder whether it is generally known that, if the plan of a famous German strategist be carried out, the invasion of this country, when it takes place, will happen on the afternoon of Christmas Day, at an hour when the entire British nation is rendered helpless by a surfeit of plum-pudding.

By the by, a little boy writes to ask whether it is a fact, as his mother tells him, that, if he eats too much plum-pudding and too many mince-pies, the currants will all come out on his face as spots. We are sorry, but we must really refuse to make trouble between mother and son.

The experiment tried in Pantomime last year of having "principal boys" of the male sex is to be abandoned. "Girls will be boys," as the saying hasn't it.

One of the features of the coming Pantomime Season, we are told, will be a coon song of which the refrain is *Sue, Sue, Sue*. This incitement to litigation will be welcomed by the entire legal profession, which, through no fault of its own, has for some time past been suffering from lack of employment.

The Trustees of the Carnegie Hero Fund have, we hear, decided that

their resources are not sufficiently large to enable them to make grants to policemen who have distinguished themselves by gallantry to cooks.

Some recently-published statistics show that old age, as a cause of death, is more frequent among centenarians than any other class.

reported. A Mr. Jones of Upper Tooting, who had never had a gun in his hand before, shot a rabbit last week.

We would caution our readers against a gentleman of philanthropic appearance who goes about asserting that he recently sent a cheque for

£1,000 to a certain charitable institution. It seems that, being of a retiring disposition, he preferred his gift to be anonymous and so didn't sign the cheque.

The danger of relying on trade terms! A lady writes to complain that an instrument which she bought at a recent sale was described as an upright piano, but is now behaving most deceptively.

"This is cutting it rather fine, isn't it, guv'nor?" said a cabby on receiving a shilling. The fare looked angry for a moment, then a wave of generosity passed over him. "Very well, I'll make it guineas," he said as he handed cabby a further penny.

He was a simple-looking youth, and, as he entered the consulting-room, he said, "Doctor,

my head always feels muzzy. What do you recommend?" "Have you tried a vacuum cleaner?" asked the doctor.

We ought not to say it, for it sounds boastful, but we cannot resist drawing attention to the fact that in the foregoing paragraphs we have not made a single joke about the dismemberment of Turkey.



"I AIN'T INSULTIN' OF YER—I TELL YER I'M SIMPLY CALLIN' OF YER A LIAR, AND YER ARE ONE!"
[Friendly relations resumed.]

A lady, the other day, gave one of her huge Directoire hats, of which she had tired, to a charwoman whom she occasionally employed. "Oh, thank you, madam," said the grateful recipient, "I shall keep it for my three little girls. They can all go to church together in it on Sundays.

A curious shooting accident is

THE PERFECT CHAUFFEUR.

How he might be obtained.



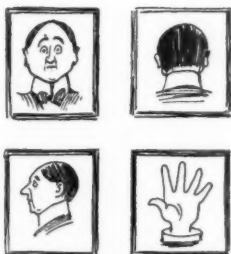
He should have had an unblemished reputation at school.



After spending five years at a chauffeurs' college—



He should submit to phrenological examination, to show that the speed-craving bump is not over-developed.



He will then require to be measured on the "Bertillon" system, and should be photographed in various poses for identification purposes.



He should be perfect as regards physical fitness, and of course the medical examination would be very searching.



Then, if he can convince the police authorities of his dexterity in dodging obstacles—



A licence could be granted on his agreeing to wear his birth certificate, photograph, and finger-print in prominent places.



LONG-FELT WANTS. THE COUNTRY HOUSE TIP-TABLE.

ACHES AND IVORIES.

MINE is a flat on the uppermost floor of the mansion,
Far from the motor-bus, high above whistle and shout,
Here I could give my afflatus its needful expansion,
Ponder my numbers and patiently worry them out.

Calmly remote I pursued my professional labours,
Lived as a type of the homely industrious poor,
Sat in content with myself and at peace with my neighbours,
Till they imported a beast of an infant next door.

Bagpipes and bo'suns, a bushel of average babbies,
Screams of despair from a steamer that's run on a shoal,
Pulleys and brakes that want greasing, noctambulate tabbies,
Cries of the errant purveyor of cabbage or coal—

Start them together from all the four points of the compass;
Throw in a gramophone able to penetrate walls;—
Then you've a dream of the pandemoniacal rumpus
Wafted abroad when that blessed homunculus bawls.

First to the mother I entered a dignified protest:
Said that the music was hard on poetical ears.
Did it have any effect? Not the very remotest!
Save when we meet in the lift and she mockingly sneers.

Foiled, I endured for a fortnight; but fiercer and fiercer
Daily the melody grew; then I turned to the sire:—

"Sorry to bother, but really—your baby—my dear sir,
Dammit, do something!" I wrote, "Yours in sorrow
(and ire)."

He, the good fellow, replied that he pitied me deeply;
My lot was bitter, but his was more desperate still;
Thought, on the whole, I got off, by comparison,
cheaply;
Begged that I'd give him my prayers! Poor devil,
I will.

As for the rest of the world, it is cold and unfeeling;
Even my housekeeper—one in whose arms I was nursed—
Calls it a lamb! And whenever I yell to the ceiling
("Cursed be the baby," I yell, "be the baby accursed!")

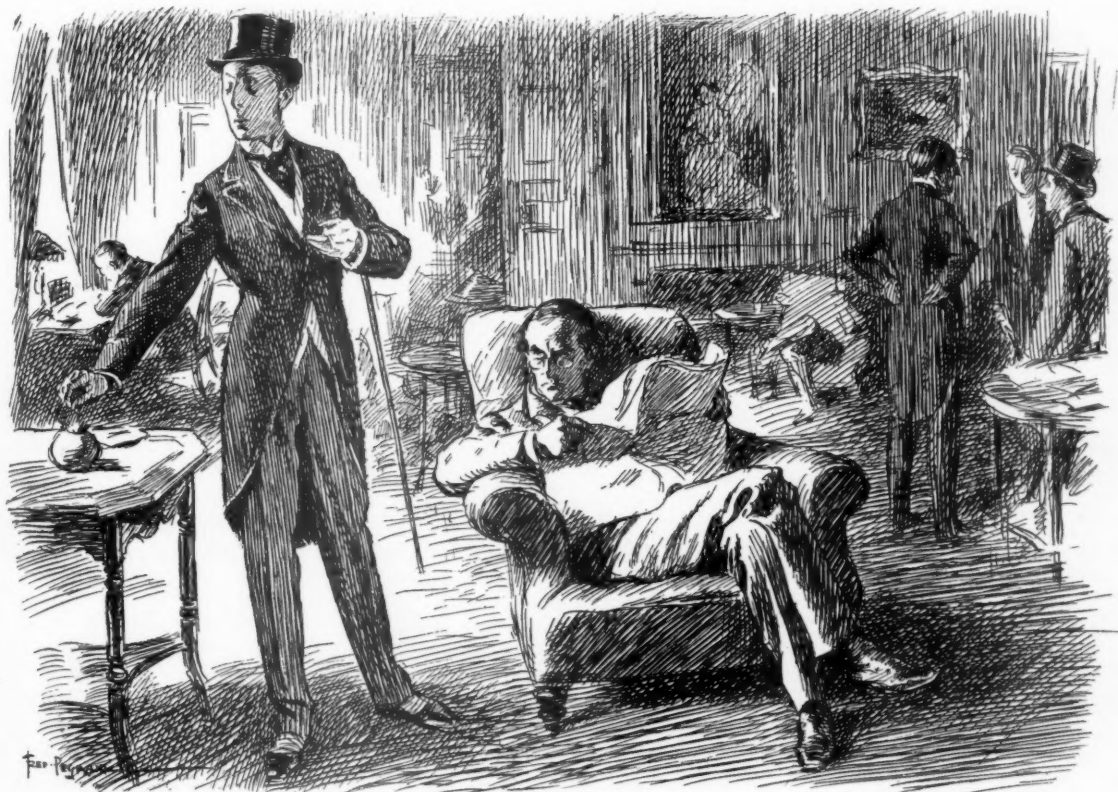
Tells me in triumph (and glares as if I were the criminal)
I was a baby myself! It was ever the rule—
Give 'em a baby in range, and the soundest of women 'll
Sacrifice logic to sentiment—silly old fool!

Daily I'm in at the death of my best inspiration;
Nightly I find myself—roused by that infamous brat—
Sitting up straight in my bed in a cold perspiration,
Sighing for she-bears, or Herod, or something like that.

Ever the demon goes on, and despairing and hollow-eyed
Still (I am told) I must bear this preposterous din
While there's a tooth to be cut; by the lyre of Apollo, I'd
Cut 'em—I'd teach it to cut 'em—if I could get in.
Dum-Dum.



AN UNDERGROUND IMPROMPTU. THE TUBE STEP.



Augustus. "HALLO, OLD MAN, HOW ARE YOU, AND HOW ARE YOUR PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT SORT OF SILLY ROT?"

HOW TO ACT A CHILDREN'S PLAY.

INTRODUCTION.

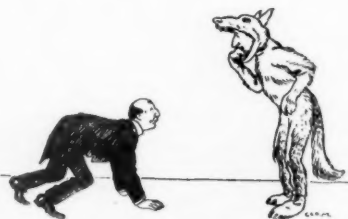
DEAR ETHEL,—Whenever I read a book or an article beginning "How to —" I always throw it in the fire; and I expect you do the same. My "How to's" are generally called "How to avoid paying rent" (but of course you can't really), or, more comprehensively, "How to Succeed." Yours, I suppose, would be "How to knit a shawl for Mother's birthday," which is a good thing to know, but rather a bother. Well, I just thought I'd tell you that this "How to" of mine is a different pair of bedroom slippers altogether; and as your Uncle George has gone to a great deal of—I can't help feeling—unnecessary trouble to illustrate my meaning, I do hope you will learn a lot from what I have said.

By the way, this is really a dedication, and so should have been written in the third person, because it is so much more dignified. I did begin like that, but the Editor stopped me; he said he couldn't help feeling that what we were gaining in dignity we were losing in grammar. I think perhaps he was right, but I shall insist on italics, anyhow.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING THE PLAY.

OF course the first thing of all to do is to select a suitable play. The



COACHING COUSIN TOM.

Wilbraham kids always do Dumb-crambo, and there is a man in London who does *Hamlet*; but neither of these is much fun. And the worst of the old fairy stories is that, though they have a splendid part for Harold and Wilfrid, there is absolutely nothing in them that will just suit yourself. I mean nothing really made for you. Now it's a different case altogether with *Enid*—quite a small part would do for her. But for yourself, you do expect as

the eldest sister to be the one who marries the handsome Prince; and at the same time you simply can't let Muriel be the Queen of the Fairies and wear the ornamental lampshade. And so what are you to do?

Well, by an extraordinary bit of luck I have a little play by me

Dick and Harold (simultaneously). Bags I the wolf!

Harold and Dick (eagerly). I said it first, didn't I, uncle? Shut up; you didn't.

The Author. I shall want one of you to be the Prince.

Dick and Harold. Bags I the Prince, anyhow.

Ethel. Hadn't we better settle the parts afterwards, uncle? I'm going to be the dear little Fairy Princess; how lovely! What will you be, Janet?

Muriel. I don't mind what I am. Do you, Enie?

Harold and Dick. All right, then; I'll be the Wolf.

[*They start growling in various tentative keys.*]

The Author. I think we shall have to get your

cousin Tom to be the Wolf. We want a big one. Now then, I'm going to read it to you. Er—*The*—

Dick and Harold (in fits of laughter). Won't he look a sausage?

Ethel. You don't mind my being the Princess, do you, Muriel dear? Because, you see—

The Author (angrily and loudly). Will you all be quiet for a moment? ... Now then—(very loudly)—THE WOLF—

Wilfrid (suddenly). I—want—my



UNCLE SHOWING CHILDREN HOW TO ACT.

mummy. I—want—my—mummy. I—want— [Up roar.]

CHAPTER III.—THE STAGE.

As soon as possible you must come to some definite agreement with Mother about the drawing-room. The best way is to go into her room one morning when she is very busy writing notes, and say quite anyhow (as though you didn't care a bit): "I suppose, mummy dear, you don't mind our doing our play in the draw-

which I wrote some — I mean which I have just written especially for you. It is called

The Wolf;

or,

Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess.

CHAPTER II.—READING THE PLAY.

THIS is the most exciting moment of all, because of course everybody is wondering what the play is about. The clever author (that means me) is surrounded by the cast (that means the whole lot of you), and, after a hearty tea, he declaims his work to them—to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter, bursts of applause and the like. Something in this style:

The Author. The—er—title of our little play is *The Wolf*; or—

Ethel (reproachfully). Oh, uncle!

The Author. What's the matter now?

Ethel. You said there was a fairy princess in it, and I was going to be it, and it was to be the chief part.

Muriel (loftily). I'd much rather be an ordinary human person. Wouldn't you, Enie?

The Author. But you are, Ethel. It is.

Ethel. Then oughtn't I to be in the title?

The Author. You don't understand. It's called *The Wolf*; or, *Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess*. I have to put the wolf in there, but he hardly comes into the play at all. In fact he only has a growling part.



THE FAIRY GROTTO (WITH STALACTITES).

ing-room? Uncle James said—"And then she'll say: 'Don't worry now, dear, I'm very busy. Yes, yes, I know; run away, there's a darling.' So of course you run away and tell the others that Mother said 'Yes.'"

About a week before the night you'll have to take charge of the drawing-room altogether; and if you can get Mother safely off to London to buy Christmas presents before you really begin you will get on much faster with everything. There is no harm in Father staying on. He will be so glad that you aren't using the library that he will actually help in some of the heavy work. Probably, when you start moving the grand piano, he will even suggest getting a couple of men in to do the thing properly. That, though, would spoil all the fun; and assure him that the whole idea was to do everything yourselves, and that if he took one end and Uncle James the other you would show them exactly where you wanted it put.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCENERY.

The principal scene is *The Fairy Grotto*, and that of course is where you, Ethel, live for the first part of your life—until, in fact, Prince Rupert comes and kisses you and turns you into a mortal, which, between ourselves, is a much better thing to be. Uncle George has drawn a picture of this enchanted cavern, and I want you to notice particularly the stalactites hanging from the roof. You have read all about these in

your science books; but I may say here that they are called stalactites because that is such a difficult word to spell. You remember the story of the harassed ambassador who was

The legend is that he who looks into the water will see the face of his true love reflected; and when Rupert looks in then you come and peep over his shoulder; so of course he sees your face too.

Then says Rupert:

Whose is this lovely, this enchanting face?

I've seen it once or twice about the place.

And you sing softly:

I am the fairy princess Elsinore!

(I'm sure I've never seen the man before).

And so on. In another picture you'll see how the cascade's done.



GETTING READY FOR THE NIGHT.

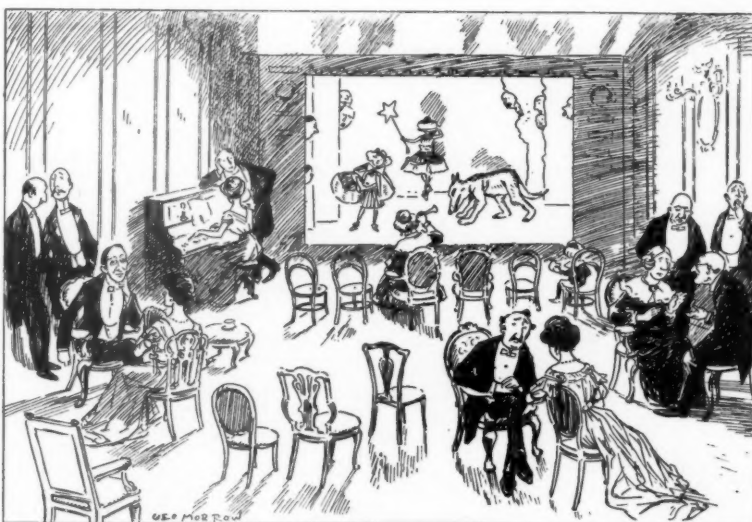
embarrassed by a scintillating stalactite—well, it had to come into that story.

To return to the picture: the stalactites with the crease down the middle are Cousin Tom's, and the

BEFORE I come to the acting, I had better finish with what they call "the properties"—which means the things you make out of other things ready for the night.

As is always the case, the girls'

things are much easier to get ready than the boys'. An excellent fairy-skirt, for instance, can be made from Mother's best lamp-shade—the one with the frilly things hanging down; then, again, a tea-cosy makes a good crown for the Princess. But I can't suggest anything that will do for Prince Rupert's costume. I really think that Miss Pringle will simply have to set to and make something for



THE NIGHT ITSELF.

rather baggy stalactites are Uncle James's, and the ones with the stalagmites fused on at the knees must be Harold's, and . . . Well, you see, of course, how it is done. There is also, you notice, a wonderful magic pool in the middle of your cavern.

Dick out of that piece of blue plush that was left over.

There is just one tip I must give you about stage directions. It is very important to pay attention to the author's directions to the actors, because, after all, he wrote the play and

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ought to know best how it should be acted. So when you read a note like this: *"During this speech of the wicked Baron's, Sunnylocks has been growing more and more frightened; he turns deathly pale, beads of perspiration stand upon his brow, his knees tremble more and more, until at the last horrible threat his very hair stands on end with terror"*—when you come across this you must see that Harold really does carry out the author's intentions. Most of it should be fairly easy for him, but the last direction does want a little scheming. The best way is to have a magnet suspended from the ceiling, and ready to be let down when required. Then, just before he goes on, Harold must dip his head into Wilfrid's "Chemical Food" (which, as you know, has a lot of iron in it to make him strong), and then at the critical moment the magnet is let gently down Whereupon an extremely realistic scene ensues.

"Oh, by the way, don't forget the moon. The best London people always have them full. I can't say why.

CHAPTER VI.—HOW TO ACT.

The first thing to remember is that it is necessary to cross the stage every time you make a remark of any importance. I have never quite understood why this should be so, but they always do it in London; and what is good enough for them is good enough for us. Thus, if Prince Rupert is on the right-hand side of the stage and you are on the left, and he says, "I love you!" you both cross over before you reply "Rupert!" I fancy the reason must be that the common people who are stuck into the sides of the gallery can only see one-half of the stage; and as they got a bit tired of never seeing more than half the characters in a night they complained to the fireman. He told the man at the door who says "Stalls-to-the-left-dress-circle-this-way," and gradually it got up to the Manager himself, who made the new rule. Of course you have no gallery in the drawing-room, but you may as well follow the general custom. Anyhow, it gives the audience a chance of seeing both sides of you.

Uncle James will show you several of the more important gestures, and you must see that you get these right. For instance, when the Prince

declares his love he has to put both hands upon his heart as he leans eagerly towards the lady. Of course most of the audience will understand what is happening, but Grannie, who is deaf, may not hear the words, and she will probably upset everything



THE CASCADE.

by saying, "There! I told him not to have a second help."

Did I mention improvisation? That means putting in your words when you have forgotten mine. It is possible that you may have to do this sometimes when your memory goes, as it does in History always; and then the great thing is to do it as naturally as possible. For example, the Prince may be telling you the story of his adventures in the search



THE WRONG WAY OF WORKING THE LIMELIGHT.

for the magic ring. At the end of them you have to say:

At such fierce deeds my maiden heart doth quail;

And yet, fair sir, I thank you for your tale.

Suppose, however, you have forgotten those lines for the moment. Don't be nervous; and don't rely entirely on the prompter, because he may be busy. Just say with a sweet smile, "What did you say?"

and then, while he is telling his story all over again (as most men would be glad to) you can be thinking of something nice to say afterwards.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NIGHT ITSELF.

So, finally, after all your rehearsing and dressmaking and scene shifting you will come to the night itself. Aunt Molly will be at the piano playing "The Waltz Dream," when you will discover that the prompt-book has been lost; and at the same time Cousin Tom will discover that the best pair of stalactites is his, after all. While he is expostulating with Uncle James, the curtain will go up, and Uncle James will say, "You fool, drop that curtain! Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Fellowes, I didn't see it was you." Then Aunt Molly will play "The Waltz Dream" over again, and Cousin Tom will come in properly and begin to growl. Having performed his part with immense vigour he will retire into the wings and take his head off, when he will learn that the curtain has been down all the time, because they can't start till the prompt-book has been found. Whereupon Harold will yell out he can see through the hole in the curtain, and Uncle Charles has it in his hand; and Uncle Charles, who has promised to prompt, but is now turning over the music for Aunt Molly, who is playing "The Waltz Dream" for the third

time, will be indignantly sent for. Aunt Molly will insist on coming behind the scenes too, to see if she can help, and Miss Pringle, who has been very busy in the green-room stitching up Prince Rupert, who had split at the last moment, will take her place and play "The Waltz Dream." Then Uncle James will say, "Now clear the stage there, please. All behind the scenes. Where is everybody? Tom, come on. Now Miss Fellowes, we really are ready this

time. The other cord, I think. On all-fours please, Tom. No, the other cord. . . . Now, before Miss Pringle begins again. Now! . . . Get behind, Harold."

And then, all of a sudden, everything will go perfectly smoothly. . . .

And when it is all over—

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE will be loud calls for the author.
A. A. M.



First Youth (late arrival). "HALLO! WHAT SORT OF SHOW IS IT?"

Second Youth. "OH, SAME OLD THING. FIRST THE DEAR OLD CONJURER, AND NOW THE BALLY OLD CHRISTMAS TREE!"



Voice from upper regions. "DEARIE, IF YOU CAN'T KEEP BABY QUIET, WHY NOT GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH?"



THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON HISTORY.

SHOWING HOW THE ENTENTE CORDIALE OF THAT PERIOD MIGHT HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD, IF THE CONFERENCE OF "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD" HAD BEEN HELD THIS SIDE OF THE CHANSEL, UNDER THE CONDITIONS COMMONLY ASSOCIATED WITH AN ENGLISH SUMMER.



A PARLIAMENTARY FANCY-DRESS FÊTE.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.
MR. HAROLD COX.

MR. BALFOUR.
MR. ASQUITH.

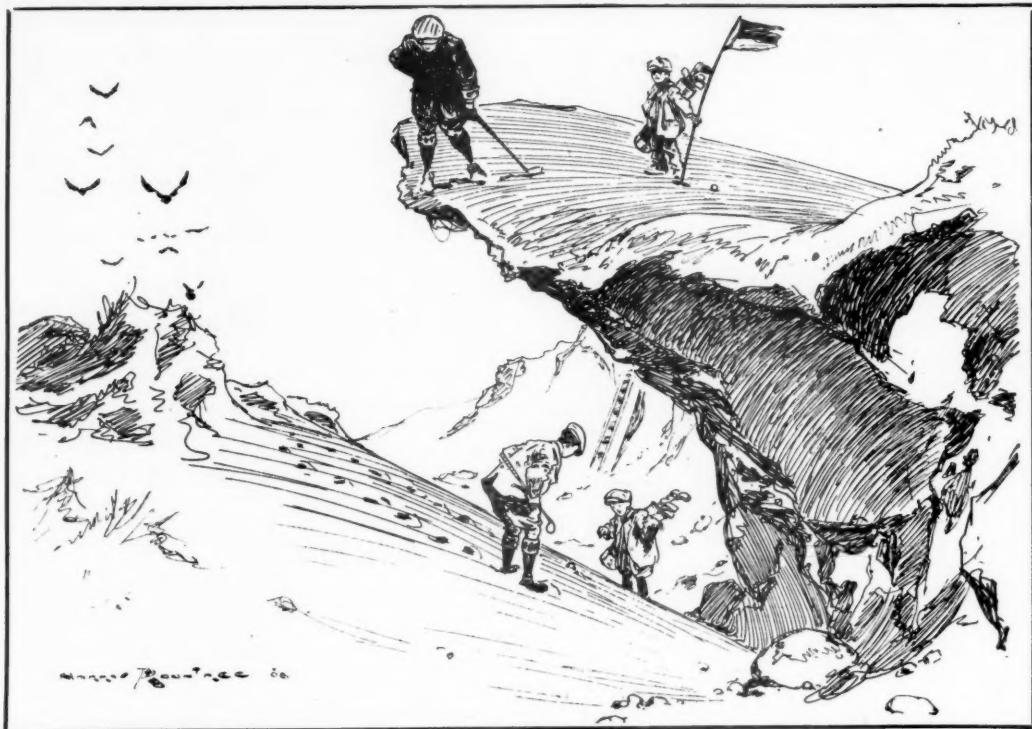
MR CHAPLIN.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

MR. HARCOURT.

MR. HARCOURT. SIR SAMUEL EVANS.
MR. HALDANE. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

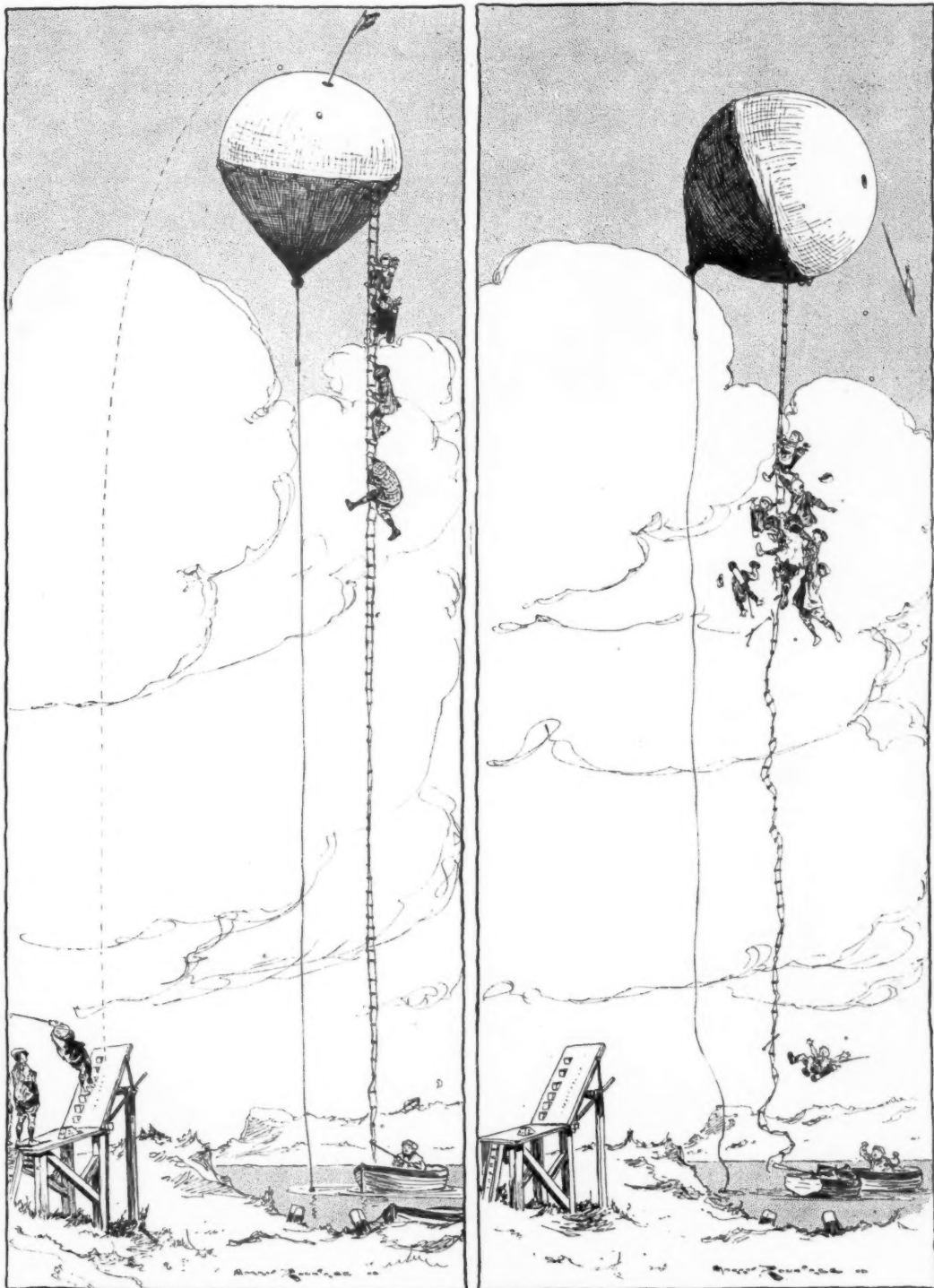
MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.



VERY ADVANCED GOLF.

I. THIS FOR IT!

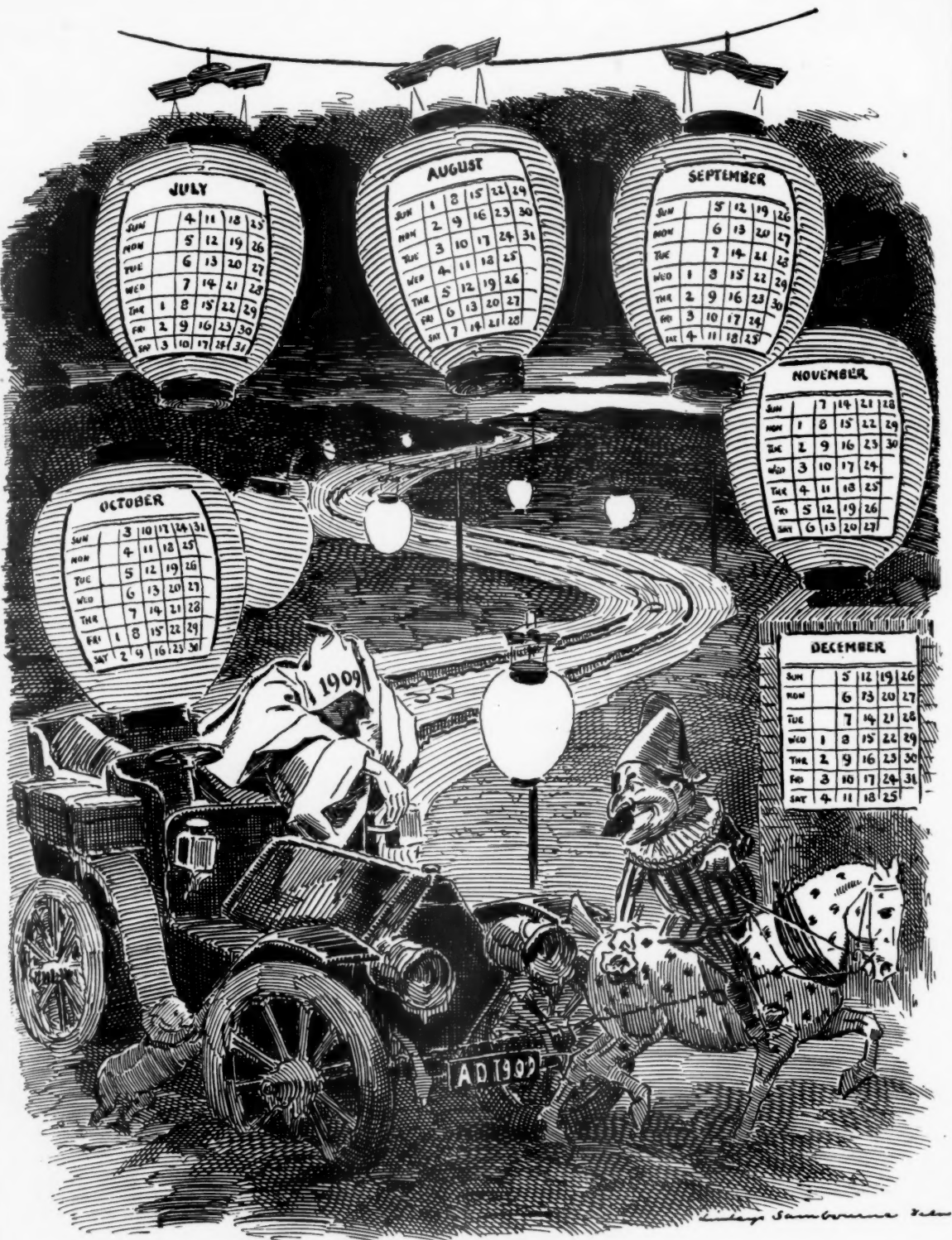
II. HOLED!



VERY ADVANCED GOLF.

IMPORTANT NOTICE (THE BALLOON HOLE).—PLAYERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO ASCEND TO THE GREEN TILL THE PLAYERS IN FRONT HAVE QUITTED THE LADDER.

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



THE GOING OF 1909.

